Aug. 21, 1965

THE NEW YORKER

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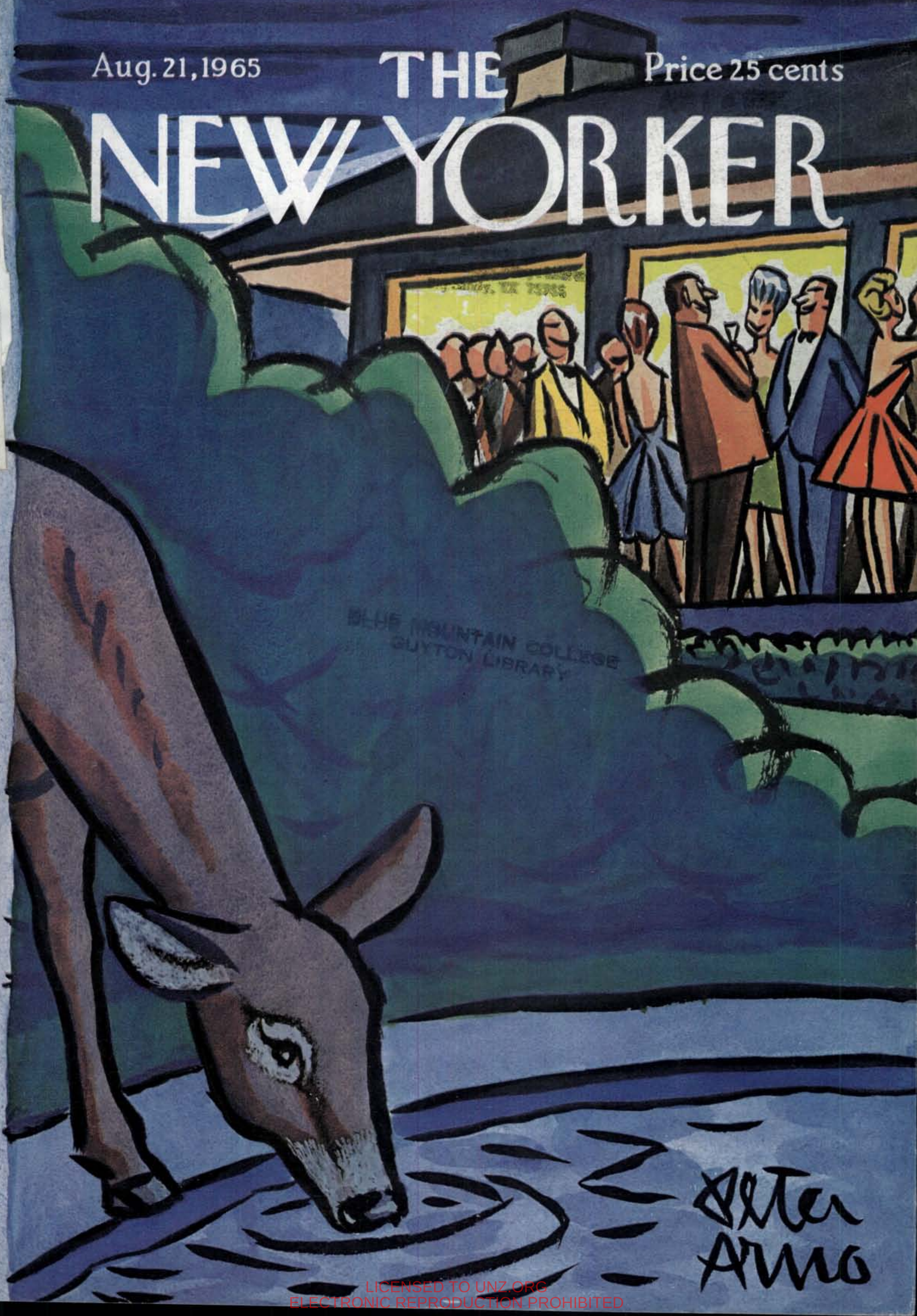

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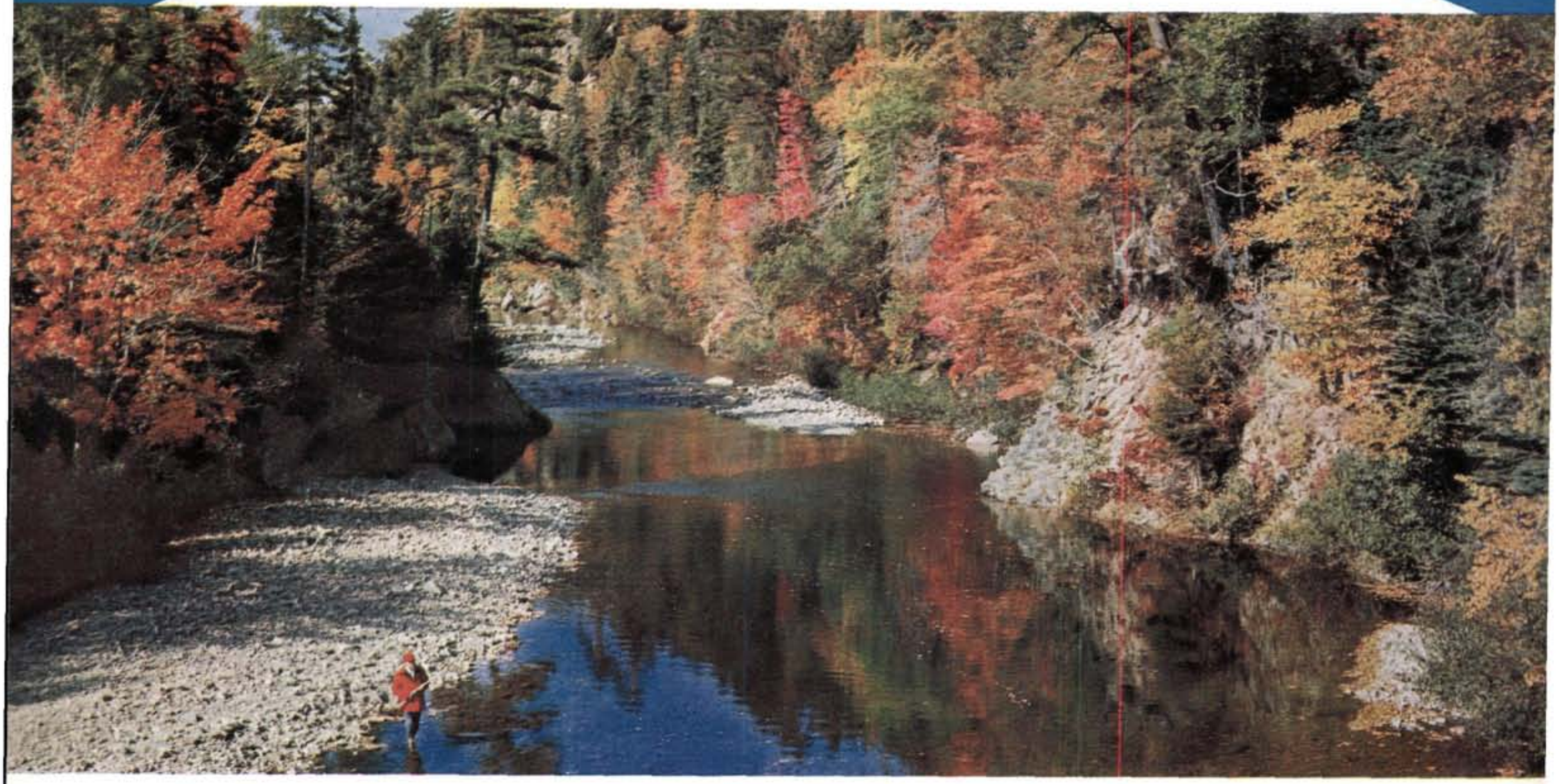

Autumn is a bewitching season in Nova Scotia

An autumn visit to Nova Scotia promises a rich harvest of vacation pleasure. The countryside is aflame with scarlet maple, golden oak and birch. Warm sunlight dapples a carpet of fallen leaves. The air is a tonic to the senses. Autumn in Nova Scotia is a wonderland for camera enthusiasts, artists, sportsmen and others who still have vacation time unspent.

It is a pleasant season to travel Nova Scotia's scenic and uncrowded highways, to view the awesome magnificence of the Cabot Trail, the 185-mile marine drive which circumnavigates the northern tip of Cape Breton, or tour the salty South Shore and the picturesque Land of Evangeline.

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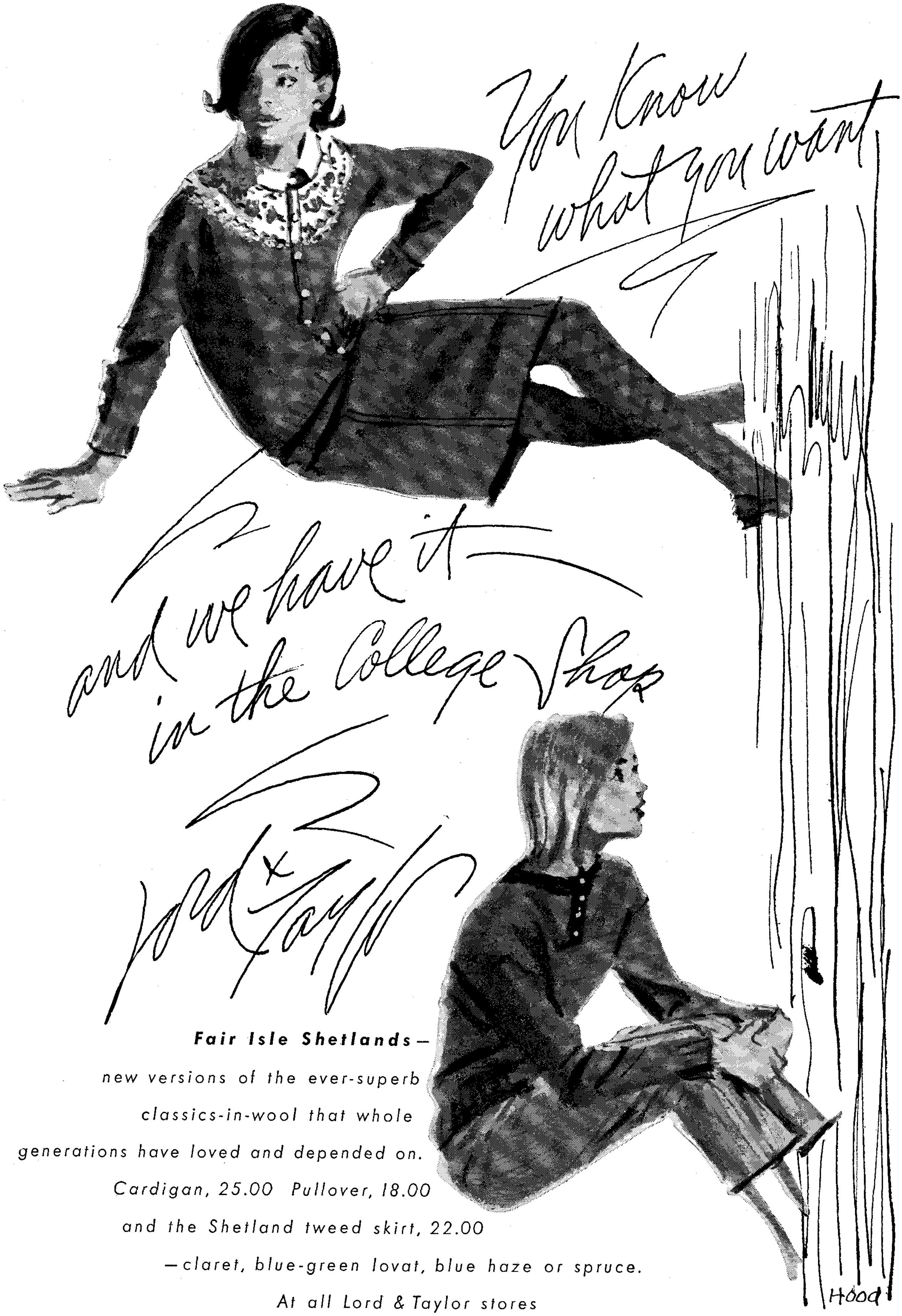
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Glass Menagerie—Farley Granger, Hal Holbrook, Carol Rossen, and Jo Van Fleet in Tennessee Williams' play. Directed by George Keathley. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Odd Couple—Neil Simon's utterly beguiling comedy about a pair of marital rejects trying to make a go of it in the lonely reaches of a Riverside Drive apartment. Walter Matthau, Art Carney, and all the others in the cast are splendid, and Mike Nichols has directed the business with his customary ability. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**ANY WEDNESDAY:** Barbara Cook, Rosemary Murphy, and Jeffrey Lynn in a farce by Muriel Resnik about a girl who is a rich man's plaything. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** A young couple's troubles in a Manhattan walkup. The cast includes Penny Fuller, Anthony Roberts, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **LUV:** Alan Arkin, Eli Wallach, and Anne Jackson as three very confused neurotics. Gabriel Dell will replace Mr. Arkin starting Tuesday, Aug. 24. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT:** A two-character comedy about a stiff-necked would-be author (Alan Alda) and a carefree prostitute (Diana Sands) he has fallen in with. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **THE SUBJECT WAS ROSES:** An account of the vicissitudes of an Irish-American family in the Bronx. With Jack Albertson, Martha Scott, and Martin Sheen. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Baker Street—Moriarty's celebrated rival on the loose in a musical that, alas, is somewhat laggardly. Fritz Weaver is the famous private eye and Inga Swenson a lady in love with him. There is also a fine interlude in which Victoria's Diamond Jubilee parade is done in trompe-l'oeil by Bil Baird's marionettes. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

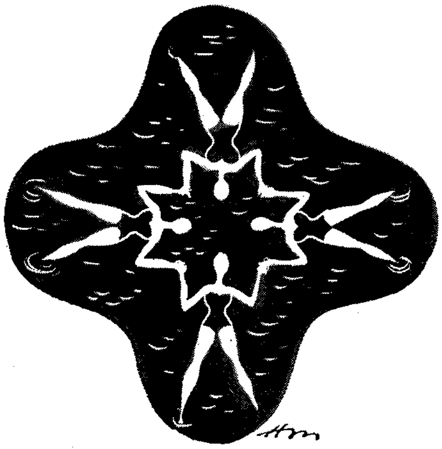
Do I Hear a Waltz?—Arthur Laurents's comedy (originally "The Time of the Cuckoo") about an American spinster trying to hold her virtuous own in wicked old Venice. Although set to music by the redoubtable Richard Rodgers, this version of the play, however gently mellifluous, seems a trifle thin. Elizabeth Allen is the spinster, and Sergio Franchi is the Venetian who scrambles her notions of right and wrong. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Half a Sixpence—A most agreeable adaptation of H. G. Wells' "Kipps," in which Tommy Steele figures to splendid advantage. The songs—quite compelling—were written by David Heneker, and the choreography, which cannot be faulted, was arranged by Onna White. The over-all direction is the work of Gene Saks, and very good it is. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Oliver!—A return engagement of the London musical by Lionel Bart, with Robin Ramsay and Maura K. Wedge. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Roar of the Greasepaint–The Smell of the Crowd—A completely foolish attempt, with incidental music, to capture some of the spirit of the theatre of the absurd. Anthony Newley and Cyril Ritchard wander aimlessly about in it, but there is one interlude in which a young fellow named Gilbert Price lines out a song called "Feeling Good" that has the bounce that everything else in the show lacks. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Luther Adler has just succeeded Zero Mostel in this saga based on some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, except Aug. 25, and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **FUNNY GIRL:** Barbra Streisand portraying Fanny Brice. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **GOLDEN BOY:** A musical rehash of Clifford Odets's play about a highly sensitive boxer, played by Sammy Davis. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Ginger Rogers has replaced Carol Channing in the role of Miss Dawn. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Music Theater of Lincoln Center—A revival of Rodgers and Hammerstein's **CAROUSEL**, with John Raitt, Eileen Christy, Susan Watson, and Edward Everett Horton, is the second of two musicals by the company. (New York State Theater, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Sept. 18.)

APA at the Phoenix—A three-play repertory by an exhilarating company. Giraudoux's **JUDITH:** Thursday, Aug. 19, at 8:30; Sunday, Aug. 22, at 2:30 and 7:30; Tuesday, Aug. 24, at 8:30; and Friday, Aug. 27, at 8:30.... **WAR AND PEACE:** Friday, Aug. 20, at 8:30; Saturday, Aug. 21, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 25-26, at 8:30.... ¶ Shaw's **MAN AND SUPERMAN:** Saturday, Aug. 28, at 2:30 and 8. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Closes Sunday, Sept. 5.)

American Savoyards—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday, Aug. 19-20, at 8:40: "H.M.S. Pinafore."... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 21, at 3 and 8:40: "The Yeomen of the Guard."... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 22, at 3 and 7:30: "Iolanthe."... ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 24-25, at 8:40 (previews), and Thursday, Aug. 26, at 7:30 (opening): "Ruddigore."... ¶ Friday, Aug. 27, at 8:40, and Saturday, Aug. 28, at 3 and 8:40: "The Mikado." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310.)

Leonard Bernstein's Theatre Songs—This pleasant diversion falls somewhere between a concert and a revue. Some of the numbers sound a bit frail without the backing of chorus or dancers, but the songs from "Candide" stand up very well indeed, partly, no doubt, because of Richard Wilbur's fine lyrics. With Will Holt, Micki Grant, and Lee Beery. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Exception and the Rule and **The Prodigal Son**—"The Prodigal Son" is Langston Hughes' musical dramatization of the Bible story, in a jubilant and beautiful production. Vinnette Carroll has directed the remarkable all-Negro cast of dancers and gospel singers. "The Exception and the Rule," which precedes it, is a fable of dreary condescension by the late but inevitable Bertolt Brecht. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Knack—An English farce about seduction, directed with considerable ingenuity by Mike Nichols. Sometimes funny, sometimes just strenuous. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Live Like Pigs—The characters who amply justi-

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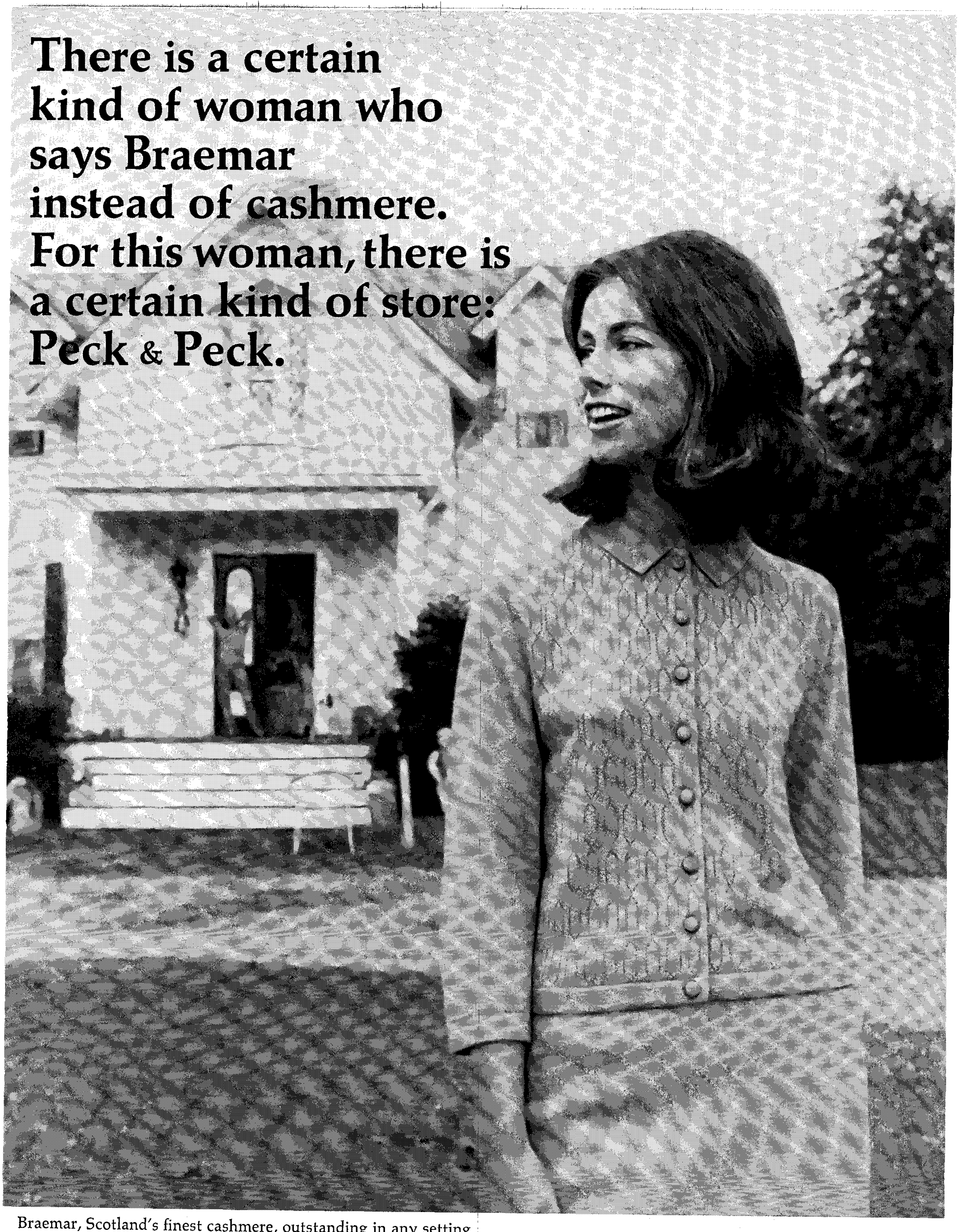
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

fy the title are the unwilling tenants of a prissy housing project in the North of England, and most of the action is concerned with the effect of their frowzy ways on their *nouveau* genteel neighbors. The play, for all its stridency and general messiness, is a most sentimental work, but it has its lively moments, and so has the acting, by the Theatre Company of Boston. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Room and **A Slight Ache**—Two early (pre-"Caretaker") one-acters by the remarkable English playwright Harold Pinter. Again Mr. Pinter has combined the elements of menace, suspense, and wild high comedy to produce any number of surprises. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A View from the Bridge—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Zoo Story and **Krapp's Last Tape**—A revival of this Edward Albee-Samuel Beckett double bill. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of "Troilus and Cressida," with Richard Jordan and Flora Elkins. The final production of the season. (Delacorte Theater, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Saturday, Aug. 28.)

Jones Beach Theatre—"Mardi Gras!," a musical based on the legends of New Orleans, with a book by Sig Herzig and music and lyrics by Carmen Lombardo and John Jacob Loeb. The cast of two hundred includes David Atkinson, Karen Shepard, Juanita Hall, and Wilbur de Paris's jazz band. (Nightly at 8:30; through Sunday, Sept. 5. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Though she is the first Cassandra to see all her prophecies (mostly about the decline and fall of all human relationships) come direly true, Phyllis Diller's dinner and supper séances in the Royal Box brim with paradoxical merriment. The orchestra of Lee Evans, one of the best in town, is around most of the evening. Closed Sundays.

Mark Twain Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—Life on our inland waterways was never more handsomely memorialized. On one deck of this many-tiered restaurant, the worthy project of bringing the big bands back alive (not on tape) is administered by the army assembled under the banner of Buddy Morrow. This remembrance of things past will be carried on by the band of Art Mooney when, on Monday, Aug. 23, he succeeds the Morrows. The schedule: Mondays through Thursdays from seven-thirty to one-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two. Sundays are silent.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—One of Ben Cutler's Yale teams is having summer practice on the bandstand of the happy little island called the Café Pierre. Business as usual every night of the week.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—June Valli, soprano, is standing by in the wings of the Persian Room to fill in for the slightly damaged Robert Horton, late of the troupe that sang its way through "110 in the Shade" on Broadway. The song recital is a dinner and supper item only on Fridays and Saturdays; ten o'clock is the hour the rest of the week. Milt Shaw's orchestra and Mark Monte's bouncy band keep much longer hours. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's duo (piano and violin) discourses peacefully in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty; then, at eight, the Court becomes a sidewalk café (pastry, ices, and a cold bottle) in the capital city of a first-rate Ruritania. Gunnar Hansen's violin (every night but Sunday) furthers the pleasant stratagem. Curfew arrives at one. . . . ¶ The LeFleur group does another turn, from seven to nine, in the Edwardian Room, for the dinner guests. Closed Fridays and Saturdays.

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Promenade Cafés, in the lower plaza of Rockefeller Center. (246-5800)—The great fountain comes up like thunder, and a small dance band comes up like a summer breeze, on the floor of this sunken garden. The music runs from nine until two every night but Sunday, and the kitchen of the English Grill stays open late, too.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—See the pretty smog from the topless towers of Ilium, and listen to Michael Longo's folksy orchestra, which can be heard but not viewed on the cocktail deck; it can be danced to on the dining deck. The sound department operates from eight to one. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Sitting pretty, or dancing in the same fashion, is the occupation of all who climb this pinnacle. Turecamo's band, fresh as a daisy, and Charles Quintero's orchestra, which is quite at home in Latin, do their level best from eight until two. Closed Sundays.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—Amid what passes in our town for Sherwood Forest (but without *banditti*), there are dining and dancing from seven-thirty until after midnight every night but Monday.

Note—**Roseland Dance City**, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—Cadets who are awaiting their chance to operate in space can work out on the giant floor (a hundred and fifty feet long), even though only the social graces and none of the Twist variants are allowable. The music usually begins around seven-thirty and ends around one. Additionally, there are Thursday and Saturday matinées, one-thirty to six, and Sundays are non-stop, beginning at three-thirty in the afternoon. A potpourri of professional dancers puts on a showing, too, on Tuesdays at eleven. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): A community small enough for everyone to know everyone, which leads to an enormous number of words per cubic foot. The background is piano that begins at cocktail time and ends at one of the smaller hours. Sam Hamilton, Wayne Sanders, and Goldie Hawkins himself all man the keyboard at one time or another, and the Messrs. Sanders and Hawkins do double-keyboard turns after the theatre. Closed Fridays through Sundays. . . . **In Boboli**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): There are nightingales in the shrubbery of this Florentine garden. Though they like to patronize their neighborhood composers, they also sing in English. The chanting happens every night, and an easy-does-it dance band operates from Thursdays through Saturdays. Closed Mondays. . . . **Sheraton-East**, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): In the Café Ambassador, a richly embossed slice of city-scape, every *geste* is *beau*. Ray Hartley plays seemly piano for anyone who's dining between seven and one. No music Sundays. . . . **Drake Room**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Though Cy Walter, a staff of night life, has fifty-eight fingers, none of them get in the way of any others when he sits down to his pianoforte, which he does from six to nine-thirty, ten-thirty to one, in this dream of Empire. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **Château Henri IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Visitors to this not-to-be-taken-seriously example of castle architecture along the Loire may stay on for dinner and serenading by the drink-to-me-only-with-thine-eyes violin of Norbert Faconi, who is there every evening but Sunday. . . . **King Henri IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A further exposition of King Henri's ideas about Loire architecture, which were, basically, that all play makes an evening gay. George Cardini, whose violin is incurably in love, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays. . . . **Waverly Lounge**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, who has sat at one piano longer than anyone else in town, makes no bones about his addiction to the show tunes, British and American, that are deservedly imperishable. He gets rolling in the plain-spoken bar of the Hotel Earle at nine-thirty. No music on Mondays. . . . **Roma di Notte**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): One part pomp, one part circumstance, one part Riviera song and music, which (like the chef) usually carry on from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **Café Renaissance 48**, 15 E. 48th St. (HA 1-3448): Seekers of that castle in Spain should find this close-to-home one near to their hearts. In the midst of its restrained opulence, there is handsome guitar music (José Luis Franco) direct from the Spanish Main. The recitals run intermittently from dinner until after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . **Café Renaissance 49**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): A similar reëstablishment of architecture for architecture's sake, likewise providing room for Andalusian guitar (Gustavo Lopez), and on the same schedule, every night but Sunday. . . . **Jamaica Arms**, 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): One look at this West Indie tells you that out of the woodwork, which would be perfectly at home in Kingston, there is sure to appear a native guitarist who will be singing those cruise-ship Caribbean ditties and who will be named Lord Superior. He, or a faultless facsimile, is on deck from nine to one at the start of the week, from eight until two Thursdays through Saturdays. No music Sundays. . . . **Chucks' Composite**, 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Undergraduate practitioners of one or another of the lively arts have turned the room into a week-long retreat. Three of the hired hands play jazz, new school, through the week; Sundays, a pianist works out. . . . **Regency**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Imperial majesty is an important ingredient of the Regency Room cocktail lounge but not of the piano of Rack Godwin, which is sometimes wholly *pour le sport*. The hours are five-thirty until twelve-thirty every night but Sunday. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **Sign of the Dove**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Mansion life in Little Old New York, right down to the glass-topped conservatory and a bit of open-air breathing space, is preserved in this restaurant, in whose bar there is piano from five to eight and from nine-thirty to two, except Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **L'Intrigue**, 35 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1990): The revival of the home-away-from-home night life of the nineteen-forties, captained by Nancy Steele, Jimmie Daniels, and Murray Grand, will begin its summer vacation on Saturday, Aug. 21. The music (Ronnie Ball's duo) commences at eight-thirty; the Steele and Daniels ditties and the Grand piano commence after the theatre. . . . **Sherry-Netherland**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Dining and supping in the bar and restaurant, decorative and dignified, go along with offhand piano by Johnny Ryan, new man in town, and songs-with-guitar by Enzio Lembo. Mr. R. runs from six-thirty to one, except

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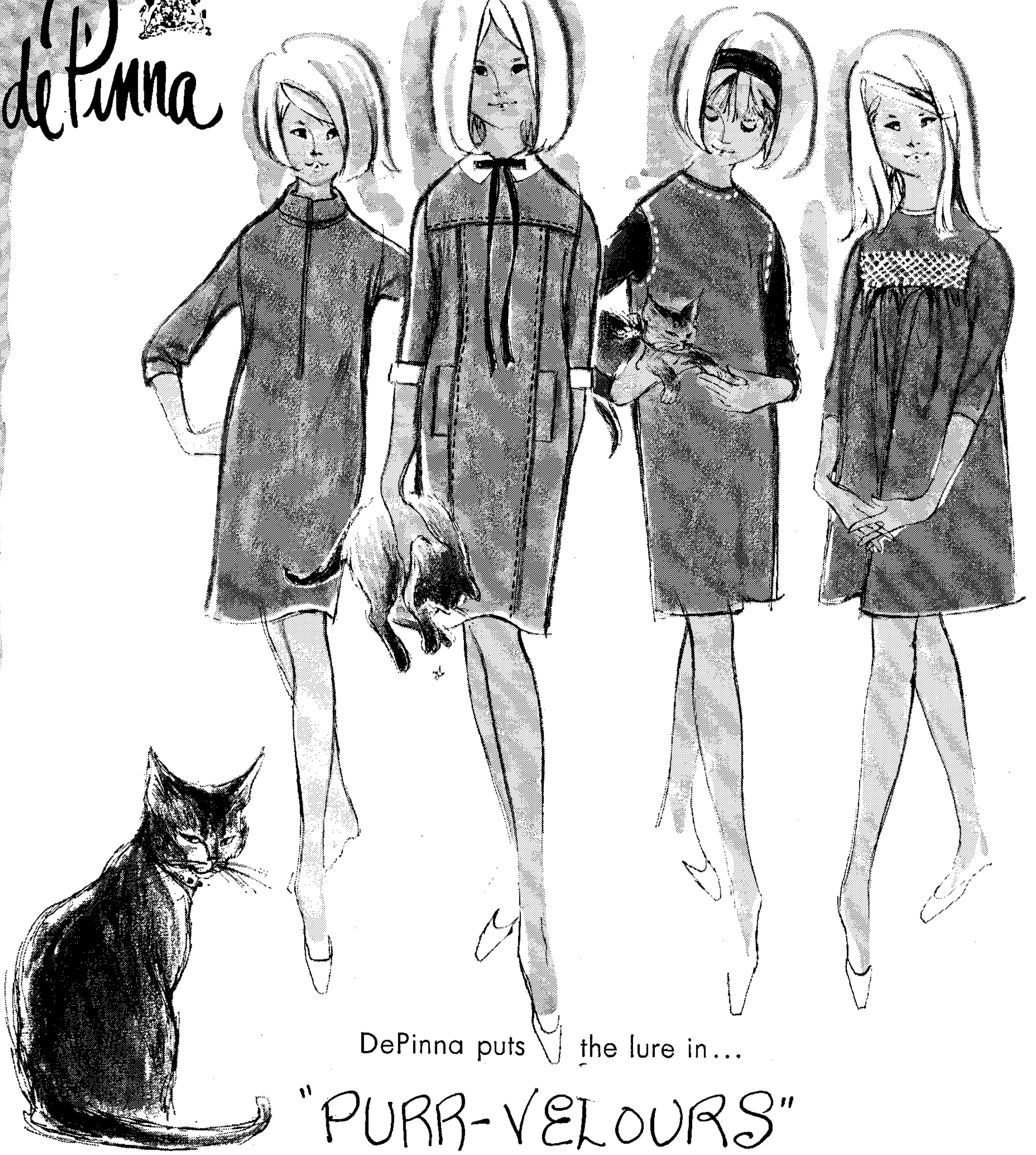

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CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

Mondays; Mr. L. runs from nine-thirty until one, except Sundays. . . . **SPINDLETOP,** 254 W. 47th St. (CI 5-7455): *Lebensraum* for stars of stage, screen, and radar after the theatre, but there is space for mere mortals, too. At nine, Frankie Ray, a New Mexican bubble with a guitar and a tenor, starts patrolling the premises. Closed Sundays.

NOTE—The discothèque, a fact of life distinguished more by quantity than by quality, is represented at its best by **SHEPHEARD'S,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): A senior member of the board, and one of the first to bring a touch of repute to the peculiar industry. The appointments are opulent, the music is clarion. From seven to ten, it is supplied by real people; after that, it is issued by computers, which run until three or four; Sundays, when one is curfew time, the music is all popular mechanics. Dinner and supper. . . . **ARTHUR,** 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): How to hang a garden in Babylon. There are no Penrod Schofields in the assemblage of young people to be found floundering on the floor here. The music of distant and unearthly spheres is interspersed with music by mere earthmen. Nine-thirty or ten until four is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO,** in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The music is all from a speaking tube, the hours are eight until all-fall-down every night but Monday, the menu is minimal, the moving spirit is Tanya Everett (of "Fiddler on the Roof"), who dances like the wind. The costumes run from theatre working clothes to Underground Movies. . . . **L'INTERDIT,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): Another enterprise in which even the walls have earphones, but the turmoil that issues from them is more subdued than it is in most discothèques. The architecture is sort of homey, and there is a supper menu. Nine to four is the scheme, and all is silence Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ENTRE NOUS,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Though dining in a certain amount of pomp is the principal consideration, there is a dance floor, too, and—from ten until three or so—a jockey astride the record-player. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): The comedy of Buddy Hackett, a fullback who thinks that it's always fourth down and four to go, may wear some of us down, but it will keep all of us awake. He is surrounded by a glory of girls in the prime of their youth. There is also a cool customer, Lynda Gloria, who says she's a soubrette from the Folies-Bergère and splendidly proves it. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): June, moon, croon, and spoon are the four horsemen in the racing stable of Jerry Vale, who owns one of our biggest record foundries. There is also an exceptional group of Copa ballerinas, elevated to the supernal by the archness of Jane Zachary's prances. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the lounge, which makes one feel that it is perpetually three o'clock in the morning, there is Erskine Hawkins' quartet from ten o'clock until very, very late every night of the week.

CABARETS

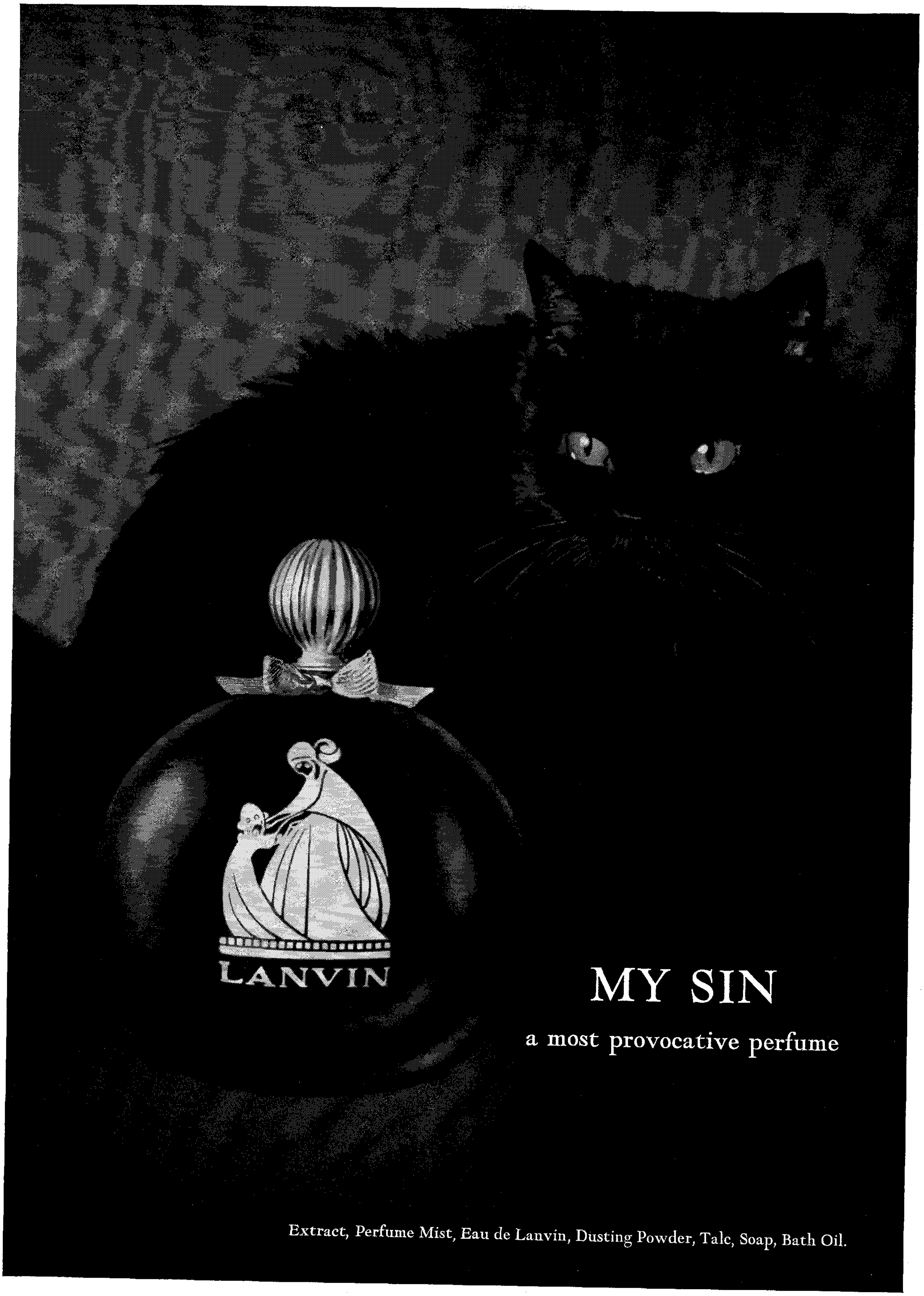
(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): The experiment of the year—a swift charade that, swirling around the piano of William Roy, pianist and mentor, brings the art of close, crisp, and comic harmony to concert pitch. The harmonizers—Dick Riddle, Alice Borden, Lou Kristofer, Michael Maurer, Maggie Peters, Kitty Sullivan, and Mr. Roy himself—are knee-deep in youth, vigor, and zest. The event begins not long after nine-thirty and goes on and on until quite late. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): The army that sings together swings together, which means that Los Chavales de España are in bold, brassy form. A fine bit of fluff called Luisita Sevilla is their principal dancer. The performers take the floor at dinner and supper through the week, and again at two Saturday nights. Sundays begin with an all-out tea dance and end with a show at ten-thirty. The customers, often equally expert, can dance at any time, too. . . . ¶ After ten, in the minute Flamenco Room, Juan de la Mata, whose flamenco guitar is top-of-the-evening, and Domingo Alvarado, full of Spanish love song, perform duets that lose nothing in translation. Closed Sundays. . . . **SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): "The Decline and Fall of the Entire World as Seen Through the Eyes of Cole Porter" restores to us Porter ploys with words and music that have been too long in the warehouse. It also restores an absolutely untrammelled Kaye Ballard, who is having herself a terribly good time, and the footwork of Harold Lang. Some of the stage business contains an archness Mr. P. would not have liked, but no matter. This all happens every night but Monday at eight-thirty, as well as at eleven Fridays and Saturdays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The stop-press additions to the third edition of the minute revue called "The Game Is Up" have much improved the editorial content. The current cast is inclined to give the jests an *accent grave*, but Ruth Buzzi is the exception to that rule. Nine-thirty and midnight, except Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The game Cecil Taylor is playing with his piano is one in which the rules are made up as he goes along; his sidemen go along, too, but not necessarily on the same theme or at the same tempo. Charles Lloyd's quartet is also present. On Sundays, there are four-thirty matinées as well as evening carnivals; Mondays, another set of musicians takes over. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Dizzy Gillespie, maybe the wisest and assuredly the wittiest man in jazz, is fooling around and playing around with his band; Charlie Mingus, who has done the bass fiddle a world of good in his time, has a task force of his own. Mondays, the place is given over to one or another collection of Latin bandsmen and to Symphony Sid, who has some forgettable homilies about music always at the ready. The dance floor is in operation every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Sunday. The dining pavilion and open-air café, one flight above all this, are open from five to two every evening but Monday. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): *Café noir, café au lait, caffè cappuccino,* in the best of the Greenwich Village coffeehouses, and the one most likely to amuse. The Serendipity Singers, whose attitude toward folk music is jolly, depart on Tuesday, Aug. 24, and the Bitter End Singers, another worthy group, arrive on Thursday, Aug. 26. The Uncalled-For 3, a set of slapstick humorists, are on hand right along. Tuesdays are assigned to visiting scholars. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Roy Eldridge is adding a lot of driving finishes to the quintet he has assembled for his long-awaited return to jazz. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Gloria Coleman's quartet (an electronic organ has somehow got into this act) does the ramping; Jorge Morel's Iberian guitar does the musing. Mondays, another band fills in. On Tuesday, Aug. 24, Max Roach's trenchant fivesome will replace the Colemans. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The plain, simple, old-fashioned outgoing music that is produced by Max Kaminsky, Bob Wilber, Dill Jones, Cliff Leeman, Herb Gardner, and quite often, too, by Eddie Condon himself, comes to a temporary halt on Saturday, Aug. 21. Dancing. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the oval bar is the trio of Billy Taylor, whose piano, though still cheerful, is now interested in "adjusted" (or "concert") jazz. Between sets, the British Eddie Thompson sits in at the keyboard—gentled music during dinner, up-and-at-them music after the theatre. Silence on Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The immutable laws of traditional music are honored in the observance here. Cliff Jackson, Zutty Singleton, Marshall Brown, Wild Bill Davison, and Tony Parenti are the layers-down of these laws. Don Frye plays piano all by himself on Sundays. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): A very contemporary youth hostelry—a bar, hamburgers, peanuts, beer by the pitcher, and a corps of banjoists (the String Stretchers, as they like to think of themselves) eagerly waiting for the Robert E. Lee. Nine to three or four is the idea. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): A music stand whose blampety-blamp band (tuba, washboard, banjo, and all that) may be waiting for the Niña, the Pinta, and the Santa Maria, so ancient are the grotesqueries that carefreely issue from it. Here, too, the accent of the populace is on youth. Eight until two or three all week is the curriculum. . . . **GORDIAN KNOT**, 1584 York Ave., at 83rd St. (RH 4-9041): It looks like midsummer on Nantucket. At a guess, no one at the tables or on the dance floor is allowed to be over twenty-four, and the music, served up at fever heat, goes on from nine-thirty until four through the week, and from eight until one-thirty on Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

MASUO IKEDA—An exhibition of color etchings that is running concurrently with his show at the Museum of Modern Art; through Sept. 3. (Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.)

SCULPTURES—Constructivist pieces by American and European artists, among them Joseph Konzal, J. J. Subirachs, and Carel Visser; through Friday, Aug. 27. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: Eighteenth- to twentieth-century paintings and sculptures by Thomas Eakins, Joseph Stella, Gaston Lachaise, and others; through Sept. 3. . . . **SCHWEITZER**, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Mary Cassatt, Hovsep Pushman, and Albert P. Ryder are among the artists with paintings on view in a show called "Americans, Sung and Unsung;" through Aug. 31.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Three of the participants in a showing of small watercolors, drawings, and lithographs for the budgeted collector are Robert Motherwell, Larry Rivers, and Mario Schifano; through Sept. 10. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Three Centuries of American Painting," an exhibition of nearly five hundred paintings dating from early Colonial times to the present (John Singleton Copley to Hans

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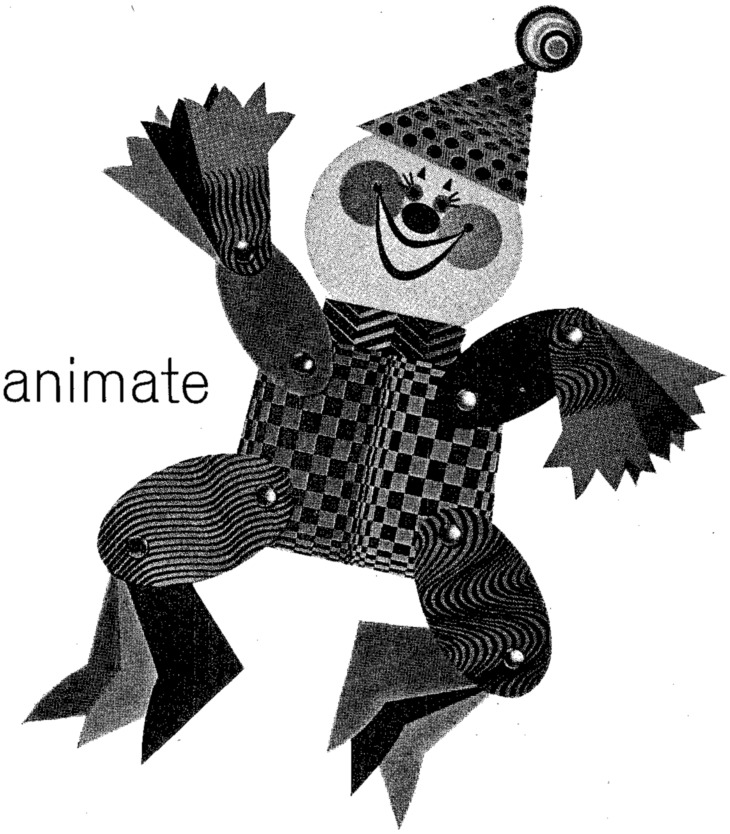

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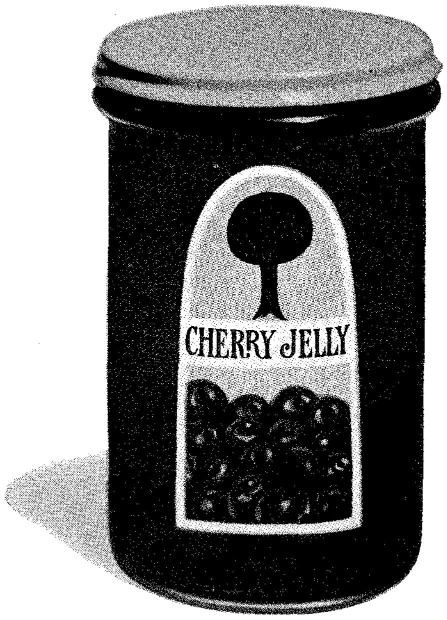
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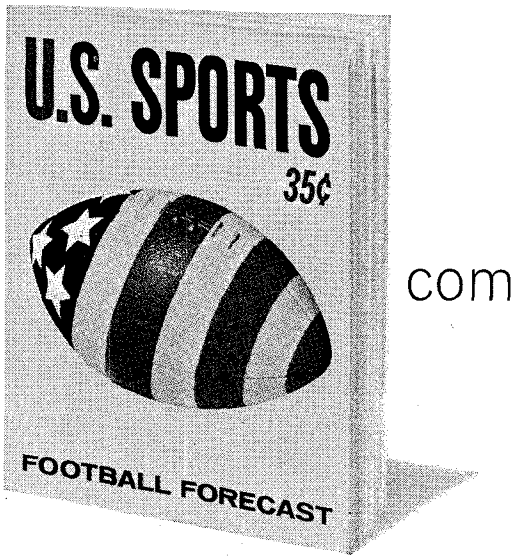
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Hofmann), supplemented by American sculptures and eighteenth- and nineteenth-century furniture and silver; through Oct. 17. . . . ¶ Matisse, Brancusi, and Alfred Maurer are three of the artists represented in "Stieglitz and his Galleries," an exhibit paying tribute to Alfred Stieglitz (1864-1946) and comprising prints, photographs, drawings, and a few sculptures; through Oct. 7. . . . ¶ Italian drawings (by Piranesi, Canaletto, and Raphael, for instance) from the collection of Janos Scholz; through Sept. 12. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Sculptures, drawings, and paintings by Alberto Giacometti; through Oct. 10. . . . ¶ Engravings and drypoints by the young Japanese artist Masuo Ikeda; through Sept. 19. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.) A good complement to the Ikeda showing is his exhibition at the Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"American Art from the Collection of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert A. Goldstone;" namely, American paintings and drawings, plus American and European sculptures, by Edward Hopper, Lyonel Feininger, Jacques Lipchitz, and others; through Sept. 12. . . . ¶ A hundred and fifty prints and drawings (Dürer and Rembrandt to Josef Albers) given to or purchased by the Museum since 1953; through Dec. 26. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Works by newly elected members and recipients of this year's honors and awards. Manuscripts, books, and scores by, among others, Walter Lippmann, Joseph Mitchell, and John Cheever. Also paintings, graphic art, sculptures, and architecture by Alexander Calder, Andrew Wyeth, Marcel Breuer, and others; through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—A loan exhibition of master drawings, from Fra Bartolommeo to John Singer Sargent; through Aug. 29. . . . ¶ Stone sculptures from the state of Guerrero, Mexico; through Aug. 29. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—"The Twenties Revisited," an exhibit of paintings, graphics, sculptures, photographs, and memorabilia done in the twenties by, for example, John Held, Jr., Peter Blume, and Jo Davidson; through Sept. 7. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—More than a hundred paintings, drawings, and sculptures (by such artists as Renoir, Degas, van Gogh, and Picasso) assembled by the art dealer and collector Justin K. Thannhauser. Seventy-five of these Impressionist, Post-Impressionist, and later works are a recent bequest to the Museum and are housed in new, nonsloping galleries constructed for them. Through Oct. 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Bible illustrations by Marc Chagall; through Sept. 12. . . . ¶ Jewish ceremonial objects, jewelry, miniatures, paintings, drawings, graphics, and sculptures by Ilya Schor; through Sept. 12. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Masterpieces from the South Seas," a display of a hundred or so objects (in wood, stone, ivory, and jade) from Melanesia, Polynesia, Micronesia, and Australia; through Oct. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—"Young America 1965," a showing by a group of thirty painters and sculptors under thirty-five years of age, among them Mary Bauermeister, Jim Dine, and Robert Murray; through Aug. 29. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

Central Park Concerts—Alfred Wallenstein conducting the New York Philharmonic in

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the last in a series of concerts, this one with Aaron Copland as piano soloist in one of his own works. (Sheep Meadow. Tuesday, Aug. 24, at 8:30. In the event of threatening weather, last-minute information can be obtained by calling 999-1234.)... ¶ Julius Grossman conducting the Municipal Concerts Orchestra in the last in a series of concerts, this one with Pinchas Zukerman, violin. (The Mall. Saturday, Aug. 21, at 8:30.)

JAZZ CONCERT—Buddy Tate's band, with Jimmy Rushing. The final concert in this summer's Museum of Modern Art series. (11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. Thursday, Aug. 19, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be cancelled.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Final performances of the season by the Boston Symphony—Erich Leinsdorf directing a performance of "Lohengrin" in concert form, with Lucine Amara, soprano; Rita Gorr, mezzo-soprano; Sándor Kónya, tenor; William Dooley and Calvin Marsh, baritones; Jerome Hines, bass-baritone; and the Chorus pro Musica. Friday, Aug. 20, at 8: Act I.... ¶ Saturday, Aug. 21, at 8: Act II.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 22, at 2:30: Act III. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass.)

BERKSHIRE MUSIC BARN—Theodore Bikel, folk singer, in the final concert of the season. (Lenox, Mass. Saturday, Aug. 21, at 3:30.)

NOTE—Final performances of the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival's season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 21: Murray Louis and his company, Alonzo Rivera and the Jacob's Pillow Dancers, and Percival Borde and his company.... ¶ Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 26-28: Clover Roope and Christopher Lyall, the Jacob's Pillow Dancers, and six American-Indian dancers. (Lee, Mass. Evenings at 8:40. Matinées Fridays and Saturdays at 3.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Los Angeles, Thursday, Aug. 19, at 2.... SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. St. Louis, Friday, Aug. 20, at 8; Saturday, Aug. 21, at 2:15; and Sunday, Aug. 22, at 1:05 (doubleheader).... ¶ Mets vs. Los Angeles, Monday through Thursday, Aug. 23-26, at 8.... ¶ Mets vs. San Francisco, Friday and Saturday, Aug. 27-28, at 8.

BOXING—Jimmy Dupree vs. Johnny Persol, light heavyweights. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Tuesday, Aug. 24. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

POLO—Sundays at 3:30—At BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase.... BETHPAGE POLO FIELD, Farmingdale, L.I.

RACING—At SARATOGA: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 28. The Travers, Saturday, Aug. 21; the Spinaway, Wednesday, Aug. 25; and the Hopeful, Saturday, Aug. 28.... ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Tuesday, Oct. 12. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia. Buses to the track leave the terminal at 201 W. 41st St. between 10 and 11:30.)

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At WATKINS GLEN: Saturday, Aug. 21, at 10 A.M., and Sunday, Aug. 22, at 1:05.... LIME ROCK PARK, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, Aug. 28.

TENNIS—Men's Invitation Tournament (Newport Casino Lawn Tennis Club, Newport, R.I. Through Saturday, Aug. 21.)... ¶ U.S.L.T.A. Doubles Championships. (Longwood Cricket Club, Chestnut Hill, Mass. Sunday, Aug. 22, through Sunday, Aug. 29.)

TROTTING—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8; through Monday, Sept. 27.... SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 23.

YACHTING—Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Manhasset. Through Sunday, Aug. 22.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regu-

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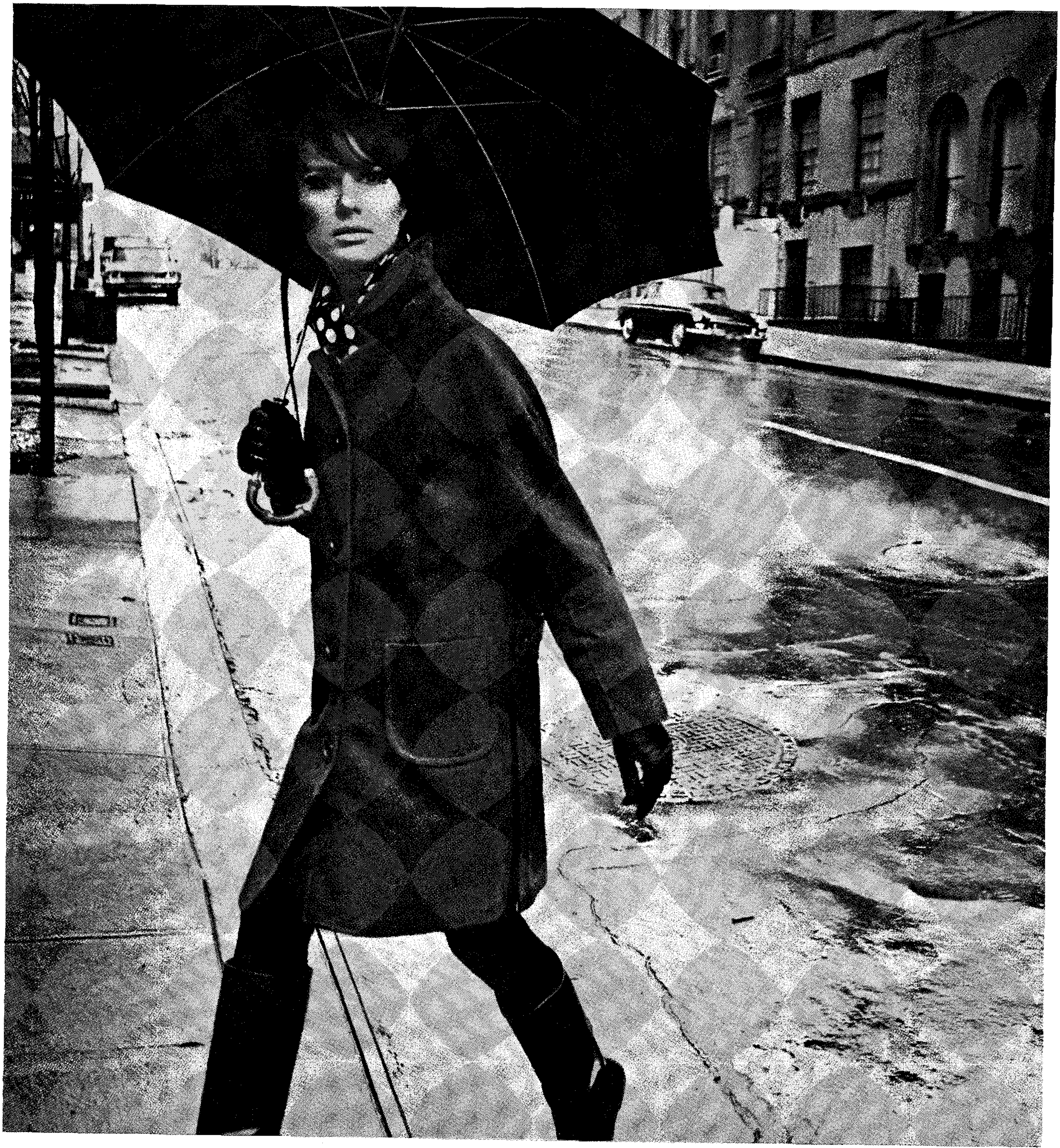

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

lar sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so Mondays through Fridays from 9 to 7:45, and Saturdays and Sundays from 9 to 4:45.

THE WORLD'S FAIR

Hours—Grounds open daily at 8:30 A.M., close at 2 A.M. Exhibits open between 9 and 10, although waiting in line is permitted from 8:30. Some exhibits close at 10 P.M., some later. Most restaurants are open until midnight, and some until 2. For some reason, almost everyone leaves the Fair when it gets dark, and so, except perhaps on Saturday night, that is a good time to go, since there is no waiting at any of the exhibits. Of the exhibits where waiting is necessary when the Fair *is* crowded, only Johnson's Wax and I.B.M. are worth it.

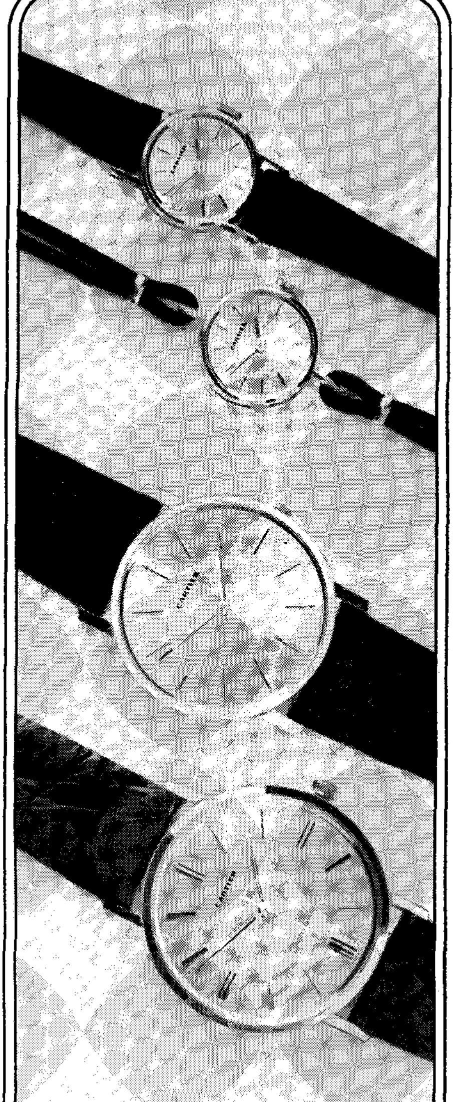
Admission—Adults $2.50, children (2-12) $1. Through August, admission for children accompanied by an adult will be twenty-five cents on Mondays and Fridays.

The Belgian Village—More restaurants (many with outdoor tables) serving a wide variety of good food at better prices than in all the rest of the Fair. It is possible to go to the Rathskeller (open until 2 A.M.) without paying admission to the Village, which is $1 for adults and fifty cents for children.

Pavilions—The Mexican Pavilion is one of the most beautiful at the Fair, and the exhibit of archeology and art has been enlarged and almost completely changed since last year. . . . ¶ Commendable restaurants can be found in the African, Danish, Mexican, Spanish, Swedish, Indian, and Festival of Gas pavilions. Slightly less commendable, but interesting and not very expensive, is the restaurant in the Pakistan Pavilion. The outdoor tables, which provide a good view of passers-by, are preferable to those inside. . . . ¶ It isn't necessary to pay the Fair admission to get into the Top of the Fair restaurant. If you can get waited on, or even shown to a table, within half an hour of your arrival, at least on Saturday night, there is food, drink, and dancing. . . . ¶ The exhibit of paintings at the Spanish Pavilion is different from last year's, and includes two large El Grecos, two new Goyas, and a vast painting by Dali called "The Apotheosis of the Dollar.". . . ¶ The New York State Pavilion is exciting to visit for any reason at all. . . . ¶ The Pennsylvania exhibit, new this year and situated near the Fountain of Planets in the Industrial Area, consists of two Boy Scouts and a reproduction of the Liberty Bell. . . . ¶ The twenty-minute Chrysler-Bil Baird puppet show has been rewritten so that it is more entertaining than it was. The star is still Carby Carburetor, who is said to be very popular with small children. Shows are virtually continuous and the theatre is constructed so that no waiting is necessary, a boon at this time of the year, when the Fair is most crowded. Free. . . . ¶ Those who like to dance to the music of Guy Lombardo may do so every evening except Monday from 9:30 to 12:30 at the Tiparillo bandstand; free.

Lake Area—The Florida Citrus Commission sponsors a water-ski show in the Amphitheatre. The show is put on six times a day, at 1, 2:30, 4, 5:30, 8, and 10 P.M., and except for the master of ceremonies, who is unusually irritating, it is worth the price of admission. Free. . . . ¶ "The killer snakes are loose again in the African jungle," is part of the spiel for a small exhibit of exceedingly lethargic reptiles languishing in cages at the southern end of the Lake Area bridge; among them are a python and two rhinoceros iguanas. Admission twenty-five cents.

Cartier



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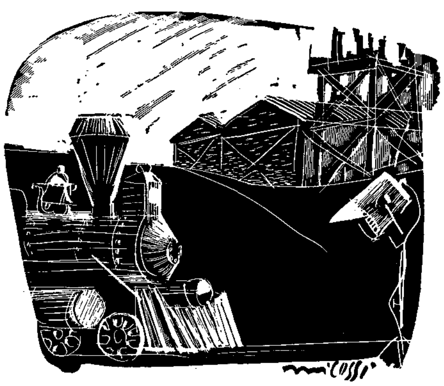
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Casanova '70—Marcello Mastroianni plays a womanizer who is suddenly faced with what is, for him, the supreme humiliation. A comic and appealing Italian comedy, expertly directed by Mario Monicelli and boasting lots of pretty girls in pretty settings. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

Cat Ballou—This full-length lampoon of Western movies is cheerful and frequently funny, in a broad kind of way. Lee Marvin is especially funny as a talkative old soak who was once a famous gunfighter. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Aug. 24. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Aug. 25.)

Darling—Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde, and Laurence Harvey are all excellent in this diamond-hard, diamond-bright account of contemporary London life. John Schlesinger was the director. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

The Greatest Story Ever Told—Christ in Cinerama, only not really Christ—only Cinerama. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées daily at 2. Extra performances Wednesday mornings at 9:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Ipcress File—Nonsensical double-dealing in Her Majesty's secret intelligence, with Michael Caine playing a hero more rumpled, grumpy, and attractive than James Bond. Ably directed by Sidney J. Furie. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664.)

The Knack—This comedy of sex in London seems at first somewhat smothered by technical pranks, but the minute that Rita Tushingham sets foot in it, it becomes a delight. Michael Crawford, Donal Donnelly, and Ray Brooks are more than satisfactory as three carefree bachelors. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Married Woman—A simple, flawless account of a marriage that doesn't work and a love affair that doesn't work very well, either. Written and directed by Jean-Luc Godard, at the very top of his bent. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

Mary Poppins—This should have been called Mary Marzipan. With Julie Andrews and Dick Van Dyke. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363; and Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Aug. 24.)

The Moment of Truth—There are several different truths to be found in this extraordinary film by Francesco Rosi; one is that bullfighting is an abominable activity and another is that it's very beautiful. The hero is played by an authentic matador, Miguel Mateo Miguelin. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

My Fair Lady—A worthy translation of the original, with the original Rex Harrison, and Audrey Hepburn inventing her own enchanting Eliza. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Nothing but a Man—A strong and affecting study of a Negro's refusal to accommodate, perfectly enacted by Ivan Dixon. The screenplay is by Michael Roemer and Robert Young; the former directed the picture, and the latter photographed it. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Aug. 19.)

Operation Crossbow—We *did* win the Second World War, and this tells one of the reasons why. With George Peppard, Sophia Loren, Tom Courtenay, and many another brave soul. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Aug. 24.)

The Pawnbroker—Rod Steiger is magnificent in the title role of this grim and, at bottom, not very plausible movie. (Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; through Aug. 24.)

Ship of Fools—A superb melodrama in the good old "Grand Hotel" tradition, directed by Stanley Kramer and with a cast that includes Simone Signoret, Oskar Werner, Vivien Leigh, José Ferrer, Elizabeth Ashley, George Segal, Michael Dunn, Lee Marvin, and at least a dozen other excellent actors. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines—Robert Morley, Terry-Thomas, Alberto Sordi, Eric Sykes, and several others are very funny as the participants in an air race across the English Channel in the days when flying was still only a sport. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Train—Burt Lancaster, Paul Scofield, and a lot of expendable French rolling stock, in a thriller based on a true episode of the Second World War. Directed by John Frankenheimer. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting Aug. 25, tentative.)

Variety Lights—Federico Fellini's first film, made in 1950 in collaboration with Alberto Lattuada. Full of wonderful things, and well acted by, among others, Peppino De Filippo, Carla Del Poggio, and Giulietta Masina. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through Aug. 24.)

What's New Pussycat?—The life and easy times of the international set in Paris, as they might have been portrayed by Mack Sennett or any of the other grand old masters of cinematic horseplay. The movie may seem at times a bit too special and inbred for general comfort, but it is also bright, original, and sharp as a tack. Woody Allen, who wrote the script, also appears in it, as do Peter O'Toole, Peter Sellers, and Romy Schneider. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262; through Aug. 24. No evening performances on Monday, Aug. 23.)

World Without Sun—Jacques-Yves Cousteau shows us the beauty and oddity of life underwater. Recommended for Cousteau-philes, disrecommended for claustrophobes. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Aug. 24. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Aug. 25.)

Zorba the Greek—A violent old man tries to teach a tame young one about life and doesn't succeed, but no matter. The old man is played by Anthony Quinn, the young one by Alan Bates, and the setting is the harshly beautiful island of Crete. Michael Cacoyannis directed. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

REVIVALS

An American in Paris (1951)—Gershwin's tunes and plenty of dancing. With Gene Kelly and Leslie Caron. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 23.)

The Big Deal on Madonna Street (1960)—A takeoff on the "Rififi" school of melodrama, imported from Italy. Among the foiled criminals are Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni, and Totò. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 20-23.)

Bringing up Baby (1938)—Katharine Hepburn (a rich girl), Cary Grant (a scientist), and two leopards (leopards). (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Aug. 24.)

Days of Wine and Roses (1963)—Jack Lemmon and Lee Remick in a story about a young couple hitting the bottle and trying to stop. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Aug. 24.)

Dinner at Eight (1933)—Marie Dressler, Jean Harlow, and John and Lionel Barrymore are just a few of the notables in this film of the Ferber-Kaufman play. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Aug. 24.)

8½ (1963)—An autobiographical movie by Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, and Sandra Milo. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 20-23.)

Elmer Gantry (1960)—Richard Brooks's interpretation of the Sinclair Lewis novel about revivalists. Burt Lancaster and Jean Simmons are the most conspicuous Gospel shouters. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through Aug. 24.)

Forbidden Games (1952)—A French film about the effect of war and death on two small children. With Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 19.)

Heavens Above! (1963)—The Church of England is the main target of this satire, produced and directed by the Boulting brothers and with Peter Sellers and Cecil Parker. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Aug. 24.)

The Idiot (1948)—Gérard Philipe in a French version of the Dostoevski novel. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 19.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—A French study of an unprincipled and desirable woman and how she rewards the men who love her. With Jeanne Moreau, Henri Serre, and Oskar Werner, and directed by François Truffaut. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Aug. 20-23.)

The Magician (1959)—Ingmar Bergman's scrutiny of the effect that a troupe of magicians has on the household of a Swedish merchant. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Aug. 20-23.)

The Seventh Seal (1958)—A Swedish film, directed by Ingmar Bergman, about life in Sweden in the fourteenth century, when the plague was raging. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Aug. 20-23.)

Shoot the Piano Player (1962)—François Truffaut directed this French movie about a pianist in a Paris café. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. TR 9-2717; Aug. 20-23.)

The Silence (1964)—Another chapter in Ingmar Bergman's survey of the human condition. With Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Aug. 24.)

The Soft Skin (1964)—François Truffaut's examination of a husband, a wife, and a mistress. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Aug. 19.)

The Talk of the Town (1942)—Jean Arthur and Cary Grant train Ronald Colman for the Supreme Court. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 20-23.)

Film Libraries—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd—Through Aug. 21: "Nothing Sacred" (1937), with Carole Lombard and Fredric March. . . . ¶ Aug. 22-25: "Champs Élysées" (1938), in French, with Sacha Guitry. (Showings every day at 3 and 5:30, plus additional showings on Thursday evenings at 8 and Saturday mornings at 11:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.) . . . **GALLERY OF MODERN ART**, 2 Columbus Circle—Two programs in a series called "A Tribute to Hal Roach." Through Aug. 21: Four Laurel and Hardy shorts plus a short with Harry Langdon. . . . ¶ Aug. 24-25: Four Laurel and Hardy shorts plus a Charley Chase short. (Showings at 3 and 5:15. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Gallery after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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22	23	24	25			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through Aug. 24: **WHAT'S NEW PUSSYCAT?** (On Monday, Aug. 23, at 6:30 and 8:30, there will be preview performances of the Beatles' "Help!")
From Aug. 25: "Help!"

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Hallelujah Trail," Burt Lancaster, Lee Remick. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
MY FAIR LADY.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
Through Aug. 24: "The Yellow Rolls-Royce," Rex Harrison, Jeanne Moreau, Ingrid Bergman.
From Aug. 25: "The Sons of Katie Elder," John Wayne, Dean Martin.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Sandpiper," Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Crazy Paradise" (in Danish).

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through Aug. 24: "Von Ryan's Express," Frank Sinatra, Trevor Howard.
From Aug. 25: "Morituri," Marlon Brando, Yul Brynner.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
SHIP OF FOOLS.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Aug. 24: "China!," a documentary film.
From Aug. 25: "Murder Most Foul," Margaret Rutherford.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
MARY POPPINS.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 24: **HEAVENS ABOVE!**, revival; and "I'm All Right, Jack," revival, Peter Sellers, Ian Carmichael.
From Aug. 25: "Von Ryan's Express," Frank Sinatra, Trevor Howard.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Aug. 24: **CAT BALLOU**; and **WORLD WITHOUT SUN.**
From Aug. 25 (tentative): **THE TRAIN**; and "Up from the Beach," Cliff Robertson, Red Buttons.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
Through Aug. 24: "I'll Take Sweden," Bob Hope, Tuesday Weld; and "Sergeants 3," revival, Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin.
From Aug. 25: "Morituri," Marlon Brando, Yul Brynner.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through Aug. 24: "White Voices" (in Italian), Paolo Ferrari, Anouk Aimée; and "Red Desert" (in Italian), Monica Vitti, Richard Harris.
From Aug. 25: "The Collector," Terence Stamp, Samantha Eggar.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
SHIP OF FOOLS.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Aug. 24: **WHAT'S NEW PUSSYCAT?** (On Monday, Aug. 23, at 6:30 and 8:30, there will be preview performances of the Beatles' "Help!")
From Aug. 25: "Help!"

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Aug. 24: "Having a Wild Weekend," the Dave Clark Five; and "The Time Travelers," Preston Foster, Philip Carey.
From Aug. 25: "The Sons of Katie Elder," John Wayne, Dean Martin; and "The Revenge of the Gladiators," Roger Browne.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE MOMENT OF TRUTH (in Italian).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE KNACK.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
THE MARRIED WOMAN (in French).

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
THE IPCRESS FILE.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Rotten to the Core," Anton Rodgers.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
ZORBA THE GREEK.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Aug. 19: **NOTHING BUT A MAN**; and **THE SOFT SKIN** (in French), revival.
Aug. 20-23: **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** and **JULES AND JIM** (both in French and both revivals).
Aug. 24: "Battleground," revival, Van Johnson, John Hodiak; and "Back to Bataan," revival, John Wayne, Anthony Quinn.
From Aug. 25: "Woman in the Dunes" (in Japanese), revival, Eiji Okada; and "A Woman Is a Woman" (in French), revival, Anna Karina, Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
CASANOVA '70 (in Italian).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Aug. 24: **MARY POPPINS.**
From Aug. 25: To be announced.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
DARLING.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Aug. 24: **CAT BALLOU**; and **WORLD WITHOUT SUN.**
From Aug. 25 (tentative): "It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World," revival, Spencer Tracy.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Aug. 24: **CAT BALLOU**; and **WORLD WITHOUT SUN.**
From Aug. 25: "Von Ryan's Express," Frank Sinatra, Trevor Howard.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Aug. 24: "Having a Wild Weekend," the Dave Clark Five; and "The Time Travelers," Preston Foster, Philip Carey.
From Aug. 25: "The Sons of Katie Elder," John Wayne, Dean Martin; and "The Revenge of the Gladiators," Roger Browne.

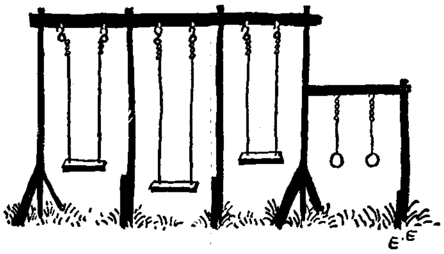
Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Aug. 24: "Von Ryan's Express," Frank Sinatra, Trevor Howard.
From Aug. 25: "A Very Special Favor," Rock Hudson, Leslie Caron.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Aug. 19: **THE IDIOT** (in French), revival; **FORBIDDEN GAMES** (in French), revival; and "Rashomon" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune.
Aug. 20-23: **8½** and **THE BIG DEAL ON MADONNA STREET** (both in Italian and both revivals).
From Aug. 24: "The Leopard," revival, Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon; and "Gate of Hell" (in Japanese), revival, Machiko Kyo.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Aug. 24: **OPERATION CROSSBOW.**
From Aug. 25: **CAT BALLOU**; and **WORLD WITHOUT SUN.**

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Aug. 19: "Smiles of a Summer Night" (in Swedish), revival, Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck; and "Illicit Interlude" (in Swedish), revival, May Britt.



Aug. 20-23: **THE MAGICIAN** and **THE SEVENTH SEAL** (both in Swedish and both revivals).
From Aug. 24: **THE SILENCE** (in Swedish), revival; and "The Virgin Spring" (in Swedish), revival, Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Aug. 24: **DINNER AT EIGHT**, revival; and "Grand Hotel," revival, Greta Garbo, John Barrymore.
From Aug. 25: To be announced.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Aug. 24: **ELMER GANTRY**, revival; and "I'll Take Sweden," Bob Hope, Tuesday Weld.
From Aug. 25: "Von Ryan's Express," Frank Sinatra, Trevor Howard; and "Wild on the Beach," Frankie Randall.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Aug. 24: **VARIETY LIGHTS** (in Italian); and "Sweet and Sour" (in French), revival.
From Aug. 25: "The Collector," Terence Stamp, Samantha Eggar.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Aug. 24: **THE PAWNBROKER.**
From Aug. 25: "The Sons of Katie Elder," John Wayne, Dean Martin; and "The Revenge of the Gladiators," Roger Browne.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
MARY POPPINS.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Last Woman of Shang" (with Mandarin dialogue), revival.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
CASANOVA '70 (in Italian).

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
THE PAWNBROKER.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"Life Upside Down" (in French).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Maedchen in Uniform" (in German), Lilli Palmer, Romy Schneider.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
DARLING.

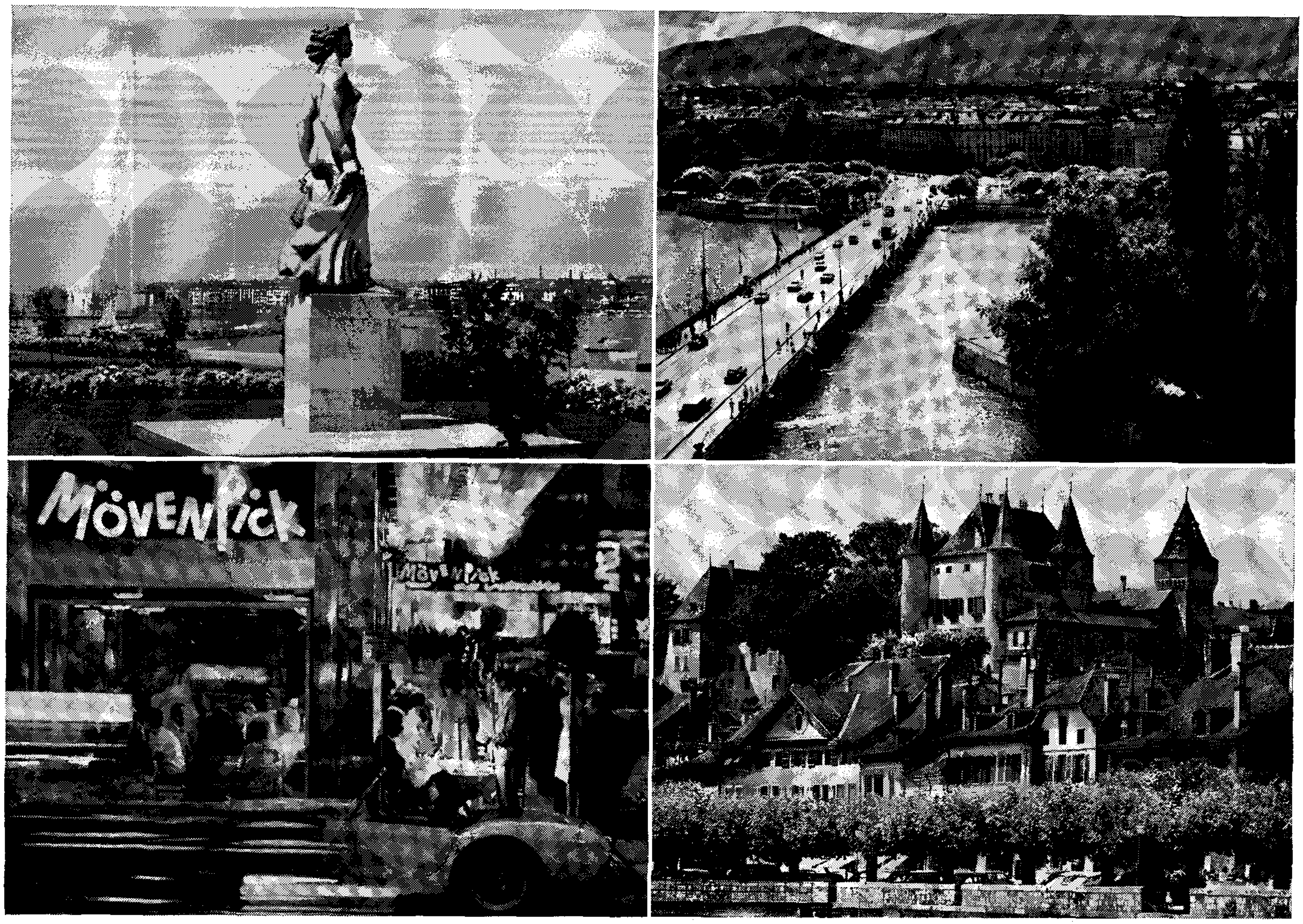
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
Through Aug. 22: "The Collector," Terence Stamp, Samantha Eggar.
From Aug. 23: "Rapture," Melvyn Douglas, Patricia Gozzi.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Aug. 19: "Gunga Din," revival, Cary Grant, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; and "Arsenic and Old Lace," revival, Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane.
Aug. 20-23: **THE TALK OF THE TOWN**, revival; and "The Awful Truth," revival, Irene Dunne, Cary Grant.
From Aug. 24: **BRINGING UP BABY**, revival; and "Mr. Lucky," revival, Cary Grant, Laraine Day.

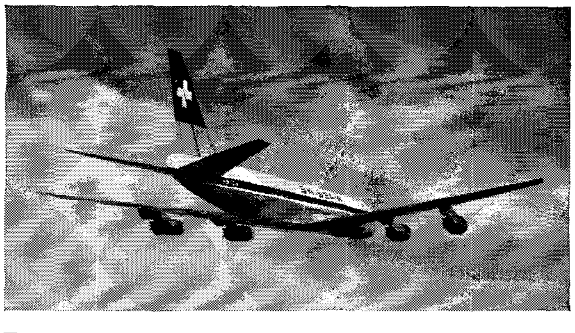
Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Aug. 24: **DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES**, revival; and "I'll Take Sweden," Bob Hope, Tuesday Weld.
From Aug. 25: "Peyton Place," revival, Lana Turner, Hope Lange; and "Return to Peyton Place," revival, Carol Lynley, Jeff Chandler.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Aug. 19: "Resurrection" (in Russian), revival, Tamara Syomina; and "Chelkash" (in Russian), revival.
Aug. 20: "The Young and the Passionate" (in Italian; formerly called "Vitelloni"), revival, Alberto Sordi, Franco Fabrizi; and "The White Sheik" (in Italian), revival, Alberto Sordi.
Aug. 21: "The Blood of the Poet" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film; and "No Exit," revival, Viveca Lindfors, Rita Gam.
Aug. 22: "Flamenco" (in Spanish), revival.
Aug. 23: **AN AMERICAN IN PARIS**, revival; and "Love and the Frenchwoman" (in French), revival, Martine Carol, Dany Robin.
Aug. 24: A program of eight short dance films—"Graduation Ball," "Afternoon of the Faun," and others.
Aug. 25: "The Pink Panther," revival, David Niven, Peter Sellers; and "Our Man in Havana," revival, Alec Guinness, Burl Ives.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Aug. 24: **VARIETY LIGHTS** (in Italian); and "Sweet and Sour" (in French), revival.
From Aug. 25: To be announced.



Geneva will disarm you.



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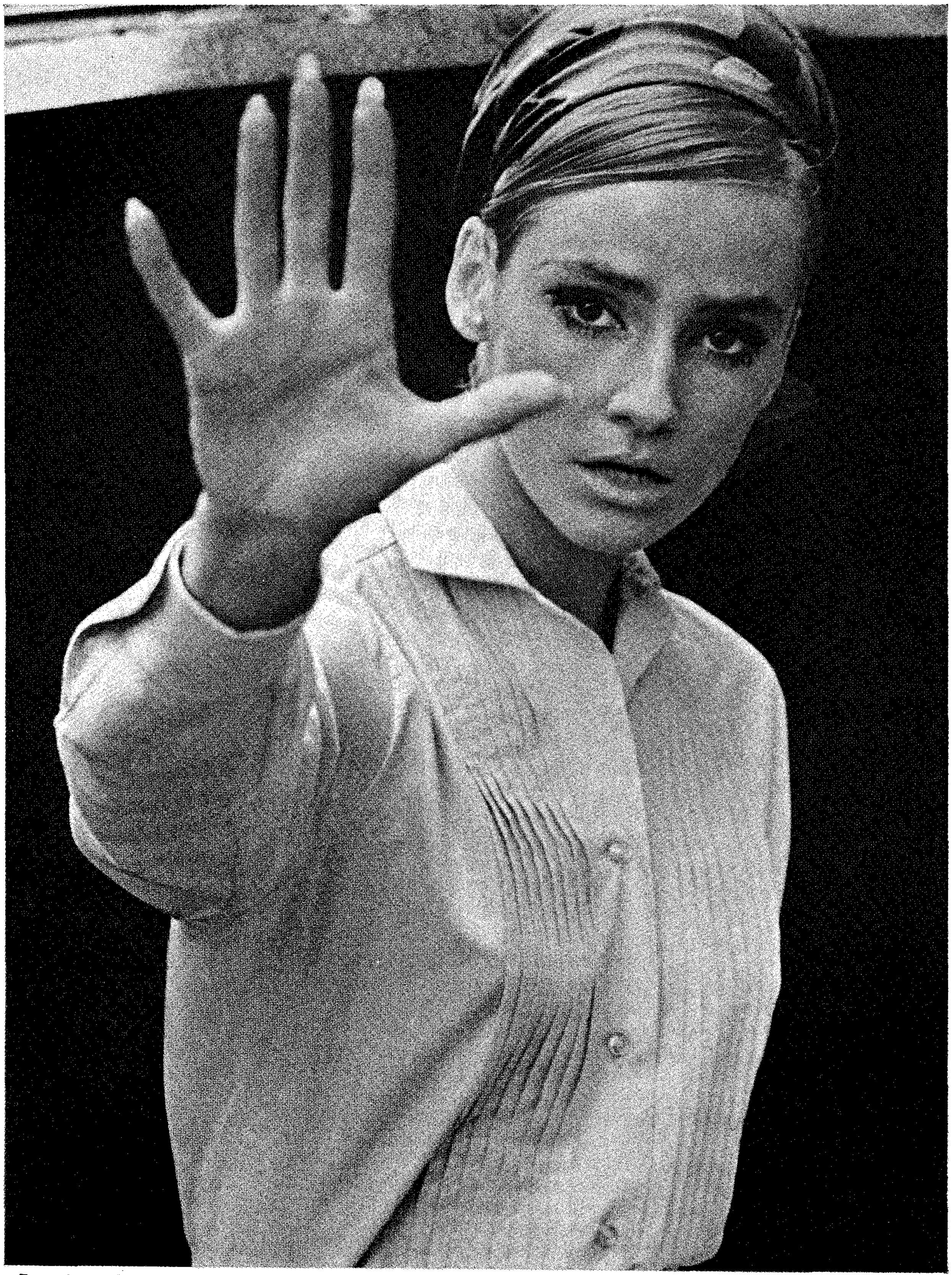

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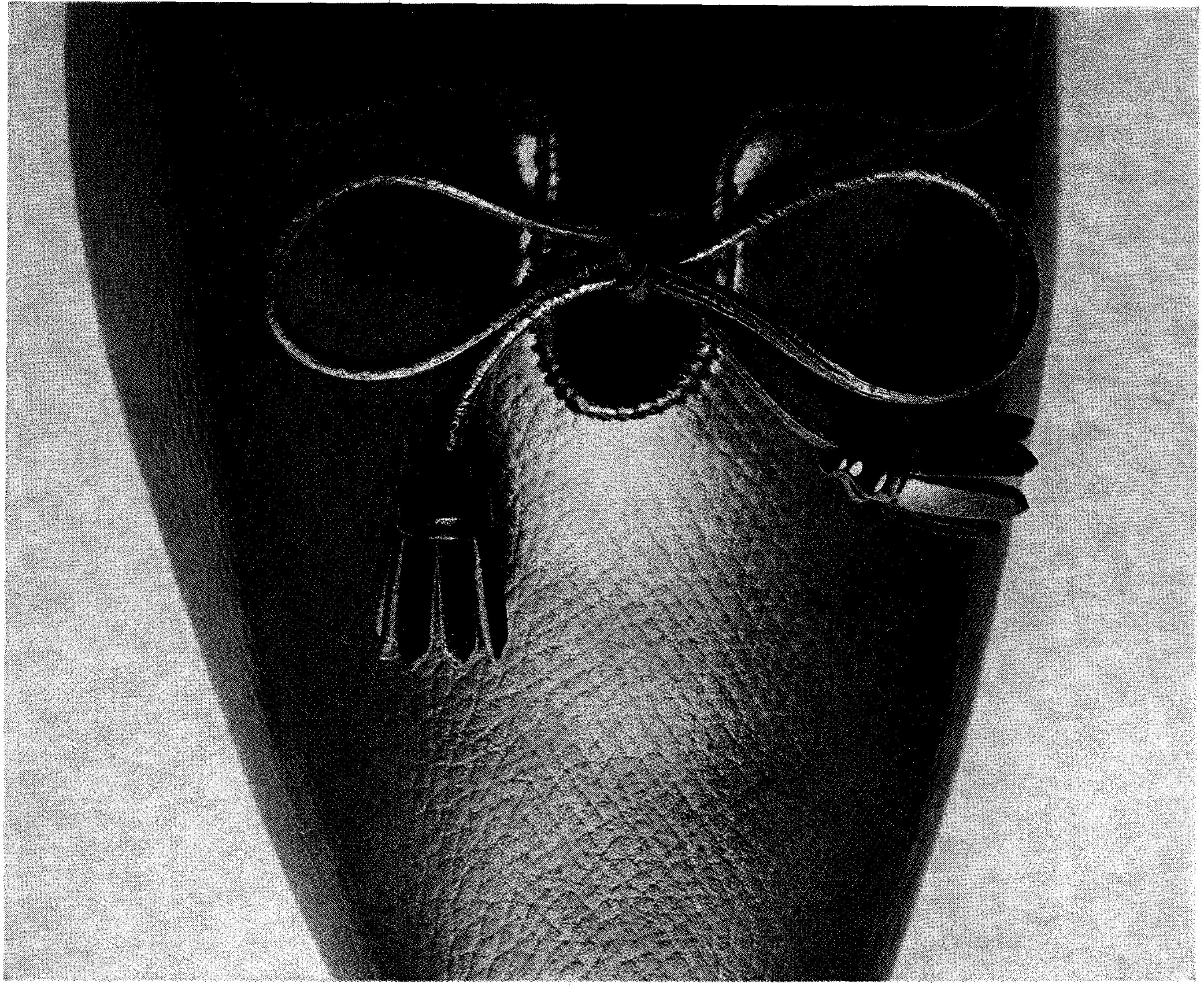

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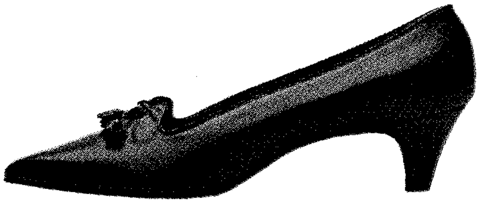
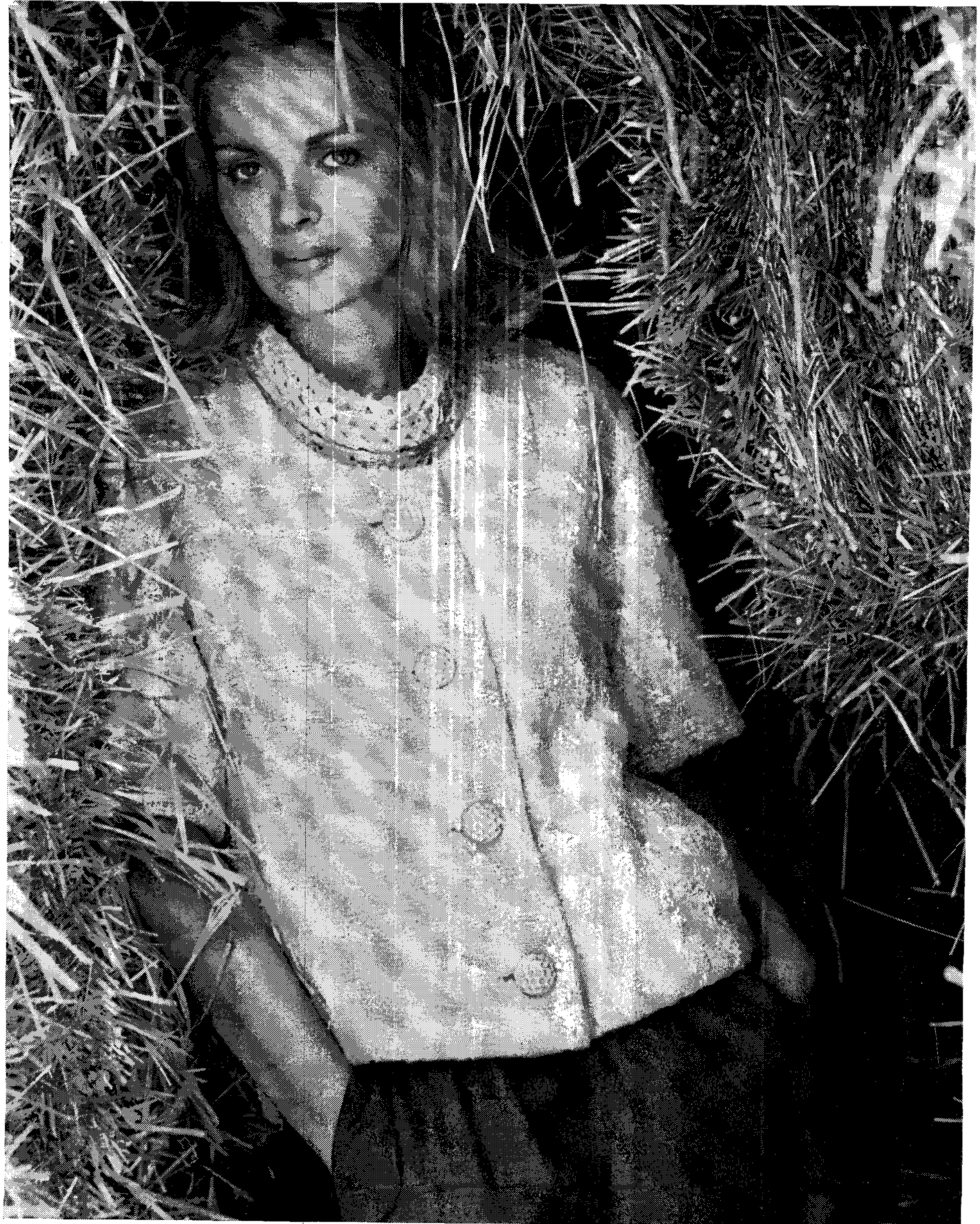
And easy care, wipe-and-wear.
These niceties are because this
shoe is created of CORFAM*,
the breathable new shoe
upper material from Du Pont.

Hill and Dale tassel-tied shoe in CORFAM®



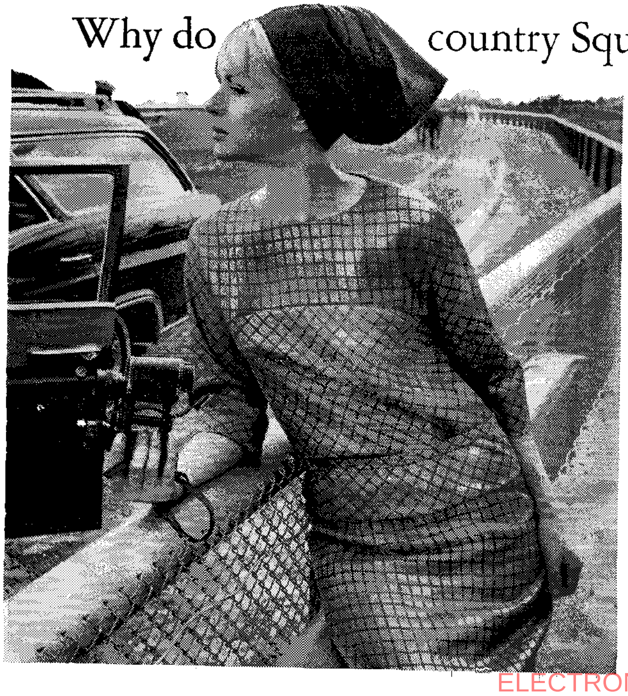
DU PONT REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. Better Things for Better Living . . . *through Chemistry*

This Hill and Dale shoe, about $20.00 at: Lord & Taylor, New York; Miller & Rhoads, Richmond; The Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland; Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington; Sakowitz, Houston; R. H. Stearns, Boston; Imperial Shoe Store, New Orleans; Hess Shoes, Baltimore.



Why do country Squires marry Wragge girls?

FOR THE ANSWERS SEE B. H. WRAGGE'S FALL COLLECTION AT BONWIT TELLER, ALL STORES; I. MAGNIN, ALL STORES; HAROLD INC., MINNEAPOLIS



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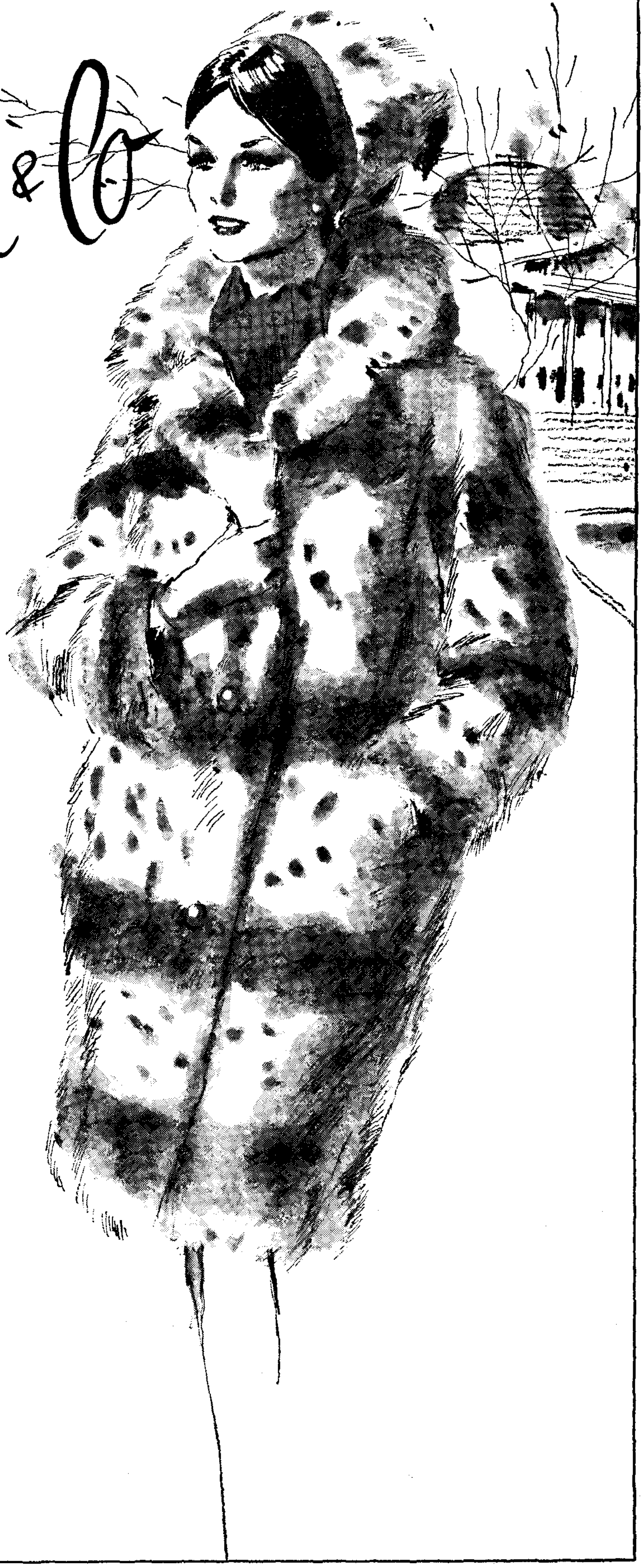

A fur to charm the campus queen!

Snowy white dyed French rabbit with horizontal stripes in a misty brown. Truly heart-warming when teamed with the jaunty matching triangle. Small and medium. Third floor International College Shop, Fifth Avenue, (212) MU 9-7000, White Plains, Manhasset and Short Hills. 260.00. The triangle, 20.00

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

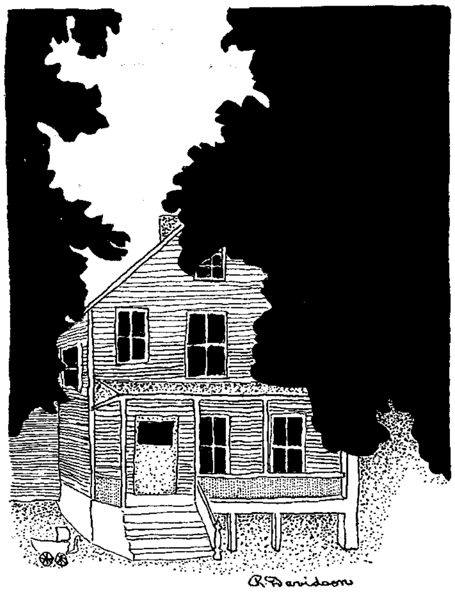
Notes and Comment

IT may be helpful to note that at 4:45 P.M. Thursday, August 12th, when the *Newsweek* thermometer was registering 88 degrees, a chauffeur drove a Bentley limousine west from Fifth Avenue on Forty-third Street, past the entrance to the office building we inhabit, and in the back seat, reclining jovially, was Santa Claus.

ComiCon

A GROUP of collectors of old comic books held a convention the other weekend, and we were present to learn what we could about the assemblage, made up of adults and adolescents—unhip and outside the pop-culture movement—who rather solemnly treasure vintage issues of *Action Comics* and *Detective Comics*, in the same way a bibliophile would prize a first edition of "Paradise Lost." The collectors, who correspond with each other, trade back issues, publish fan magazines, and have been known to buy and sell issues for as much as a hundred dollars apiece, banded together in 1963 in the Academy of Comic-Book Fans and Collectors, and it was this organization that sponsored the convention, officially known as the second annual ComiCon, or Con. (Collectors have a language of their own, which includes words like "fanzine," "amazine," "fanac," and "faned.") It was held in a fourth-floor assembly hall of the Broadway Central Hotel, and when we arrived there, at eleven-thirty Saturday morning, we found about a hundred men and a few women listening intently to a panel discussion presided over by Jerry Bails, a thirty-one-year-old professor of natural science at Wayne State University and the founder, singlehanded, of the Academy. The panelists included Mort Weisinger, the editor of the Superman line of comics; Bill Finger, one of the creators of Batman; Gardner Fox, a lawyer who has written for *Flash* and *Justice Society of America;* and Otto Binder, a science-fiction writer who turned to comics and has written material for such immortals as Captain Marvel, Bulletman, and Superman. With interruptions from the audience, which seemed to know more about comic-book characters than the men who invented them, the panelists harked back to the old days and evoked chuckles with remarks intelligible only to the cognoscenti.

When the discussion had ended, the collectors began to mill about, talking volubly (comic-book collectors all talk volubly, we concluded), and we sought out Mr. David A. Kaler, the Con chairman, who is twenty-nine years old and works for a market-research organization here. He told us that this was the first full-fledged national ComiCon, last year's having been an informal tri-state affair, and that although there are some comic-book collectors in their teens, most of the collectors are men in their twenties and thirties who look back fondly on the joy that figures like Skyman and the Human Torch brought them in their youth. "People need to relax—from their work, from more intellectual pursuits," Mr. Kaler said. "Comics help fill this need. Personally, I read everything. I put down Sartre's 'The Words' and pick up *Batman.* For me, comics are part of a never-ending quest for knowledge about the common, everyday life."



We asked Mr. Kaler how he had begun collecting comics.

"I caught mononucleosis," he replied.

As the collectors continued to mill and talk, we repaired to a bar downstairs, where we fell into conversation with Mr. Finger and Mr. Binder.

Mr. Binder estimated that he had written approximately three thousand comic-book scripts over the years, and added, "I spend only about a third of my time writing for the comics now. Otherwise, I'd go— Well, it's a weird world."

Mr. Finger agreed that it was a weird world, and went on to tell us that his group had created Robin, the Boy Wonder, because they had felt that Batman needed a Watson. "I'm no fool about this sort of thing," he said. "This is not ego involvement, but I believe sincerely that in every human being there is something that says, 'I'd like to be free of problems. I'd like to return to the innocence of childhood.' I think this cult of collectors is going to keep growing. In many ways, it's like the Baker Street Irregulars or the followers of Frank Merriwell or the 'Deadwood Dick' type of dime novel."

Having been informed that an auction was about to be held upstairs, we left our companions and made our way back to the assembly hall, where the collectors were still milling and talking, amid tables laden with original drawings, original scripts, and comic books in various stages of decay. We soon collided with a crew-cut young man, who told us that he was a senior at Queens College and that he would be glad to fill us in on the Golden Age of Comics.

"Please do," we said.

"The Golden Age of Comics dates from 1938, when Superman made his first appearance," he said. "It began to decline in about 1948, when things more or less petered out as TV became popular and at the same time the public seemed to tire of adventure heroes, giving Westerns a lot of the market instead. The Golden Age received the coup de grâce in 1954, when the Comics Code went into effect. All the major publishers subscribe to the Code, which bans terror, horror, and sex. The fanzines, or fan magazines, which are also known as amazines, or amateur magazines, do a great deal of research on the Golden Age, and some of the faneds, or fan-magazine editors, do a remarkably good job. Some zines specialize—like *ERB-dom*, which caters to the fans of Edgar Rice Burroughs—but most of them concentrate on the fantasy-adventure or superhero comics, on which most fanac, or fan activity, centers. The most I've ever paid for a comic book is twenty-five dollars."

We thanked him and moved toward the auction tables. When the auctioneer had managed to silence the crowd, a number of rare editions were placed on the block. A first issue of *Green Lantern* went for thirty-one dollars, a first issue of *Batman* for thirty-seven dollars, and a first issue of *Action Comics* for forty dollars. In the din, we edged toward a table in a corner, behind which stood a bearded man. He said, "There's going to be a costume party tonight. I'm going as Captain Marvel, and my wife is going as Mary Marvel." We decided to skip the costume party, and we pushed our way through the crowd, which was still milling, and headed for our office. On the way, we stopped off at the Jay Bee Magazine Store, at 1133 Sixth Avenue, which features back-date magazines, and learned that it had an old issue of *Magic Comics* priced at four dollars, an old issue of *Wings Comics* at five dollars, and an old issue of *Barney Google* at ten dollars.

Numbers

A VERY grand dinner party was held recently, at the home of one of Philadelphia's ruling clans, for a distinguished ethnologist who had been lecturing at a local museum. During the fish course, the hostess turned to the guest of honor and asked, "What exactly *is* an ethnologist, Doctor? I wonder if you could explain it to me."

"Well, what we do is study the origins, distribution, and influences of races," said the scientist. "For instance, how many families, in round numbers, are there in Philadelphia?"

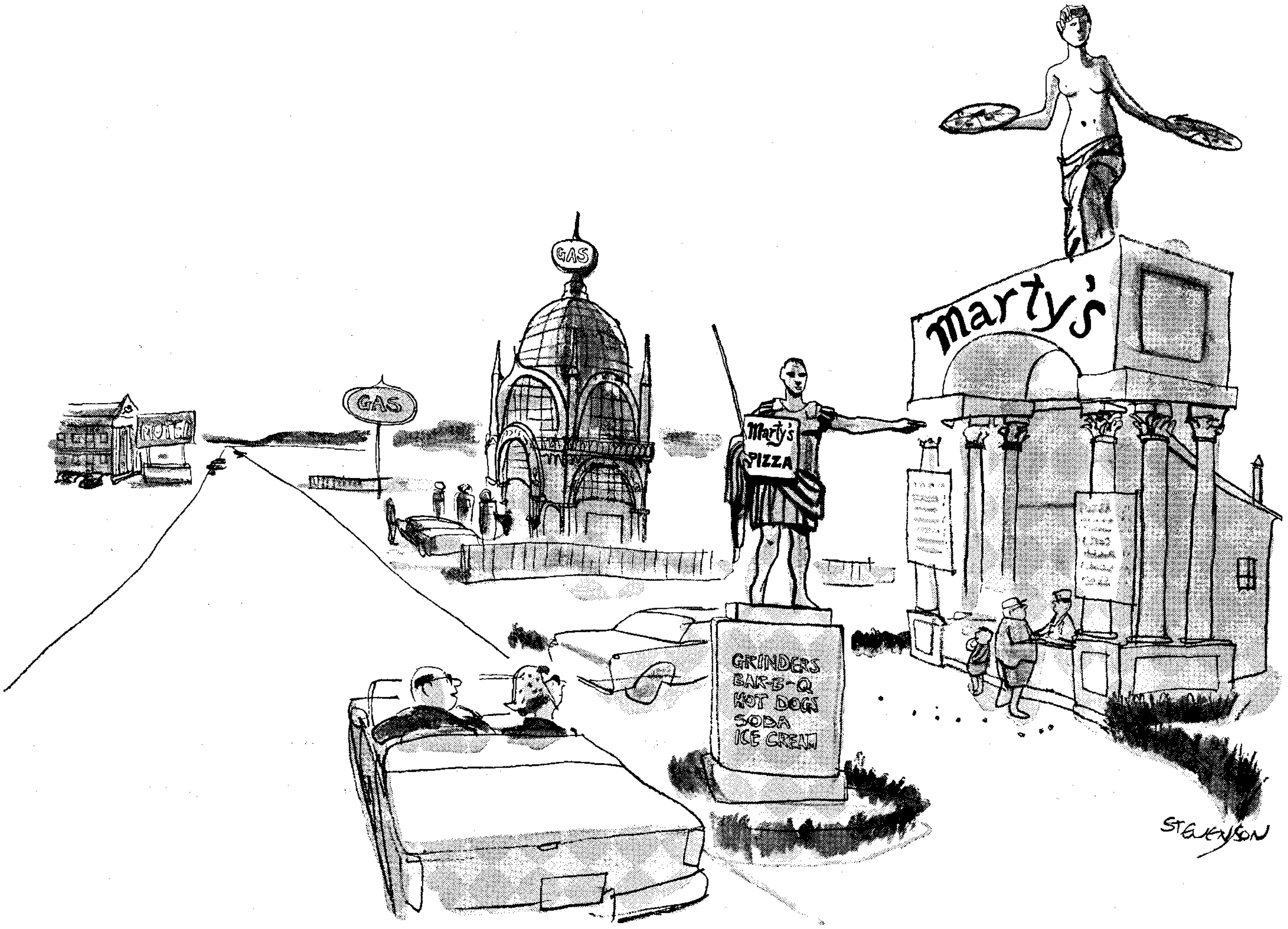
The matron considered the question for a moment, and answered, "I would say there are five."

Chief

WEATHER forecasting—the sorcerous business of predicting the behavior of the earth's atmosphere—has become so complex and computerized in recent years that it ordinarily takes a meteorologist to understand another meteorologist. We were delighted, therefore, to encounter last week a newly arrived weather expert who enjoys explaining the intricate nature of his job to the public—Mr. Anthony Edward Tancreto, a forty-five-year-old Bostonian of Italian descent, who has been appointed Meteorologist in Charge of the New York Weather Bureau Area Forecast Center. When we dropped by Mr. Tancreto's office, at Rockefeller Center, for a chat, the first thing we learned was that the New York area contains three major Weather Bureau offices: his field office, which is responsible for, roughly, a hundred-and-fifty-mile circle of land and water surrounding the city; a second field office, at Kennedy Airport, which specializes in flight forecasting for the same area; and Eastern Regional Headquarters, also at Kennedy, which supervises the Atlantic seaboard from Maine to South Carolina, and the inland states of Ohio, West Virginia, and Pennsylvania.

"We consult with Kennedy four times a day, because while we all have access to the same information, there is always a remote chance that we might interpret it slightly differently," said Mr. Tancreto, a trim man of medium height with brown eyes, olive skin, and wavy black hair with a dash of gray in it. "Weather forecasting is a combination of an art and a science, and the human element—what we call meteorological insight—is all-important. At the moment, I'd say that we have gone beyond the stage of art and haven't yet reached the stage of pure science. We're automating very rapidly, and the new computers and radarscopes make our judgments more sophisticated every year, but even the most experienced meteorologist can make an occasional mistake, because there are so many variables to consider. For example, vertical motion in the atmosphere is extremely hard to measure, and this difficulty is one of the main reasons for inaccuracies in precipitation forecasting. We have to assume, for the purposes of mathematical calculation, that the atmosphere is not compressible, although we know perfectly well that it *is* compressible, and this, too, can lead to slight errors." Despite such obstacles to perfection, Mr. Tancreto continued, the Bureau's present degree of accuracy is remarkably high: eighty-five per cent in both weather and probability forecasting. "The probability reports, which express the chance of rain in percentage figures, are an attempt to give people rather complex meteorological facts in some detail, so that they can plan outdoor activities with confidence," he said.

In addition to predicting weather for the public, Mr. Tancreto's office provides a number of bulletins for special groups: a marine forecast covering the waters from Cape May to Block Island, for fishermen and boating enthusiasts; an agricultural forecast; a harbor forecast, which helps the shipping industry schedule marine traffic in and out of the Port of New York; an air-pollution forecast, which alerts city authorities to any meteorological condition that could increase the number of pollutants in our atmosphere; and a fire-weather forecast, which the forestry people use in evaluating the potential combustibility of the surrounding countryside. All weather estimates break down into two basic categories—forecasts and outlooks. "For short periods, our prediction level is high enough to be a forecast," said Mr. Tancreto. "Beyond three days, we have skill but not the same degree of accuracy, so we make a general statement of average temperatures and precipitation



"The highway-beautification program has certainly moved ahead in this area!"

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possibilities, and call it an outlook."

The primary material upon which all United States weather predictions are based emerges each day from a giant computer in the National Meteorological Center, at Suitland, Maryland, and arrives at Mr. Tancreto's field office in the form of a hundred-odd facsimile maps and about seventy-five feet of single-spaced teletype bulletins; this information covers the entire Northern Hemisphere from sea level to sixty thousand feet. To it are added local data obtained from "read-outs" of automated instruments, from visual reports from the field, and from observations made on weather-surveillance radar in the Rockefeller Center office. "Our radar gives us a specific local check on rain, sleet, hail, or snow within a two-hundred-and-fifty-mile radius," Mr. Tancreto said. "It is especially useful in the spring and summer months, because it can pick up a line of approaching thunderstorms and help us determine whether any one of them could become really dangerous. If we had a sudden shower outside my window, our radar might not pick it up, because of ground clutter, but if we were expecting it, we could raise the antenna and track it in very precisely. Return echoes from the city often mask out true precipitation, and only a highly trained operator can distinguish between three small moving objects—a ship, a plane, and an isolated shower."

In the last ten years, the amount and the complexity of the information that has to be evaluated during the preparation of a routine weather estimate have increased enormously. To show us how the process works, Mr. Tancreto led us into the Forecast Office, a small, crowded room containing two steel desks, each surmounted by a fan-shaped rack of maps and charts; a bank of automated instruments; and a wall papered with dangling teletype bulletins. Seated at the desks were two middle-aged men in shirtsleeves, who were carefully drawing lines and putting blobs of color on black-and-white maps.

"We look for symptoms, just as a doctor does, and then we attempt to diagnose the upper atmosphere to explain the symptoms," said Mr. Tancreto. "What's going on in the troposphere—from eighteen to twenty thousand feet—is one of our best clues to the ground weather picture."

Mr. Tancreto introduced us to Mr. Milton Fayne, the cheerful supervising forecaster, who had just finished the afternoon report, and asked him to show us how he had gone about it.

Mr. Fayne pulled down two N.M.C. facsimiles from the rack above his desk—a general map showing wind speeds and flow patterns at eighteen thousand feet, and a vorticity chart showing vertical motion of the air below eighteen thousand feet—and told us that he always started out by associating such data with areas of cloudiness, sunshine, and precipitation on a surface chart. "Rising or sinking air, turning and shearing of the winds at high altitudes, can affect—and often determine—weather near the ground," he said. "Among the things I have to consider in making a judgment are moisture at various altitudes; advection, or the transport of warm and cold air; stability, because stratified, or stable, air has less vertical motion; the influence and pattern of the jet stream; and the possibility of a digging effect by high-level winds from the eastern slopes of the Rockies, which can carve out areas of low pressure in the upper atmosphere in the East."

"This morning, we were concerned with the clearing out of cloudiness that existed over the eastern half of our region," Mr. Tancreto said. "The cloudiness was being held in by a fairly high moisture content in the atmosphere—to ten thousand feet—and a converging low-pressure system around Cape Cod."

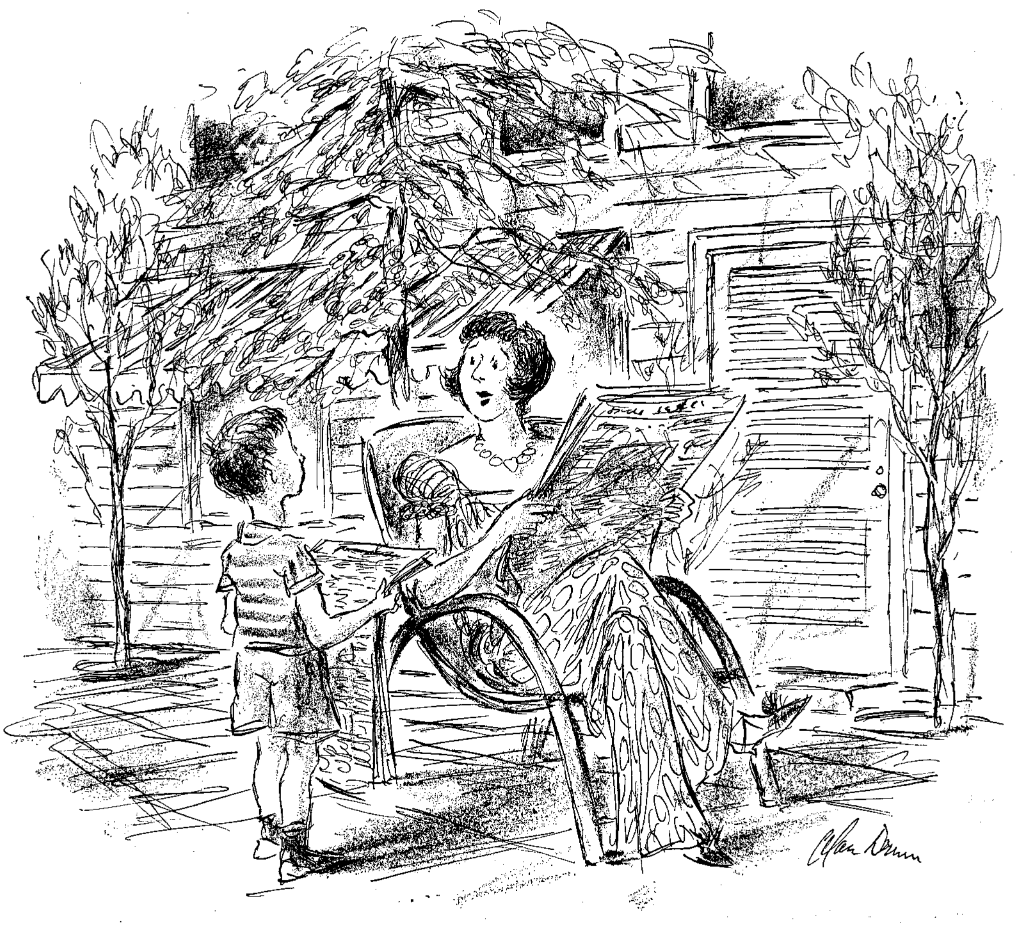
Mr. Fayne pointed to a red blob on the vorticity chart and told us that it represented a field of rising air, northeast of the city, that was moving slowly out to sea. "It will be replaced by an area of gradually sinking air, which tends to warm the atmosphere, dissipate cloudiness, and minimize the likelihood of rain," he said. "At the same time, I'm keeping an eye on a Midwestern front that may bring showers to the city in two to three days, a weak low in the Gulf that could extend the precipitation pattern, and another low, in south-central Canada, that could do almost anything."

We must have looked baffled, for Mr. Tancreto smiled as he handed us a typed copy of Mr. Fayne's forecast for the New York City area. It read, "Fair and seasonably warm this afternoon, with the high in the mid-80's. Clear at night, with the low around 60. Continued fair and warm tomorrow. Highest temperature again in the mid-80's. Precipitation probability 10% through tomorrow. Winds west to northwesterly 10 to 20 miles an hour."

"A fine day for a picnic," said Mr. Tancreto.

Mobilized

EARLY one recent evening, a friend of ours who commutes to Connecticut spotted a new use for the do-it-yourself luggage carts in Grand Central Terminal—four-wheeled aluminum vehicles not unlike supermarket carts. A stout man pushing a suitcase-laden cart toward a waiting train apparently realized that he was in danger of missing it. Suddenly shouting "Here I come!," he gave his cart a magnificent shove and hopped aboard it, scooter-fashion. The stout man rolled smoothly down the ramp, and when our friend last saw him, he was climbing aboard his train, just under the wire.

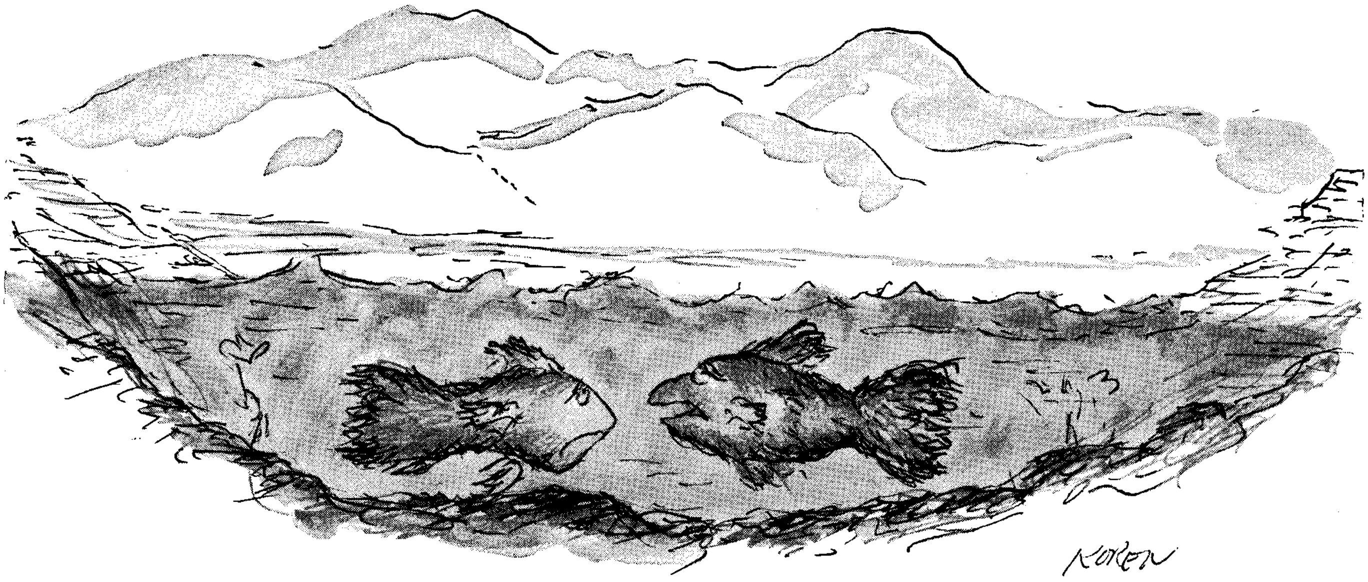


"If you want to know what a quasar is, I'd say you've come to the wrong person."

Concert

THE New York Philharmonic gave a concert in the Sheep Meadow, in Central Park, one balmy night last week, and we were on hand for the occasion, an unprecedented one, which inaugurated a series of twelve free outdoor concerts by the Philharmonic this month, to be presented not only in the Sheep Meadow but also in Prospect Park, in Brooklyn; in Crocheron Park, in Queens; in the Botanical Garden, in the Bronx; and in Clove Lakes Park, on Staten Island. The Sheep Meadow is a twelve-acre field lying to the east of the Tavern-on-the-Green—a building that was erected nearly a century ago, during the administration of Boss Tweed, and was used as a sheepfold until 1934, when it became a restaurant. As a sheepfold, it housed a shepherd, his family, and a flock of two hundred sheep, whose appointed task was to keep the grass from growing too high in that part of Central Park. When the fold was made into the Tavern, the sheep were exiled to Prospect Park, and since then the Meadow has been given over to strollers, sunbathers, picnickers, athletes, and children, and, on the evening of our visit, to a host of music lovers, who by the time the concert began, at eight-thirty, filled nearly every square inch of it and were estimated to number seventy thousand.

When we arrived, at seven o'clock, several thousand early-comers were clustered on the grass in front of a large Fiberglas concert shell that had been set up at the eastern end of the Meadow, and hundreds of other people were converging upon the Meadow from all directions. As we approached from the Tavern, we asked a young motor-scooter policeman when the crowd had begun to assemble, and he replied, with an awed shake of his head, that it had been gathering since before five o'clock. "Why, it's just like those people that lay down to get the first seats at a World Series ball game!" he said. Mr. Tancreto's office had predicted possible showers that evening, and there was a high layer of ominously dark clouds overhead, but, as if rain were utterly unthinkable on such an occasion, almost no one was carrying a raincoat or an umbrella. The most common accoutrements, by our count, were pillows, blankets, and picnic baskets, and when we reached the edge of the crowd and began threading our way through it



"It's down to 43.2 per cent of capacity today, compared to 69.2 per cent a year ago."

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toward the concert shell, we found ourself in the midst of a gigantic banquet. Some of the music lovers were munching potato chips, popcorn, and Cracker Jack bought from nearby venders; many had brought sandwiches, hard-boiled eggs, and beer; and others, of more Lucullan inclinations, were heaping paper plates with roast chicken, sliced ham, and potato salad, and filling paper cups with Chianti and Chablis. Babies and small children, tucked into strollers and portable cradles, were sucking bottles of milk; three chattering couples were drinking Martinis from a gallon thermos jug; and an elegantly dressed elderly man and woman, surrounded by four girls in Bermuda shorts, a pair of moon-struck lovers, and three young businessmen with button-down collars and brief-cases, were sipping champagne and nibbling crackers covered with caviar.

Near the concert shell, we passed a roped-off area containing rows of folding chairs for city officials and special guests of the Philharmonic, and heard a lady who held two Boston terriers on a leash tell a politely nodding Burns Agency guard that she was hoping to catch sight of Mr. Robert Dowling, who is head of the Mayor's Office of Cultural Affairs. Then, making our way to the front of the shell, we met Mr. Carlos Moseley, the managing director of the Philharmonic, who told us that at intermission time Mayor Wagner would dedicate the new shell to Mrs. Charles S. Guggenheimer, for forty-seven years the moving spirit behind the Lewisohn Stadium concerts. "I just hope and pray the weather stays good for us," Mr. Moseley said. "Yesterday's rehearsal was partly rained out, you know." He cast an anxious look at the sky, which was still overcast, and then introduced us to Mr. Christopher Jaffe, who designed the concert shell.

Mr. Jaffe told us that immediately after the performance the shell would be dismantled and carried on four trailers to Prospect Park, where it would be reassembled for the following night's program. "The site at Prospect Park should be better acoustically than the Sheep Meadow, because the terrain down there forms more of an amphitheatre," Mr. Jaffe said. "The trouble with the Sheep Meadow is it's too level, which means that too much of the sound gets soaked up by the audience. We've done considerable tinkering with our speaker-and-microphone system, however, and we've taken into consideration such factors as wind and the background noise of the city, so I'm confident that the music will be blended and propelled in a satisfactory manner."

Mr. Jaffe then excused himself to attend to some last-minute problem in a trailer that contained the generator, and we were able to watch the arrival of the conductor, Mr. William Steinberg, who headed for another trailer, housing a dressing room. As Mr. Steinberg passed by, someone called over to remind him that when the previous day's rehearsal was cancelled because of rain, he had predicted that it would not dare to rain for the concert itself, and the Maestro—a deeply tanned and powerfully built man—waved cheerfully back and replied that his prediction still held. It was now eight o'clock, and the Sheep Meadow was three-quarters filled as we made our way to the rows of folding chairs, where we caught sight of Mr. Milton Mollen, City Coördinator of Housing and Development, who, having just arrived on the scene, was smiling, shaking hands, and looking every inch a politician. When we glanced back at the concert shell a few minutes later, we saw that the lights had been turned on and a few musicians, wearing white dinner jackets, were already in their places. The sun had set and darkness was falling rapidly, and for the next quarter of an hour or so a squeal of sound came from the shell as the musicians tuned their instruments. At eight-thirty, Mr. Steinberg had not yet made his appearance on the conductor's platform, and part of the audience rose to its feet and began clapping rhythmically, in the manner of baseball fans who want to start a rally. Then Mr. Steinberg walked out onstage, and the orchestra stood, and people began to applaud and to shout "Down in front!" As Mr. Steinberg raised his head, and the musicians tensed over their instruments, a hush descended upon the vast crowd. The Maestro raised his baton to cue the opening strains of William Schuman's "Philharmonic Fanfare," and a moment later the Sheep Meadow was filled with the sound of music.

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EXCHANGE between a serious young couple at The Ginger Man, she in tight white pants and he in tight white pants:

HE: "I don't know anybody anymore who has charisma. Do *you* have charisma? Do *I* have charisma?"

SHE: "Don't be so sure. By the way, how do you spell 'charisma'?"

HE: "If you don't know how to spell it, you haven't got it."

CLOSE TO MOM

WHEN my bedside telephone rang at four o'clock on that January morning, I sensed, before I rubbed my eyes, picked up the instrument, and said, "Hello," that the call would be from the White House, and that it would result in a profound change in my way of life.

"Peanuts," said the famous alto voice, employing the childhood nickname I have gone to some lengths to suppress, "how *are* you?"

"Sleepy," I said, with a chuckle.

The characteristic burst of spontaneous and prolonged laughter came over the wire. "Good old Peanuts," said the voice, when the hees and the haws had died out. "Listen," the voice then said (as if I wasn't listening to what I knew would be destiny's summons!), "come on down here. Today. I want you. Close to me. For a long time to come. Goodbye."

There was a click at the other end of the wire, and I slowly hung up the phone. I lay back against the pillows in the bedroom of my bachelor's apartment at the Ritz Tower in New York and thought about her. I thought about her for a long time. What she had said on the phone could mean only one thing.

After I'd bathed and dressed and had breakfast, it was still only six o'clock, but I was determined to make an early shuttle plane to Washington, so, regardless of the early hour, I decided to call up Joe King. Besides, I reflected, Joe might easily have become a catnapper, as so many millions of other Americans had become since Sarah Perkins, during the campaign, had made it so widely known that although the incumbent President slept in a bed with the covers over him for three and sometimes four hours a night, she herself never slept at all except for the catnaps. "Lady Catnap" she'd been called by Walter Lippmann, with deep affection, during that campaign. When I'd elbowed my way through the throngs at the Capitol after her inauguration and had squeezed her hand and said, "Madam President, that was a great speech!," she'd bellowed, loud and clear, "None of that 'Madam President' stuff—just call me Mom. And that goes for each and every one of you out there." She was still on television, as she knew only too well, and her request to be called Mom was enthusiastically accepted by Democrats as well as by Republicans. "Let us all, friend and foe alike, call her Mom from this day forward," wrote Scotty Reston in the *Times* the next day. From then on, he had lunch with her every day, even when she was lunching with the Joint Chiefs of Staff or the boss of the C.I.A. She told Scotty she considered him a statesman rather than a journalist, and he was quietly pleased, so it is said.

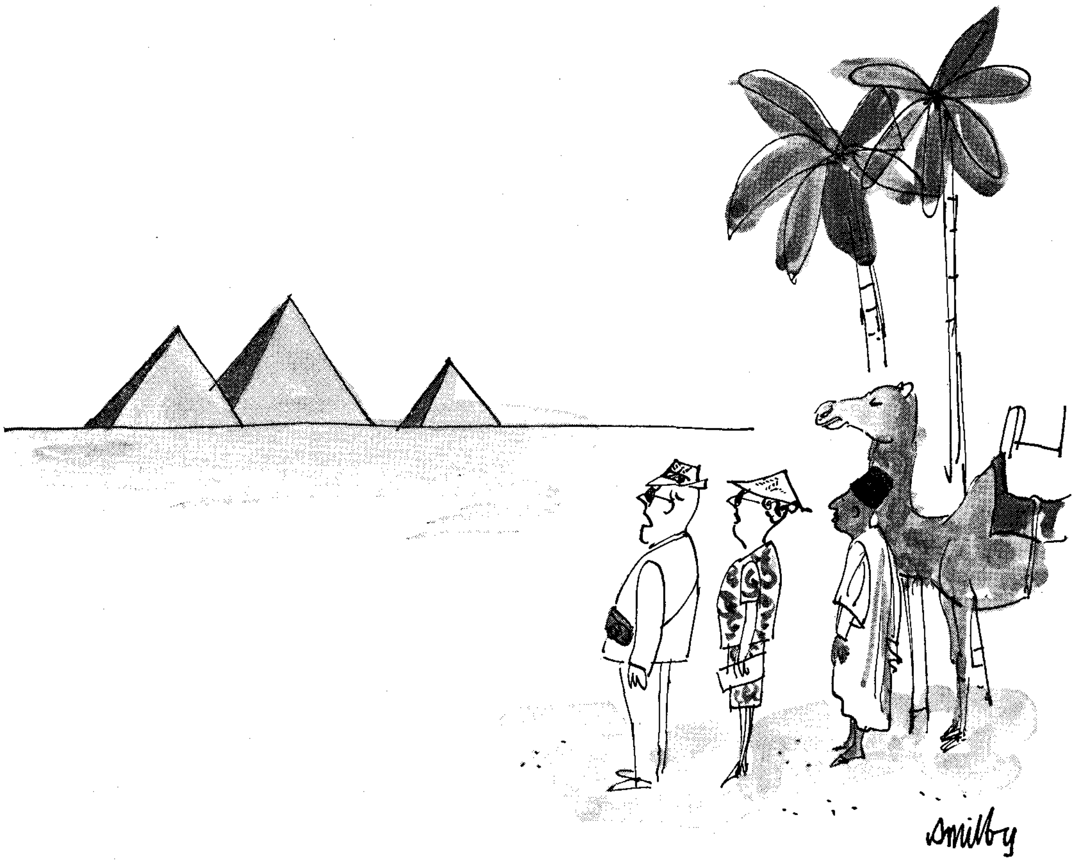
Joe King was—and still is—head of the firm of King, Black, Stoltz, Cranford & Hoff, my literary agents. The number I now dialled from the living room of my place at the Ritz Tower was Joe's private number at his home in North Stamford, Connecticut. He'd given it to me the day after Sarah overwhelmingly defeated the incumbent Democrat in the meaningful election of that meaningful year. Joe had learned at a cocktail party in Washington that I'd been in the same class with her at Jones Junior High in Toledo not so many years before, and he'd become my literary agent on the spot, in spite of the fact that I couldn't write very well.

"Joe," I said when he came on the phone, "she's done it. She's asked me to come down there today. She said—and I quote—'I want you. Close to me. For a long time to come.'"

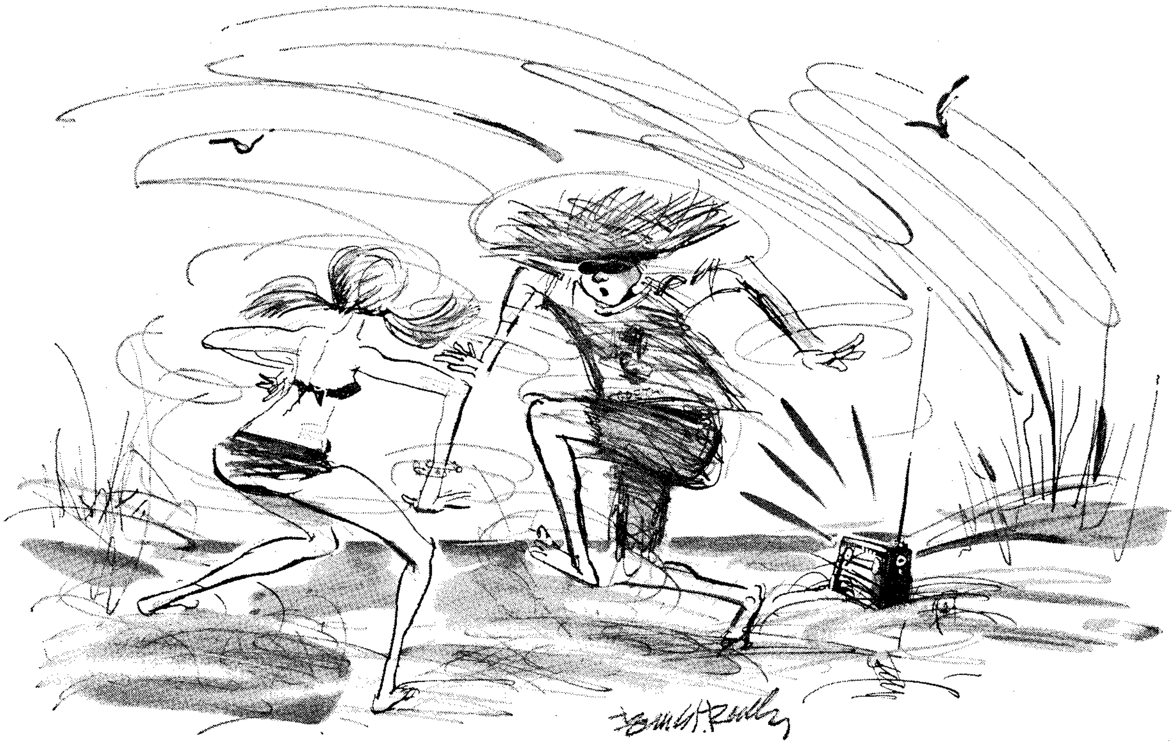
"You mean—" said Joe, and left his thought unsaid.

"No, no, Joe," I said. "What it means is that she wants me as one of her Special Assistants at the White House. I'm sure of it. She's appointed eleven already, as you know, and I'll make it an even dozen. She likes things to be tidy."

"Well, that's great!" said Joe, and I could almost see the beam on his bulbous face. "But get this, Peanuts. Give yourself a year only down there and then slide out. Be the first one out. Eventually, *there'll* be a dozen books, of course, and they'll all sell, but the first one out will really grab the gravy. First-serial rights, Book of the Month, *Reader's Digest* condensation, Broadway musical, movie—the works. But let's not waste any more time right now. I want to catch Hitch of *Life* and Scannon of *Look* and let them start bidding, and then I want to get on to Oxy Adams of Harper & Row. Before any of them gets out of bed, I mean. Or at least before they go to their offices. All three of them are



"On the whole, they're much as I visualized them."



“Why do we have a commitment in Vietnam? I’ll tell you why we have a commitment in Vietnam.”

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catnappers, as it happens, although I think Oxy cheats. I’ll be in touch with you. So long.”

Again I was left with a dead telephone in my hand, but I’d grown accustomed to that, as had many of my fellow-Americans. The one-way telephone call had become a national institution since Sarah had begun going through the telephone books of the nation and calling all numbers before she’d even been nominated as the Republican candidate. I packed a couple of bags and caught the early shuttle. On the way down to Washington, I thought about Sarah some more. Millions of people might be thinking of her and addressing her as Mom, but to me she would always be Sarah.

Sarah Perkins! Even as a young but fully developed girl at Jones Junior High, she was statuesque. There’s no other word for the beauty of Sarah Perkins—statuesque. She stood five feet eleven inches in her basketball shoes, and in her high heels she towered over me, and over all the other boys in our class except Beanpole Hodge, who was six five and kind of simple in the head. Because of her height, hardly any of the boys who dated Sarah would dance with her. But *I* didn’t mind her height. In fact, I yearned for her more when she was in her high heels than I did when she had on her basketball shoes. Those high heels of Sarah’s did something to me. My spine still begins to tingle and I develop a slight tic in my left cheek whenever I remember dancing with Sarah in her high heels. We would finish a dance and she would look down at me with her ever-ready grin, her great white teeth flashing under the lights of the school assembly hall, and she would utter, in that resonant voice, the one word “Thanks.” “You’re welcome,” I always said. She never had much to say in those days, or on those evenings when we spent an hour or so in the front seat, and sometimes in the back seat, of my father’s Ford. About all she’d say on those evenings was the two words “Not now.” All the other boys who were dating her but never dancing with her soon began to call her Not Now Perkins among themselves, and eventually to her face. But I never called her Not Now. To me, then as now, she was—Sarah.

SIPPING my coffee on the shuttle, I wondered how many of those boys might have been appointed Special Assistants to the new President if they’d had the gumption to dance with her, as I had done, and had refrained from calling her Not Now. Many of them had become successful men; one of them was in the Senate, several were in the State Department and in other departments of the federal government. It was my guess—and a correct one—that the ones in the executive departments would be out of office in no time, and that the senator, Bugsy Skelton, who had called her Not Now to her face, would never be invited inside the White House, or even outside it for a stroll in the Rose Garden, although he was a Republican.

I thought of Sarah’s campaign and of the rather effective—if I do say it myself—contribution I was able to make to it. Not in money, for my father had taught me the virtue of holding on to one’s money. What I contributed was the little electronic gadget I worked out that summer and handed over to Sarah in the middle of the campaign, when all the polls rated the incumbent President’s chances sixty to her forty. I began to fool around with electronics only a few years ago, when I was appointed Commissioner of Water Supply, Gas, and Electricity under the Fusion administration of New York City. I recognized from the start that there was nothing to be done about water supply, and gas bored me, so I concentrated on electricity and developed it so successfully that I was able to persuade the mayor to alter the name of my department to the Department of Water Supply, Gas, and Electronics, which certainly sounded better than its former name. What I am about to reveal now in these columns of *Life* and *Look*—Joe persuaded those publications that *both* of them should publish this book of mine simultaneously in installments before Harper & Row brings out the hard-cover edition in November—is being revealed for the first time, and is of considerable historic importance, so I’ll begin at the beginning.

It will be remembered that as time went on during the incumbent President’s administration, he got to speaking slower and slower in his television appearances. There were pauses between his words and even between the syllables of his words, but between his sentences there were such extended gaps of silence that Sarah remarked to me one evening when we were having dinner together—this was before she’d decided to seek the nomination—“I take catnaps in the pauses between that guy's sentences." This offhand remark of Sarah's somehow remained in my mind for months, and then one day in my little makeshift laboratory at the Department of Water Supply, Gas, and Electronics the idea came to me all at once, in a bright flash, that instead of taking catnaps during those pauses Sarah might *speak*, if I could only devise a means of putting her voice on the air on the same wave lengths as those of the national television hookups, up and down and across the nation, that the incumbent was using for his campaign speeches. It took me five days and most of five nights to work up the little gadget, but at the end of that time it was perfect. I tried it out unostentatiously a couple of times during Late Late Shows. Then Sarah gave it the first real tryout that memorable week in August. The rest, of course, is known history. During those pauses between the incumbent's sentences, her vibrant voice would come over and she would deliver short bursts of words in a kind of telegraphic form that brought the nation's television audiences to the edges of their chairs. And the television audiences grew larger and larger. Her bursts of words were far more effective than ordinary heckling, because the incumbent, busy with his teleprompter in his soundproof room at the White House, couldn't hear Sarah's words and consequently couldn't reply to them. And he couldn't seem to learn to talk any faster. His addiction to talking slower and slower simply couldn't be kicked. He appointed a commission to study the situation, but before the commission completed its preliminary report Sarah had won the election. Sarah had seen to it that the Republican platform was precisely the same as the Democratic platform, and her campaign song, which she sang at the end of all her regular television appearances, was addressed to the incumbent—"Anything You Can Do I Can Do Better," the rights to which she had obtained from Irving Berlin. Millions hummed that tune as they went to the polling places on Election Day.

WHEN I entered the White House, gave my name, and explained that I'd been asked to come down from New York to see the President, I was shown in to her appointments secretary. A male figure sitting at a desk began to rise from his chair when I was announced, and then kept on rising, up and up, until I felt like a tourist staring at the Washington Monument. It was Beanpole Hodge.

THE COMPANIONS

There used to be gods in everything, and now they're gone.
A small one I remember, in a green-gray stone,
Would watch me go by with his still eyes of a toad,
And in the branch of an elm that hung across the road
Another was; he creaked at me on windless days.
Now that he's gone I think he might have wanted praise
For trying to speak my language and getting that far at least
Along on the imitation of a speaking beast.

Maybe he wanted help, maybe they all cried out
As they could, or stared helpless to enter into thought
With "read me," "answer me," or "teach me how to be
Whatever I am, and in return for teaching me
I'll tell you what I was in you, how greater far
Than I are seeking you in fountain, sun, and star."
That's but interpretation, the deep folly of man
To think that things can squeak at him more than things can.

And yet there came those voices up out of the ground
And got into my head, until articulate sound
Might speak them to themselves. We went a certain way
Together on that road, and then I turned away.

I must have done, I guess, to have grown so abstract
That all the lonely summer night's become but fact,
That when the cricket signals I no longer listen,
Nor read the glowworms' constellations when they glisten.

—HOWARD NEMEROV

• •

"Peanuts!" Beanpole exclaimed, and held out his left hand, for he was left-handed. I shook it, and asked him what he was doing here so close to Sarah.

"She called me up at the supermarket," he said, "and told me I had to come here and handle this job even if it meant a sacrifice."

"What supermarket?" I asked.

"The biggest one in Toledo. I was an assistant cashier. But it wasn't no sacrifice. I just sit here and show people in. She'll see anybody. She says it's a lonely job she has."

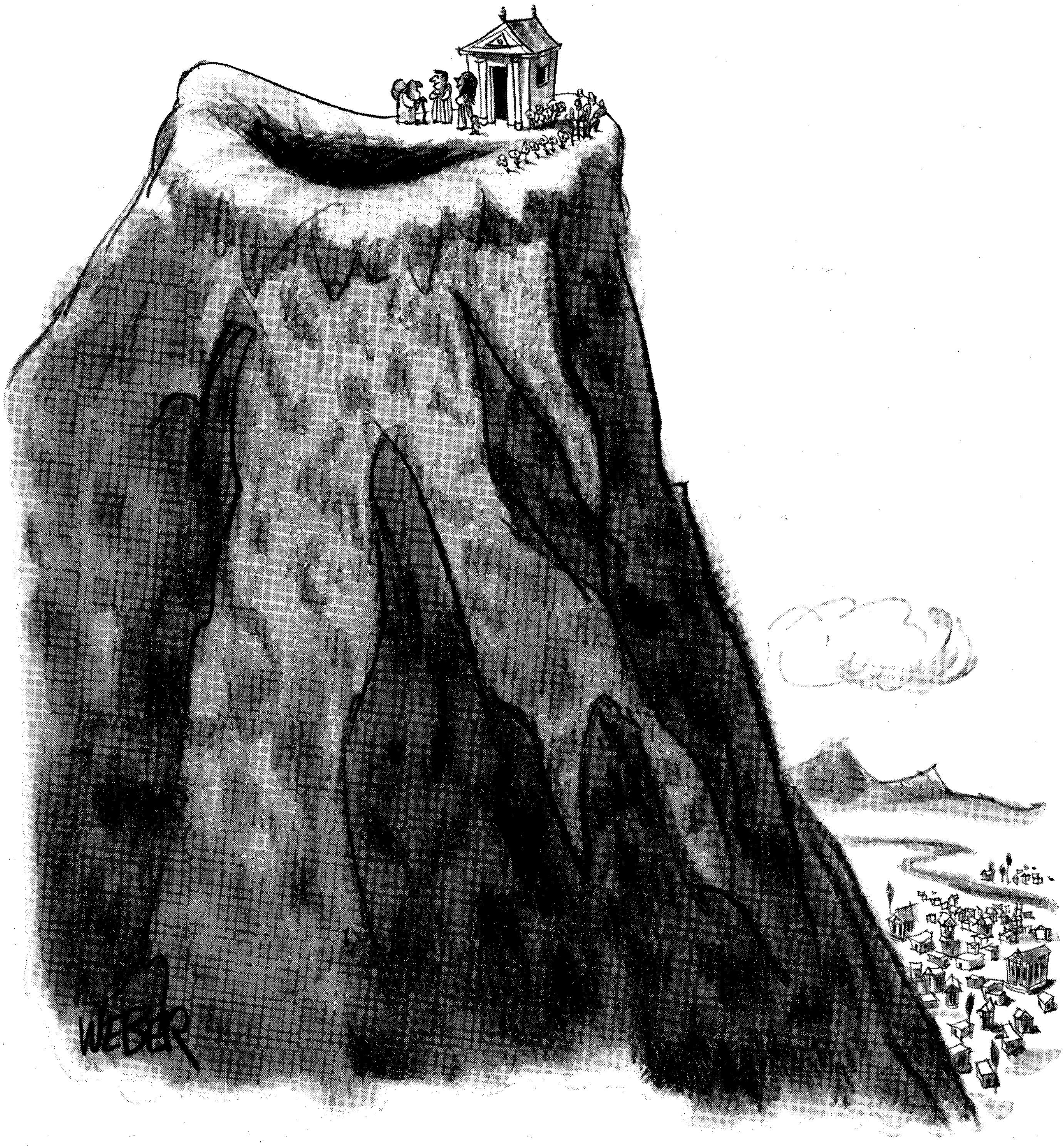
"Is she busy right now?"

"No, she's just swinging. She had the swing put in yesterday. Come on, I'll show you in."

Sarah looked like the schoolgirl of old as she swung back and forth across the impressive office, with its portraits of Harding, Coolidge, Hoover, and Eisenhower. "Take a pew, Peanuts," she said, and pulled hard on the hemp ropes, attached to hooks in the ceiling, so that the arc of her swinging grew wider. I sat in a leather armchair and followed her with my eyes, moving my head back and forth like an onlooker at a tennis match. She had on her high heels, and her strong ankles were crossed. I felt the old tingle in my spine and my cheek began to twitch as the tic came on. Then I remembered what Beanpole had said about her being lonely.

"I can't call you Mom, Sarah," I said finally. "You'll always be just Sarah to me. But Sarah, if you want everybody to call you Mom, you ought to get married and have children. Eventually, the people will begin to ask themselves how a single woman can be a mom. Please, Sarah, why don't you marry me?"

"Not now," she said. "But you may have something there about it being a good idea for me to get married. Now, Peanuts," she went on as she left the swing and sat at her desk, "what I want you to do right now is go straight to Alaska. I'll lay on an Air Force jet for you, and a limousine will take you to the airport, while I tell the correspondents here that I've appointed



"We like it. The view is nice, and if anything gives with the volcano we'll be the first to know."

• •

you as one of my Special Assistants."

"What's wrong in Alaska?" I asked.

"It's about to secede," she said. "At least, the C.I.A. says it is. The F.B.I. says it isn't, and they say it's no business of the C.I.A.'s anyhow, because it's a domestic matter, but the C.I.A. says if Alaska does secede it will no longer be a part of the United States, it'll be like a foreign country, and that therefore it *is* the C.I.A.'s business. They say it might be another Cuba. It's a nasty situation, involving the canning of salmon and Alaska king crabs and all, and I want you to go out there and stay there and report back to me by telephone. You'd better get going. That's all."

As I left her office, I found that my cheek had stopped twitching but my head was still involuntarily turning from side to side. I hoped this would wear off before I got to Alaska. Otherwise, it would make the Alaskans think I was saying no to everything. I thought with some nostalgia of my easygoing job as Commissioner of Water Supply, Gas, and Electronics. Then I thought of Joe King, and my spirits began to rise.

—ST. CLAIR MCKELWAY

(In the next installment of "Close to Mom," to be published simultaneously in Life *and* Look*, the inside story of Alaska's secession will be told, along with intimate details of the President's marriage to Mr. Hodge.)*

THE SURVIVORS

SOMETIMES when I see old Mr. Caswell pulling his shiny little mail cart up our front walk, I think of his son, Ben, who used to be my best friend. That was twenty years ago, when Ben and I were in high school together. Ben looked a great deal like his father, and now I think there was in both of them a kind of wheyish strength. They were both pale and thin, and they had a metallic hardness in their bodies, as though blood didn't run in their veins at all but some sort of indestructible grayish fluid. I could never think of either one of them getting a tan, or blushing, because the warmth of color never appeared on their faces. They looked so much alike that I sometimes wonder if I don't get the two of them mixed up in my memories—as though Ben, too, has had a chance to grow old.

Mr. Caswell was our mailman then, in 1943, and he still is, though he's near compulsory retirement. He's very slow, so that when he delivers we don't get our mail until five o'clock in the afternoon, when I'm home from work. Sometimes he drops a letter or two along the way, and the kids in the neighborhood call him "Old Butterfingers." My son, Davy, is too young to participate in the business of Mr. Caswell's nickname—and perhaps, with the unexpected tact of children, none of them say it in Mr. Caswell's presence, for he is a kindly man, unobtrusive, tolerated even by the neurotic collies that have overrun our town in recent years. To Davy, Mr. Caswell is "Mr. Caswell," and at our door he greets the old man with a delight that is never diminished. I'm glad Davy likes to greet him, because I find myself hesitant, even a little embarrassed, to say much to him. It's on account of Ben. We've never talked about Ben in all those years. Although Mr. Caswell might like to, I think he may sense my embarrassment, and himself feel hesitant to speak of his son. If there is only a little mail for us, Mr. Caswell promises to bring more tomorrow, then smiles at Davy, nods at me, and walks on carefully, yet lightly for a man of his age. It seems strange to me to see him in the new official uniform with the blue Ike jacket—as though he were a veteran of a war I know he missed.

In 1943, both Ben and I were in love with that war. And suddenly, sitting at home after work today, I remember something that happened to me on a September night of that year. I stood on top of a crude tower made of pine logs. The tower was on top of Pike Hill, which overlooks our town of Leah. I had just turned sixteen, and I was armed, not with the anti-aircraft gun I would have chosen but with my Winchester .22 pump. Shells were scarce in those days, and I owned ten of them—just ten—each a little jewel of power. At home in my room, I would play with them, line them up on their primer ends and shake each one at my ear to hear the smokeless powder whisper from inside. Now they were where they belonged, inside my rifle. Identical, anonymous, one in the chamber and nine in the tubular magazine, they gave to my rifle the proper weight of danger. I was alone on the tower. The only light was from above, from the stars, and the soft darkness came in on me from the sides, as though I stood on a submerged rock in a warm lake. If it hadn't been for the war I might have been a little afraid. What nonhuman creatures might swim, with leathery flippers, out of the darkness to slide against my legs? But the war precluded such complicated, peacetime nightmares. The war was bright and official, like ballistics.

My duties were official, too, and I carried my loaded rifle—half toy, half deadly weapon—because one part of me, at least, could believe in the possibility of an enemy invasion of central New Hampshire. Witness all that adult effort with huge logs, a ladder and platform of dressed lumber, even a telephone line strung up through the pines and birches of Pike Hill. From eight until eleven that night, when Ben Caswell would relieve me, I was the Air Raid Watcher. If I saw or heard an airplane, I was to write it down in a little book that hung by the telephone, and describe its course and whatever else I could determine about it. If something really suspicious occurred—a sky full of parachutes, perhaps, or the drone of a hundred black Heinkel transports crossing, as they did in movies, a sky whose stars jerked ominously from side to side—I was to call Mr. Bemis, our Town Clerk, who was also Chief Air Raid Warden.

What did happen that night was just outside the realm of any possibility I might have had in mind, and that may have been why it left me so emotionless. It was a very warm night, and the warmth gave it an odd depth and clarity, as though I could have heard someone talking over in Vermont. The dark pines below me seemed every so often to breathe out wind. I could hear them receiving the wind and moving with it, and then a slow gust would come folding up over me, gentle and warm as bath water. I leaned against the wooden rail and aimed my rifle at imaginary planes; I saw a meteor, and wished it were a burning Zero or Focke-Wulf. Below me, down the hill where the maples and elms began, the window lights of Leah were slowly going out. Then I must

have decided to get the binoculars from the telephone box. I had my rifle in my right hand, and I must have cocked it fully, so that the hammer (it was a Model 62, which had a hammer) wouldn't obscure the rear sight. I must have forgotten to set the hammer back on half cock.

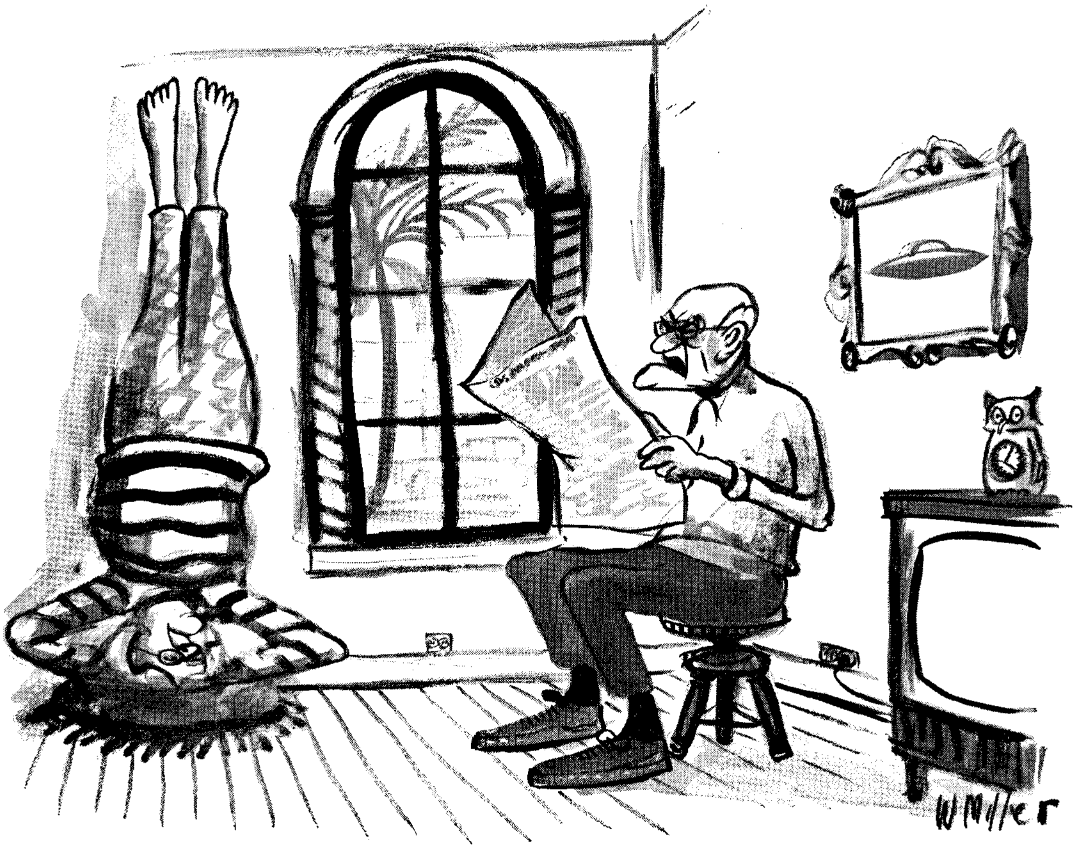
There is a sort of instantaneous precision about accidents, especially accidents with guns. They start and they are over, and there doesn't seem to be any middle part at all. There were sparks—the sky was full of sparks—but where was the explosion? I knew that I had been setting the rifle down, and then the explosion must have come, but it was like no shot I'd ever heard. It was more like one huge peal of a bell, a bell with no resonant aftertones to let me know that I had actually heard it, so that I wasn't quite sure that I had heard it at all. And all those sparks. I'd never shot a .22 at night before, and hadn't known how much fire came out with the bullet. I just stood there for a moment, aware that my side itched—in the ribs on my right side. I don't believe it ever occurred to me that I might have been shot, and in fact I wasn't, but when I turned the flashlight on myself I found some interesting things. I say "interesting" because I'm sure it is the only way to describe my attitude then. There was a burned hole about as big as a fifty-cent piece—only elongated somewhat—in my shirt. My undershirt was dark at that place but not burned through, and the slight burn I received on my skin was no more than a vague red spot. I didn't find out until later that night when I was home in my room that the bullet had actually gone beneath the folds of my shirt and come out near the breast pocket. Still, I did not tremble, nor did my pulse increase because of that discovery. In a way, I suppose, it's useless to worry about a spent bullet, because by that time it's got to wherever it was going. I did worry some about my mother's ever missing that shirt and undershirt, which I put in the trash can, but if she did she never said anything about it to me.

When Ben came to relieve me (our DeMolay chapter, a sort of junior Masonic order, had volunteered for this duty), we didn't make much of my accident. I told him about it and showed him the hole in my shirt, but then we looked back at the sky, and soon I left for home. We were acting out bigger and better possibilities, and to have made too much of my little scrape with reality would have been to change the subject.

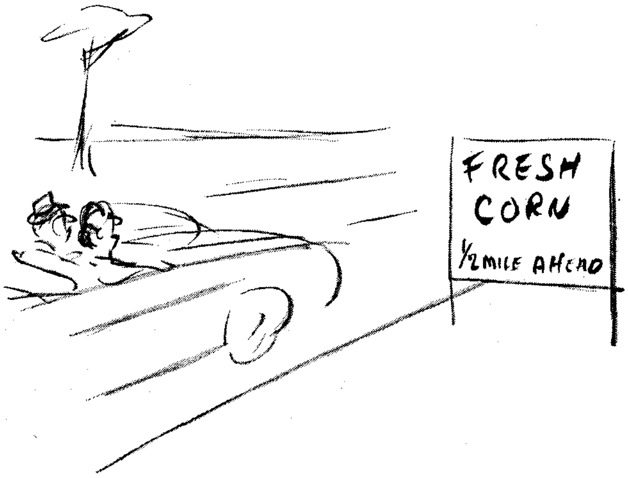
We knew, both of us, that an airborne invasion of Leah was fairly unlikely. We both had *National Geographic* maps on the walls of our bedrooms, and we followed the war with little glass-headed pins. Sumatra, Java—the Battle of the Java Sea had been a frightening affair, even to us, because the Japanese seemed so invincible—Singapore, Dieppe. Gabriel Heatter's voice was as certain as God's, and proclaimed doom to the Axis. We had been worried, but by September of 1943 we had no doubts about winning. We could forget the war for hours at a time, but we didn't want to forget it, because I'm sure we believed that it would be through the war that we would grow up, grow into men who could have the experiences we wanted to have. How could we deserve the lovely girls we wanted until we had been to war and come back, like the heroes in the *Saturday Evening Post*? One had to have in one's eye that virile gleam that looked across a peaceful garden and saw in memory the deaths of comrades. There was no civilian love in those days; "They're either too gray or too grassy green," sang the Andrews Sisters, and we believed what they sang.

We didn't have to man the watchtower; it hadn't been taken seriously for a long time, and I'm sure Mr. Bemis had no desire to be waked up in the middle of the night. But he couldn't say no to our patriotic gesture. He was a Mason, after all, and we were DeMolay. And this was a time when, upon the patriotic whim of the high-school principal, the whole school might suddenly, in the middle of any day, have to march all around town behind the band, singing "God Bless America."

There was Eddie Kusacs, too, to remind us all that we should have been at war. Every once in a while—it could be a quiet school afternoon, and we'd be in study hall—there would suddenly appear outside the windows Eddie Kusacs' great blue Marine F4U, its wicked radial engine screaming and blatting in our ears, its inverted gull wings wheeling down between the trees. Then up and back and around he'd come, lower than some of the school windows, as though he were following the cinder driveway that led down around in back to the boiler room. The huge airplane seemed to be going too fast and too slow at the same time—too fast for anything in Leah, too slow for the noise it made. After a



"They'll never convince me there's no life on Mars!"



FRESH
CORN
¼ MILE AHEAD

few passes, during which I'm sure we never breathed (we drank the sound; we were avid for that real noise), he'd come straight over the athletic field and drop a little yellow parachute about the size of a bushel basket. Then he was gone, flashing over a hill and out of sound, all that power suddenly gone out of the air.

But how real that airplane was, and how we wanted it! We would all be out of our desks and at the windows, and each time it happened we felt that we would never have to go back, that somehow our lives had changed. When that violent machine hung in the air, we knew how inconsequential were the too familiar trees and streets of Leah. After it had gone, everything around us seemed tired; the dust in the sunlight of our brown study hall turned with a golden slowness. Then one of the teachers would go out and get the parachute, and we'd all file into the auditorium to hear what Eddie had written—usually best wishes to Mr. Skelton, the principal, and Miss Dube and some of the other teachers, and *come on, boys, join the Marines. We'd* all known Eddie. We'd known him when he came to school in a '35 Plymouth coupé, and here he was, godlike in his deadly blue Corsair.

The war was close enough to us; we were sixteen, and you could join the Navy or the Marines at seventeen. But what were we to do in the meantime? At least to me, we were living in a sort of limbo, a place where nothing much mattered, where we couldn't get hurt because we could not believe this limbo to be a place where one was really mortal. And this, I suppose, accounted for my indifference to the tiny bullet that so nearly entered my side. It was only a .22.

IF anyone had asked me who was my best friend that year, I would have said Ben Caswell, and yet I wonder how much we actually liked each other. There were friends of mine I think I liked better but didn't see as often. In some ways, Ben and I were too much alike. We were both rather bossy, and so we were always a little irritated by each other. If I wanted to cross the street, or take a shortcut on my bike, chances are Ben wouldn't, and you couldn't make him change his mind. Quite often we would go to the same place by different routes.

Ben was tall and skinny and hard; he could knock a hole in you with his elbow. His face was long and plain and pale—slightly gray, like dishwater—and his hair, the color of gunmetal, was flat and unhealthy-looking. He'd had undulant fever for a long time, back in the third and fourth grades, and I remember him bringing his special milk to school in Mason jars. He was strong enough, though. I could get him down, mainly because I was a little more compact, and thus quicker, but I always got bruised in the process, and once I had him pinned I was afraid to let him up. It can be very boring just *holding somebody down.*

Ben got better marks in school than I did, and I tried to discount the importance of this, feeling I was just "mentally lazy," as Mr. Skelton had once called me. I didn't consider algebra, for instance, to be a discipline that might prove my brain unequal to Ben's. I considered those who were good at it to be slightly mad, and their concentration upon its rigid difficulties rather inhuman. In any case, Ben was very good at this sort of thing; his homework was always done. Most of us didn't care very much about homework, but Ben always did whatever he contracted to do. I considered this a lack of a sense of humor, and the teachers themselves didn't seem to care as much as Ben did. Sometimes we would study our algebra or trigonometry together at my house. These sessions were mostly for my benefit, because, whatever the reason, I could hardly cope with things mathematical. Ben was appalled at the shortness of my span of attention.

"Look," he'd say. "You take the sine minus the cosine . . ." and with his words, so sober and knowledgeable, I would feel a weakness setting in, a *strange, highly pleasant weakness in my* legs and arms—euphoric, because everything became hilariously funny—and I'd look at an equation made up of things called sines and cosines and see in it elaborate scansions. One, without its pluses and minuses, went, "Sine, cosine, cosine, sine = cosine, cosine, sine, sine." This I sang to the tune of "Yankee-Doodle," while Ben looked stern and disgusted. I thought it hysterically funny, and my arms turned so weak from laughter I couldn't even hold a pencil. "Sine *minus* cosine!" Ben said, and I fell out of my chair onto the floor, screaming, "I'll sign! I'll sign anything! Just let me out of here!"

For some reason, I found it impossible to take those steps, those intermediate *little steps, toward what I wanted* to be. I wanted to be grown-up and powerful right now—to be part of the war, part of the world. Ben took each step as it came, and really mastered it. His head was full of equations and ways to factor them. I never took the time. But I was a little stronger than Ben. Yes, I was; I could take him in a fight. Out on the street, I could take him down, but always I was fearfully aware of the difference between us, and I knew that what I took down to the dirt and held there was somehow more intelligent, more valuable than I was.

Ben had many ways of being irritating. His bike, for instance, and his loyalty to that monster. It had thirty-inch wheels, and the tires were about as big around as your thumb. These were irreplaceable, of course, and not just be-

FRESH CORN 100 YDS. AHEAD
FRESH CORN

"Is the corn fresh?"

cause of the war—where could anyone have ever found such oddities? And the rubber, in the few places where it showed through the friction tape, was very old, actually sticky to the touch. The rest of us had balloon tires.

Between the girls' entrance and the boys' entrance to the high school was a cement sidewalk, and frost had heaved up one of the blocks so that it was canted at about a twenty-degree angle. Before school and after school, while the girls stood at their entrance and watched, we'd get on our bikes, head down the walk away from the building, and hit that ramp. Pete Kelly had the record jump—a good fifteen feet, marked in chalk with his name. Mine was nowhere near that, and Ben's was less than mine; his excuse was that crazy giraffe of a bike. I always tried to get him to use mine—it was a prewar Elgin—but he never would. Once, when it was his turn to go, I tried again. "Here, take mine," I said, in a rather unpleasant voice that was an insult to his bike. The other jumpers were standing around impatiently, making airplane noises, and I didn't hear his answer. I reached for his bike and at the same time pushed mine toward him by the center of the handlebars.

With a short, violent move, he shoved my hand away. "Mine!" he said. "I'll use mine!"

"O.K., hammerhead," I said.

Sometimes his loyalty to that bike . . . No, the way he could bring up out of nowhere something that sounded like principle—this would enrage me. At the same time, I had to respect it, and that made it even more irritating. Here he was, with his narrow, washed-out face and lank, washed-out-looking hair, and he could be as recalcitrant as a rock. I kept thinking he should have been more like his father, who looked like him but was a shy, friendly man who had to say hello a thousand times a day on his mail route and still seemed to enjoy it. For a moment I felt like kicking out a few of Ben's spokes, but I didn't, and he went ahead and made his usual short jump. I don't think he really approved of the jumping, but we all had to do it. This was in lieu of being Eddie Kusacs in his Corsair, I suppose.

ON the way home that afternoon—it was a Friday—Ben and I ended up fighting, our bikes in a pile on the sidewalk. I had Ben pinned, as usual, but in the process he'd hit me in the nose, and it felt like a wedge driven between my eyes. My poor nose; I couldn't comfort it because I needed both hands and all my strength to hold Ben down. My cheekbones ached, and I seemed to taste the metal fillings in my teeth. I had Ben's head halfway under somebody's barberry hedge, and one of the little thorns had come off its branch and was sticking in his cheek.

"There's a thorn sticking in your cheek," I said. "I can see it sticking right in there."

Convulsive movements on his part. His arm rose, and for the space of an inch it was invincible; I couldn't stop it. But his strength was like a pump working upon my tiny but real center of fear, and this forced strength into me so that I could push him back down again. His bony wrists gave my fingers pain as I leaned on them.

"Sticking right into your flesh," I said. "Must be in a quarter of an inch."

He'd never say a word while we were fighting. For him it was all beyond words, it was all power. He had no need for talk because what he wanted to do to me was clear enough. I had to talk. I was always talking at his face, which was as unforgiving as a bird's. I dreamed of it, that smooth, blank face. I'd talk and talk while he despised my arguments.

"Will you give up? Will you give up? Can't you see I've won? I've got you pinned, you *bastard!* Hey, Ben, will you give up? I'll spit in your eyes, you bastard!"

I felt him waiting, letting his strength return. I was always just barely surprised by his sudden strategies. He tried to butt my face with his forehead, and almost did. When I fought him, it was always to contain, to immobilize him. Though I may have bragged that I was deadly, any blow of his that was really meant to hurt stayed with me for days, frightening yet admirable.

Even when his father came along, I didn't dare let him up.

"What's going on here?" Mr. Caswell said mildly. He was smiling, which shocked me.

I hardly dared look away from Ben, but I had to glance up at Mr. Caswell's thin yet somehow droopy face.

Since Ben wouldn't talk, I had to answer. "We're wrestling," I said.

Mr. Caswell shifted his leather mailbag from one thin shoulder to another, then pulled his lapels straight. He just stood there in his baggy uniform, and it seemed strange to me to see a face so like Ben's yet so mild. "Why don't you come along home?"

"I don't want to let him up," I said.

Mr. Caswell understood why. "Ben," he said, "if David lets you up, will you stop fighting?"

Ben wouldn't answer; he tried to bridge and throw me off. I threw my weight on him hard and flattened him out again. Then he tried to butt me with his forehead, but he'd tried that before.

"You boys are friends," Mr. Caswell said. "Why do you have to fight so much?"

"He wouldn't use my bike!" I said. I was very angry, and sorry for myself, and was even afraid I might cry.

"Ben wouldn't use your bike?"

"He wouldn't use it!"

"My goodness!" Mr. Caswell said, trying to be funny. He was a funny man, actually. One time he told us he had a cold in his elbow, and he said it in such a serious, surprised sort of voice even Ben laughed. "Heavens to Betsy! It's like I tried to give a man five dollars and he wouldn't take it so I hit him!"

Neither Ben nor I felt this was very funny.

"Well, what are you going to do when it comes suppertime? Can we send out some food for you?" Mr. Caswell asked.

"I don't want to keep him down!" I burst out, regretting it immediately, because I saw a flicker of satisfaction on Ben's face. "I wish I had another arm," I said through my teeth. "I'd bash your face in!"

"Well, boys," Mr. Caswell said, "are you going to hurt yourselves?"

"I don't want to hurt him!" I said, still feeling sorry for myself. After all, hadn't I won this fight?

"Ben?" Mr. Caswell said.

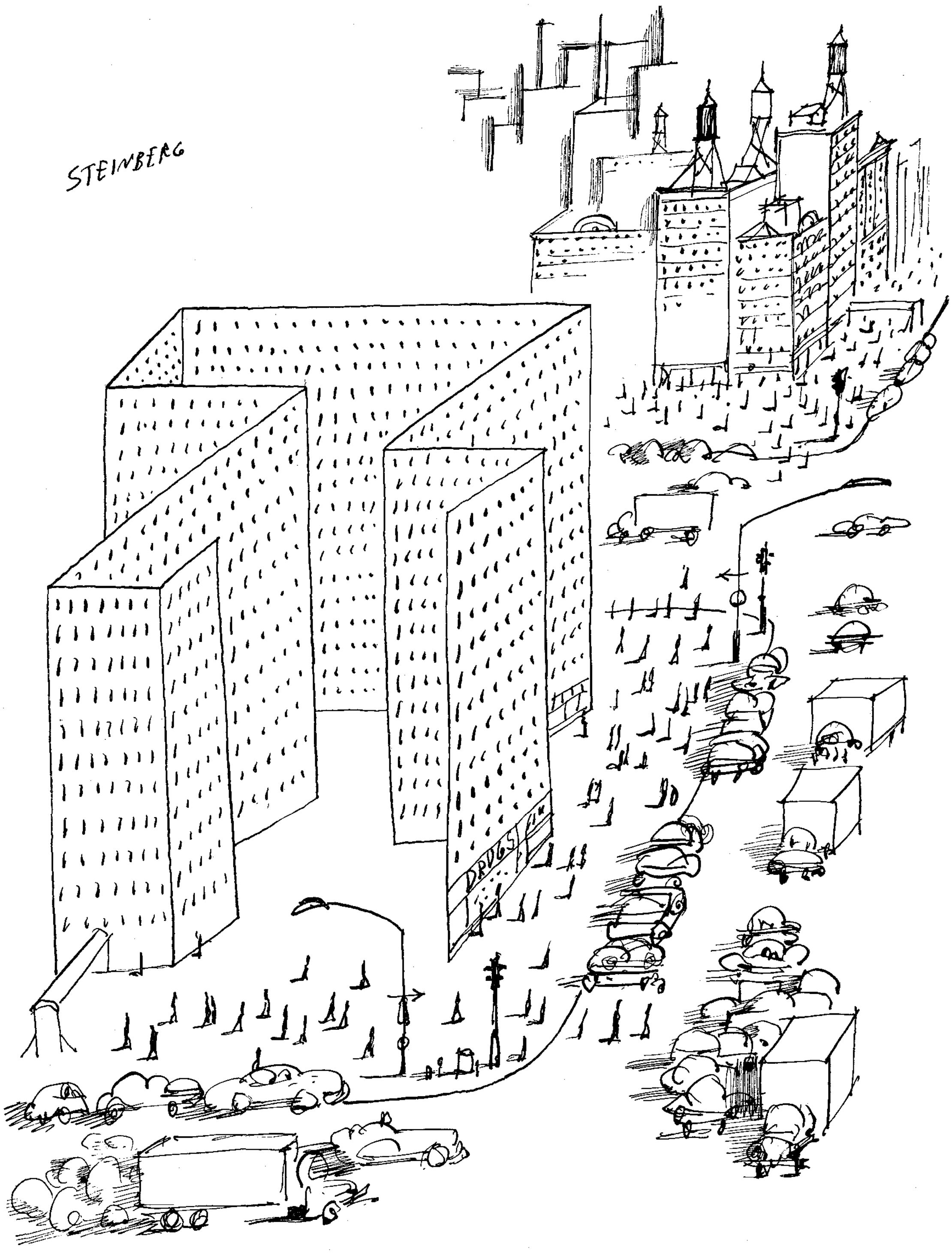
Ben wouldn't answer.

"Ben," Mr. Caswell said. I sensed pride and resignation in the word. Mr. Caswell thought for a moment, and then he said, "Well, I'm not going to butt in. Seems you're both old enough so it wouldn't help anyway. I'd stop and chat awhile, but I've got to finish my route."

Before he left us, he reached down and with gentle fingers brushed the thorn from his son's cheek. It was just in the skin, and Ben's cheek didn't even bleed. Then he was off, ambling along in his casual, mailman's stride, leaving us with our problem.

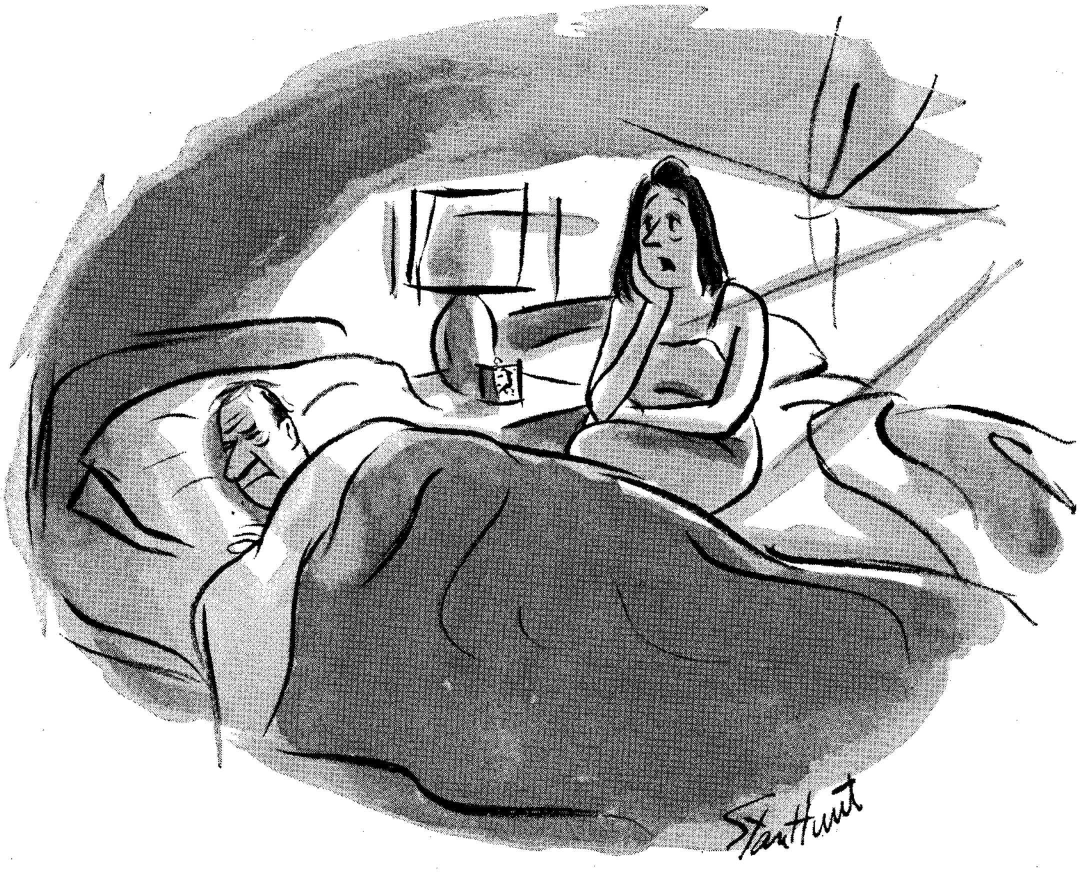
It was now late in the afternoon. Just perceptibly the light was fading. It was the time when near things still have sharp edges and colors—the barberries of the hedge gleamed orange red, and the round leaves were dark green still. We seemed to have been prisoners of that small place for hours, and I began to recognize each tuft of grass. A few inches from Ben's white hand was a crushed dandelion stem, split and bent so that I could see the silver inside of it, and I saw it again, with recognition, noting that it hadn't changed. Ben strained against my weight. Each time, I could summon just enough strength to overpower him.

How long were we held in that deadlock? It began to grow dark. Ben's face flickered like a dim light as my eyes moved, and the small twigs faded upward into his hair. I knew he would never give up. Once, he actually spoke, and frightened me. "Will you give up?" he asked. It was like a dream in which logic turns crazy. Was he the one who held me down? Once, he caught me off guard and turned me over, and for a violent moment we scrabbled, sobbing, into the barberry hedge. I fought him back down again, and brought him gasping into the bare dirt alongside the hedge. I hadn't known I had such strength; I'd bent his arms where I had no leverage, where pain alone seemed to be my strength. My fingers seemed to have gone right through his wrists between tendon and bone, and he cursed me in a high, strangely babyish voice, half bawling—one long, little scream. I sobbed my own curses back at him, crying because it was so un-



fair that my greater strength hadn't won this fight. And then there were long periods of silence, almost of relaxation, and I listened to the cars pass along the street. Then a light came on in a window across the street, and we knew it must be near suppertime.

And somehow our fight ended, not necessarily because of supper and its official demand upon us. Our fights always had to end in some sort of truce, which could be forgotten, so that we could fight again the next day. Neither of us ever won; most fights are not clearly won, and ours never were. On this occasion, I'd have to meet him the next day, Saturday, because we both had Saturday jobs at Milledge & Cunningham, sweeping up bushels of thread and cloth from beneath the cutting and sewing tables. Instead of overalls, they were making field jackets and fatigue clothes for the Army. Where Lucky Strike Green went, we thought. And Sunday night, Ben would be relieving me again on the Air Raid Tower. We couldn't get away from each other if we tried.



"By now, Lyndon Johnson has been up for two hours, showered, shaved, breakfasted, gone over reports, cables, notes . . ."

• •

WHEN I got home, my soiled clothes were noticed, and I learned that about fourteen people had managed to see the fight, including my sister, Catherine. It was decided (my father abstaining) that after supper and a bath I would go to the Caswells' and apologize. My arguments against doing this are of no matter here; I had to go. I didn't mind facing Ben or his father, but Mrs. Caswell was another thing. She usually affected a richly ironic tone that left me speechless—even, I sometimes felt, armless and legless. I couldn't cope with it. "To what honor do we owe your illustrious presence, Sir David?" That sort of thing. Mr. Caswell was hardly ever in sight. He'd be down in the basement or out in the garage.

I rode my bike the two blocks to Ben's house. I didn't have a light, and there was only one street light in between, but we always rode right on through the darkness. Our house was huge—we had rooms we never used at all—but Ben's house was very small. It had enough rooms in it, but they were all in miniature—neat, small rooms crammed full of things. The Atwater Kent radio touched the living-room sofa on one side and the matching chair on the other. You could bump your head if you weren't careful going up the little stairs. Ben was an only child, so they didn't need a lot of room, but to see him stooping around in the halls and in his own narrow, low-ceilinged room made me want to get outside. The place was like a doll's house, and Mrs. Caswell was the doll—she was round and short. The rest of us should have been outside, sticking our hands in through the windows. Nothing inside ever seemed to change, to get used; the lace antimacassars on the sofa arms never got dirty, never were pushed askew.

When I reached the house, I dropped my bike on the grass and went up on the little porch as quietly as I could. Finally I knocked, and Mrs. Caswell came to the door. Her skin had tiny striations on it, like a McIntosh apple; in some kinds of light she looked as though she had a rash all over. She was full of pressure, and she made me nervous.

"David, David, David," she said, sighing with weary tolerance, as though I'd been there too often. Which I certainly hadn't. She smiled—she always smiled—and I thought it hurt her to smile, because that constant irony seemed to be the result of pain.

She put her hand on my arm and drew me inside; she was always touching me. "Our Postman is in his hobby shop," she said, "and our Good Boy is in his books."

She sat me down, too deeply, into the sofa. I never knew where to sit on it, in that last moment when there was still a little choice, because the cushions tilted and shifted. This time I sat next to an arm, too deep, but I hooked an elbow over the arm to hold myself up.

"Shouldn't you allow Benjamin to do his homework?" she asked. "I suppose yours is all done, neat as pie?"

"No," I said. Already I was going into a mild, classroomlike coma. Nothing that was going to happen was anything I wanted to happen.

"But David," she said, affecting a reasonable tone, "how can our Benjamin be valedictorian if we don't let him study?"

This was ridiculous. Nothing in the world could keep Ben from being valedictorian. Usually a girl was, because they took easy subjects like home economics or typing, but Ben's only rival, Joan Warren, had moved to North-

BIG, FAT SUMMER—AND THE LEAN AND HARD

I

And she aloof to laughter—till I don't know
How many times more open and gross
We played with puckers of the sea, or bent
Our backs, inconsequentially, to the sky's

Largely permissive kiss, before we knew
Either faithful blandness, her blue heaviest
Shadow.
Or first saw, one insatiable day
Crammed with jewel-like small ires and oar-

Strokes, we were the prodigious: she
Throve of her dulcet reign. For whenever
Through the faintest aperture she emerged
And like a greater noontide swept the scene—

Salaam! Salaam! Pitched to our knees,
Savoring eyes rolled nearly inward,
We made the beach at once a bout
Between so much—as we fought to smother

Blinks and gasps, till blazing, whooping
Tempests of laughter lost the game—
That never a day but the sun fell dead
Blithely toasting our Queen of Dismay

While she, with consummate justice, looked away.

II

And when, soon as recovered, at day's end,
In those rose-petalled hours of troubled,
Delicate issue between sunlight and rock,

Gaily we followed her white purse
Down and down dark twists of streets
Straight to the smoky pits of the bazaars,
It seemed as if we clambered up and up—

Agile as the wild goats—past cleavages
And bloated bright sick rays to the dimmest
Summit of our understanding. If so
Sardly looking down we saw her

—Rather pinpointing a heaven—
Demurely, almost stodgily, wedged in
To another whole feast of indifference, was it not
Parts of us, and very well roasted, too,

She fed on there so daintily? Oh, lady, lady—
In your vast hours of igneous jubilee
That burned away our small talk—who could not see
What clear-around-the-clock dilated blurts

And deliberate piggeries we made our hearts?

III

Still, any nostrum azure our mirth invented
In sport of her—no joking—was it such harm?
Where mountains in all license stood her honor,

Surely she could not mind if early mornings,
Sorely rising, we biked in a brush of bodies
Until, aching, prostrate, we pounded the ground
On peaks of merriment she could not climb.

Or, where the sea's low downstreet shoulder hailed
All day our cracking wise by breaking up,
If, any evening, as pointedly in cantinas
—Dauntless yawns stupendously suppressed—

Once more by starlight we buckled and convulsed.
And yet, some afternoons, on obsessive sands,
Heating such bronze-cold trances of vacation
Our frostier side cares never blew away,

As we had supposed, at the lightest chafing,
We found our limits. If only from how often,
Thigh by forgotten thigh, we lay almost
Like objects of no known provenance or use

For all our stipulation of wrecked display.

IV

We stared. No misery flushed that unwavering
Sky. Yet after her careful dimity had bought
Bolt upon bolt of bright-striped stuff for awnings,

And actually as if unveiling an excellence
Even vaster in aspect, tented she sat,
We might have cried, had any cloud sailed by,
"We are almost as virginal—ohaw—

As if it were Spring with us today!"
Nor made that dying a laugh, a flick of thumb
To nose, so much from perplexity for her
—Mysterious *mère* of all our vinegar—

As for our lean, hard-glutted days alone;
Knowing, under motionless brows,
as eyes
Met like the flash of flagons lifted still,
Agony had so much become our meat

We suffered the open, insensate—O heavy air!—
For all we stripped to heady collars of surf
Or shipped on commodious sands whatever pleasure
Of the moment as august as sorrow burned.

—Frederick Bock

• •

lee. Who cared, anyway? I don't think Ben cared; he just had the habit of doing all his work. You could never pin anything like that on Ben. I thought, Why is she trying to ruin his reputation? My mother would have more sense than that.

Ben had heard us, and came stooping down the stairs, no opinion of my presence visible on his sallow face. Behind him, the wallpaper was the same sallow color as his face.

"Hi, Dave," he said. His eyes were blank, as though he were still thinking equations.

It was then that I confessed, lying, and trying to make little of it. "We were just wrestling," I said.

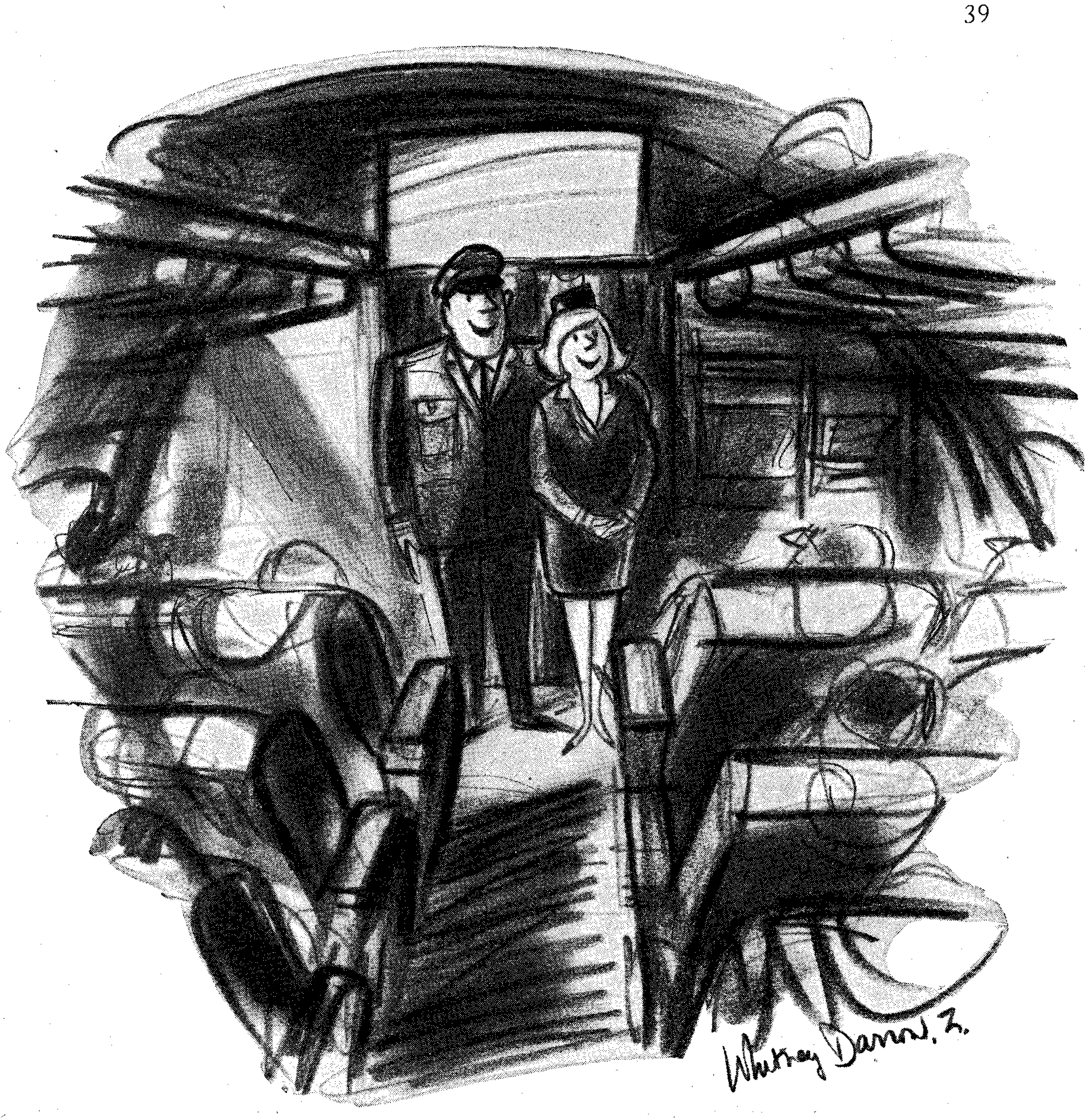
"Just wrestling," Ben agreed.

"My little boys were wrestling!" Mrs. Caswell said. "My little cubs, trying out their new muscles!"

"Yeah," I said. "Just wrestling a little." I got up to go, and as I turned toward the door she came up to me and took me fiercely by the arm. I looked down into her hard face.

"Don't you realize that Benjamin is a genius?" she said. There was a lot of hissing in her voice; she really meant it. I didn't really doubt it myself. But she scared me. She scared me by saying such a crazy thing. I jerked my arm away from her hand and ran out of her house.

A FEW days later, just before school let out, Eddie Kusacs buzzed us all again. He came five times in all, that year, and each time is distinct in my memory. I don't know where he came from, or what he was doing in a Marine Corsair so far from the sea. But there he was, fracturing the blue sky above the high school, fracturing our attention, fracturing the school, the teachers, telling us how we were the prisoners of our little town. Then he was gone.



"While the flight engineer repairs the projector, here's our own Peggy Johnson to sing 'Mi chiamo Mimi,' from 'La Bohème.'"

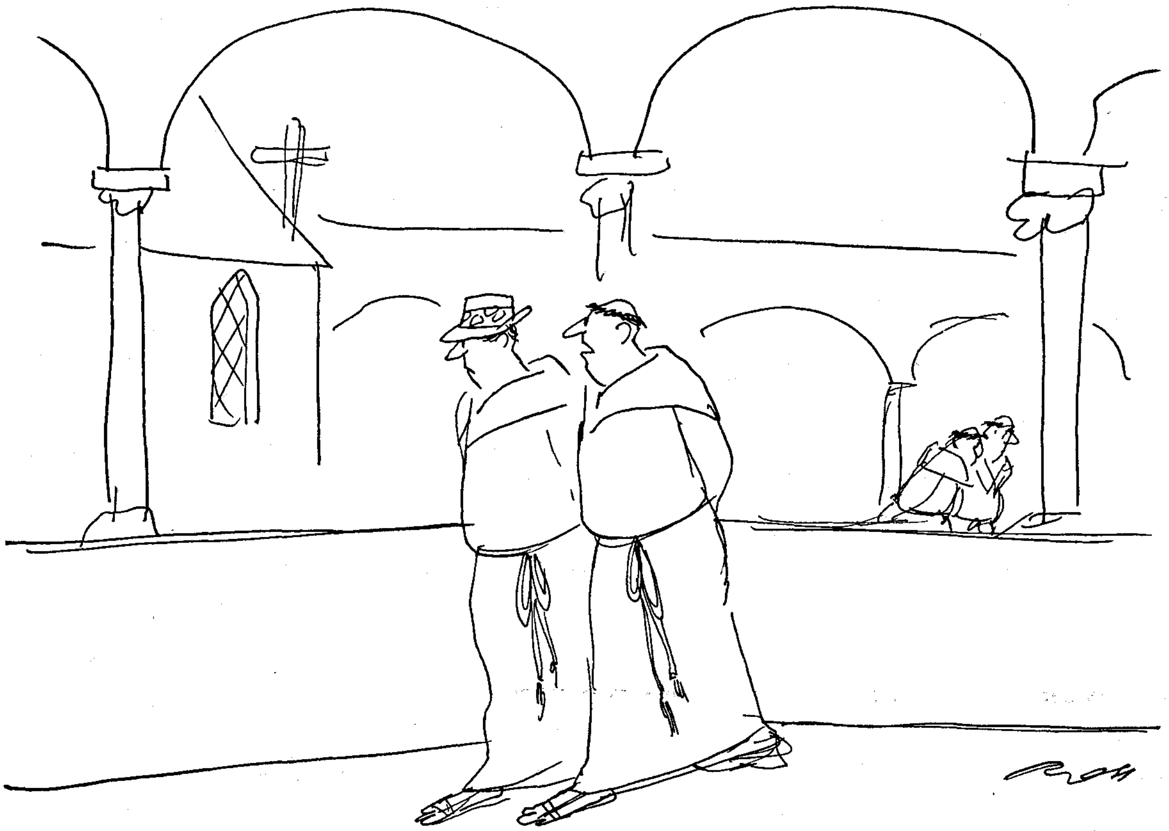
The bicycle jumping that afternoon was more daring than usual. Pete Kelly established a new record. I beat my old mark by one foot. The sunlight made me sneeze as it bounced off the sidewalk, and beneath me was the familiar noise of sprockets and spokes, the little stressful twangs and creaks of my bike—then the lift and belly thrill of the flight. We didn't go high in the air, but when I landed there was a dense, hard push through my elbows, and my handlebars squeaked down an inch or two. Then the slewing in the dry dirt beyond the walk, and for a moment all the girls' eyes were still upon me.

As Ben came up to take his ritual jump, I said, "Come on, genius." This was a bit like poking a snake, and I didn't say it very loudly. I'll never know if he heard it or not. But I still see him very clearly as he swung his long leg up over his bike. I see his blue sock and a section of white, hairless leg, thin and uniform as a length of two-inch pipe. He pushed off and began to pump hard. His long, limp hair came down over his forehead, and the wind pushed it aside, parted it in the middle. His mouth was set, made into a little slit by effort—the same expression he wore when he was mad at me—and he hunched over those strange handlebars of his that bent down and around like rams' horns. There he went, his chain grinding, and he hit the ramp. I think his tire blew then and his wheel buckled later, when he landed, but others said no, everything went haywire at once.

I saw Ben in the air, swimming, parallel to his bike, and on his face still was that same determined, closed look I always see in my memories of him. Then he and the bike came down together. We got to him pretty quickly; I was proud because I was the first to get there, and we tried to untangle him. It was serious, we knew—no mere scrape case. His head didn't want to come off the handlebars, and we knew enough to leave it alone while the girls' screams brought authority from inside the school.

Dr. Winston was there in ten minutes, and when he and the school nurse removed Ben from his bike, Ben's long hands spread and contracted as though he were rubbing coins between his thumbs and fingers. They took him off to Northlee to the hospital, and by the next day the janitor had put bleach on the cement where Ben had bled, and a sawhorse over the canted block of sidewalk.

How were we all affected by this? It was shocking enough, but it was only a bicycle accident, I think we felt. That hex nut, for instance, that dented Ben's skull—I'd turned it with a wrench while Ben held the handlebars straight. It was too familiar, not the instrument



"May I speak frankly, Brother Francis?"

• •

for the drama we wanted in our lives—not with the shadow of a Corsair in our minds and that huge radial engine still roaring in our ears.

When I met Mr. Caswell on the street a few days after the accident, I asked again—I had called at the house earlier—how Ben was getting along.

"Ben is still very sick, David," he said. "He's very, very sick."

"Is he going to be out of school long?"

"We don't know how long." Mr. Caswell's voice was calm and exact. "He hasn't come to yet, you see."

I think he already knew that the part of Ben's brain that governed consciousness had been damaged. His voice was calm, but his eyes were glittery—not really wet, I thought, but they looked as if they had been polished.

"I hope he gets well soon," I said.

"Thank you. Thank you, David," he said.

I didn't know what to do, so I stared at him for a moment, not able to share his feelings, though I knew immediately that Ben was in very grave danger and Mr. Caswell was grieving for his son. Already grieving—that I knew. I told him that Mr. Skelton had announced in assembly that Ben would graduate next June with the rest of us, even though he might miss spring term.

"Yes, he told us," Mr. Caswell said. And then a strange thing happened to his mouth. As he drew in a long breath, his teeth clicked together, hard, about ten times. Nothing else happened, except that I suddenly felt his grief behind my own eyes, and my throat hurt badly. For a moment he looked straight at me, seeing what I was embarrassed to be caught at. I thought, It isn't certain that Ben won't get well again. But I knew, and perhaps because it is the healthy trick of a child to blame the inanimate for every accident, I felt myself begin to burn with an indignation inexpressible in any other way.

"It was that lousy bike!" I shouted. "That stupid bike!"

He was surprised. His mouth opened and closed upon the colorless, uniform rows of his dentures. He made a motion with his arm, and I thought he meant to put his mailbag down, so that he could comfort me. I walked away without looking back.

Ben never did regain consciousness. He died of pneumonia three years later, in 1946, while I was stationed at Fort Lawton, Seattle. I suppose I did, finally, have a few moments of glory in that war, although they were all Stateside. But as a veteran, if I'd admitted it, my claims to the war were fraudulent. The war missed me. My reserve enlistment ran out two months before the Korean War. That one missed me, too, so I am quite aware that things do miss, like the little bullet that once followed its blind trajectory so close to my heart.

TODAY, when Mr. Caswell came to our house, Davy wasn't there to meet him because he'd gone shopping with his mother. I walked down and met him halfway.

"Hi, Dave," he said, and unbuckled the strap from a bundle of letters and bills and junk, as he has how many thousand times.

"Hi, Bill," I said, because we are both grown men now, and I can't call him "Mr. Caswell."

With his gray hand, he gave me a couple of letters and said, sternly, "Where's my assistant today?"

Because he said it in an apparently serious way, he took me a little by surprise. I was caught, staring, while he waited for me to get the joke. I soon understood how he meant his stern voice to be taken, but he had put me off balance, and for a moment I felt the beat of my heart. "Went shopping with his mother," I said.

"Well, now," he said, and looked at me for a moment or two longer.

As I've said, we had never spoken of Ben, in all those years, and I found that I couldn't, even now, though I would have liked to, if only to try to exorcise those memories of a time so full of fierce expectation. I might have told Mr. Caswell of the power that Ben still seems to hold over me—Ben, who still seems strong, unbeaten by time and reality. But what would that have meant to him? We were, both of us, merely survivors, who felt, I suppose, the irrational guilt that all survivors feel. Mr. Caswell didn't say anything further to me. We stood there in a kind of deadlock, looking at each other. Then, with tolerance and complicity, we slid our soft glances apart.

—THOMAS WILLIAMS

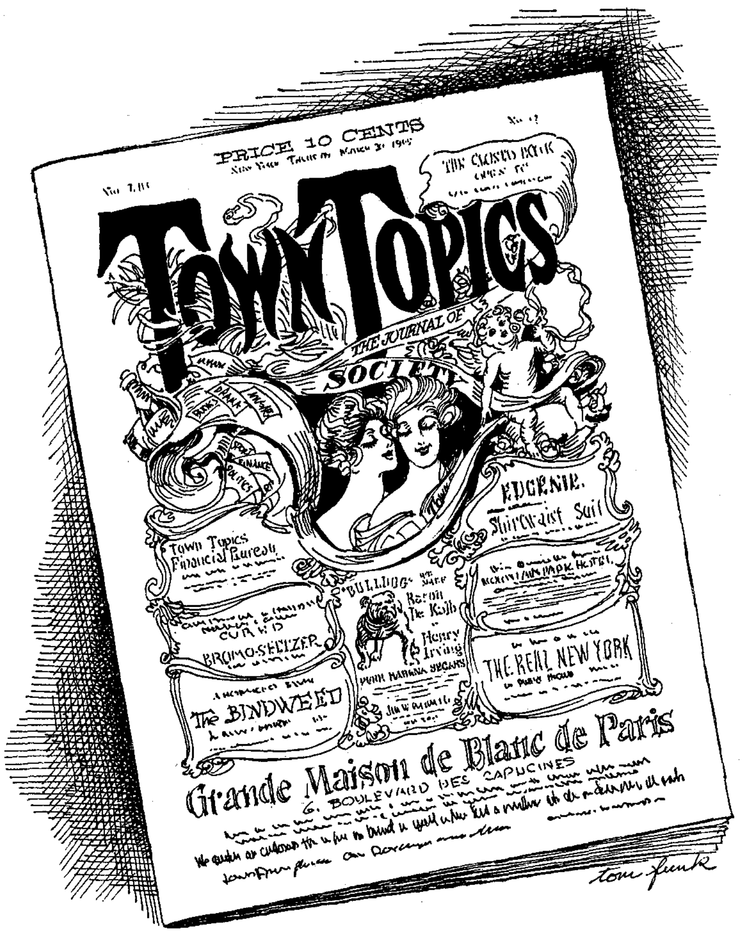
•

Aim Higher (262 E. Fourth St., St. Paul, Minn.) has suspended publication.
—*The Writer*.

Well, it was a nice try.

THAT WAS NEW YORK

TOWN TOPICS—II



TOWARD the end of 1905, a hearing was held before a magistrate in the Tombs Police Court preliminary to a trial whose outcome would, in effect, determine whether Colonel William d'Alton Mann, the corpulent, bouncy, arrogant, choleric, sixty-six-year-old editor and publisher of *Town Topics*, a weekly society magazine with offices at Fifth Avenue and Fortieth Street, was engaged in blackmail, regularly extracting money from many of the country's richest citizens through his power to print items socially or domestically embarrassing to them in a gossip department called "Saunterings," which was the mainstay of his magazine. At the hearing, Mann—a protean figure who had been the heroic leader of a cavalry charge at Gettysburg, the unconvicted perpetrator of what was very possibly the nation's first big oil swindle, and the inventor of the European *wagon-lit*—denied that he was engaged in anything of the sort and, under questioning by a hostile lawyer, declared that if some of his subordinates had resorted to shady editorial and fiscal practices they had done so without his knowledge. "In other words," said the lawyer, stepping in delightedly with a punning paraphrase of a popular song lyric of the day, "Everybody works but Father—everybody works but our old Mann." The *American* remarked the next day that at that point an interpolated song by the Colonel wouldn't have seemed at all out of place.

This was not, of course, the first time that a criminal proceeding had seemed to invite theatrical treatment, whether as musical comedy or something more profound, having to do with pity and terror. And, indeed, a play by Amélie Rives called "The Fear Market," which ran for a hundred and eighteen performances in 1916 and dealt with the venal day-to-day operations of a scandal magazine owned by a rambunctious retired military figure, was widely identified as being based on the Colonel's way of life. The legal strategy involved in the *Town Topics* trial itself, however, led to complications that could have been guaranteed to foul a conventional plot line. There were many of these—they kept cropping up as, month after month, various litigants and defense lawyers and prosecutors maneuvered for the advantage—but the principal one was the circumstance that in the trial at which the Colonel's scurrilous conduct was most dramatically revealed he was not the defendant, or even the complainant, but the chief witness for the prosecution.

The prologue to the case was a classic one. During the early part of the summer prior to the hearing, Edwin Post, a stockbroker of New York and Tuxedo Park, received in his office a young man named Charles Ahle, bearing a letter of introduction from the managing editor of *Town Topics*. Ahle showed Post, who was married—married, indeed, to the lady who would later become famous as *the* Emily Post—a proof of a paragraph linking his name with that of a woman not his wife, and said that it was about to be published in *Town Topics* but would be junked for a consideration of five hundred dollars. Post stood Ahle off for a few days, meanwhile consulting his wife and the District Attorney's Office, and then agreed to go along with the proposal. Shortly before the second meeting, a detective concealed himself at the scene of the rendezvous, and as the money changed hands he stepped forward and seized Ahle. It later appeared that the young man's exploit was one of several relatively small-time shakedowns that certain members or former members of the *Town Topics* staff had undertaken on their own, and that neither the Colonel nor the man who occupied his office when he was away—Joseph M. Deuel, presiding justice of the Children's Court and a close friend of Mann's, who was vice-president of the company that published the magazine—had been in on the deal. This seemed more than likely to many of the city's social and financial leaders when they learned that the levy on Post totalled only five hundred dollars, for their own checkbooks bore evidence that it was not Mann's custom to demand amounts in less than four figures.

Even the little that Post had helped to disclose, however, confirmed a young man associated with another magazine in the belief that Colonel Mann could and must be brought to justice. This was Robert Collier, the twenty-nine-year-old publisher of *Collier's* magazine and son of its founder and owner, who just a few months before had collaborated with *Collier's* editor, Norman Hapgood, on an editorial attacking *Town Topics* and the Colonel but, in deference to the laws of libel, not mentioning them by name. To the young publisher, whose father, Peter Fenelon Collier, had been viciously ridiculed in *Town Topics* as an ignorant Irish immigrant, Post's revelations seemed to hint of more significant exposures in the offing. Hapgood, a law-school graduate, agreed with him, and, to see what could be done to precipitate events, paid a visit to District Attorney

William Travers Jerome, a longtime friend of his. Jerome advised him that no one in this world would ever get enough on a wily old schemer like the Colonel to implicate him legally in a blackmail scheme, and that the only hope of laying him by the heels was to trick him and, for good measure, his henchman Deuel into implicating themselves. This might be done, Jerome and Hapgood agreed, by needling the pair in print so relentlessly that they would feel bound to prefer charges of criminal libel, even at the risk of subjecting themselves to public cross-examination as prosecution witnesses. When this strategy was proposed to young Collier, he was all for it, and week after week his magazine excoriated Mann and Deuel and their slimy ways. Finally, first Deuel and then Mann could endure no more and obliged their tormentors by preferring charges of criminal libel—the former against Hapgood and the latter not only against Hapgood but against both Colliers, too. After some further legal skirmishing, however, Hapgood went on trial alone, with Deuel as the complainant.

IN the days that followed, Colonel Mann found himself in the extraordinary position of taking the stand as the key witness for the prosecution in a criminal trial and of leaving it as a reprobate whose testimony had not only exonerated the defendant but proved that he himself—in the eyes of the world, if not of the law—was the villain, guilty of extortion. Although Colonel Mann had been abroad when Post turned the tables on Ahle, and was generally agreed to have had nothing to do with that specific episode, his own admissions on the stand refuted the possibility that he was merely a scapegoat suffering for the misdeeds of unscrupulous subordinates. Actually, the Colonel was far closer than many a publisher to the day-in-day-out workings of his magazine, ordinarily either writing or rewriting—or, at the very least, closely scrutinizing—every sentence that appeared in "Saunterings," by far its most outrageous and most avidly read department.

Town Topics went to press late Tuesday night, and the way the Colonel ran the show this meant that the real job of getting it out began on Monday morning. It did not mean, however, that the staff could do what it liked the rest of the time, for the Colonel, who was congenitally gregarious but, for obvious reasons, did not find it easy to cultivate friends among the people he considered his equals, insisted that his assistant editors and their wives, real or so styled, should dine with him at his town house once a week during the winter and, on each Thursday evening from April to November, should accompany him when he left Grand Central en route to Saunterer's Rest, an island retreat he maintained in Lake George. His guests on these weekend junkets also included a generous sampling of a horde of young ladies in flowered and fruited hats—friends of his divorcée daughter's, friends of his friends, and others, of more questionable association—who in the middle of the week kept trooping into his office, where he would welcome them uproariously, bounding from his chair to give each of them a noisy kiss and perhaps a tickle, and, if she was interested, a drink of Scotch or bourbon. To accommodate both this fluttery contingent and his hard core of dour journalists and their companions, the Colonel regularly reserved the better part of a Pullman for his summer outings, using a pass of vast, amorphous powers left over from his sleeping-car days. The journey took sixteen

"Got a match, fella?"

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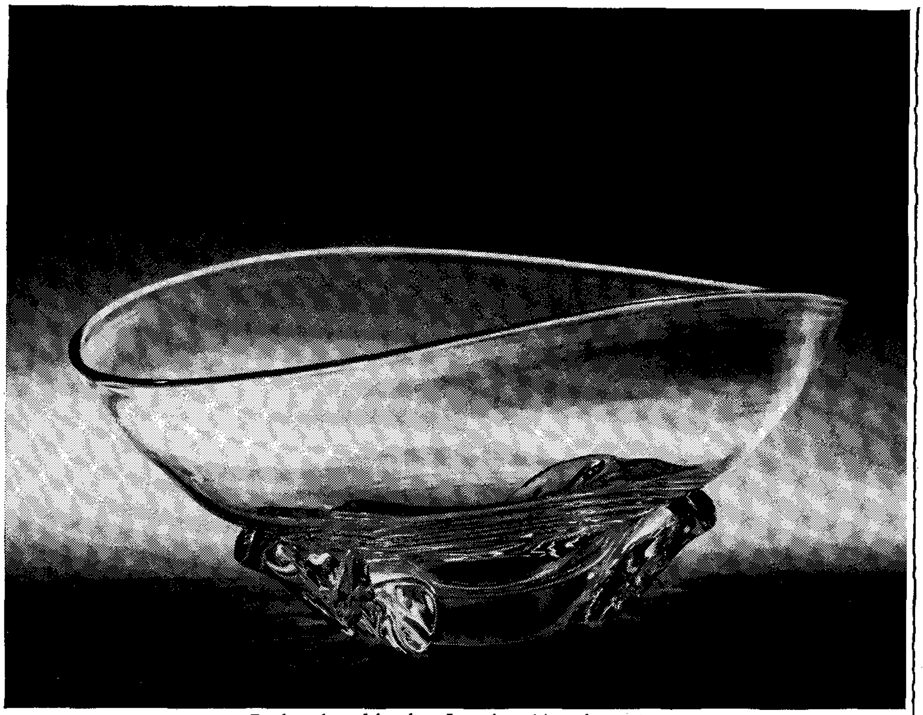

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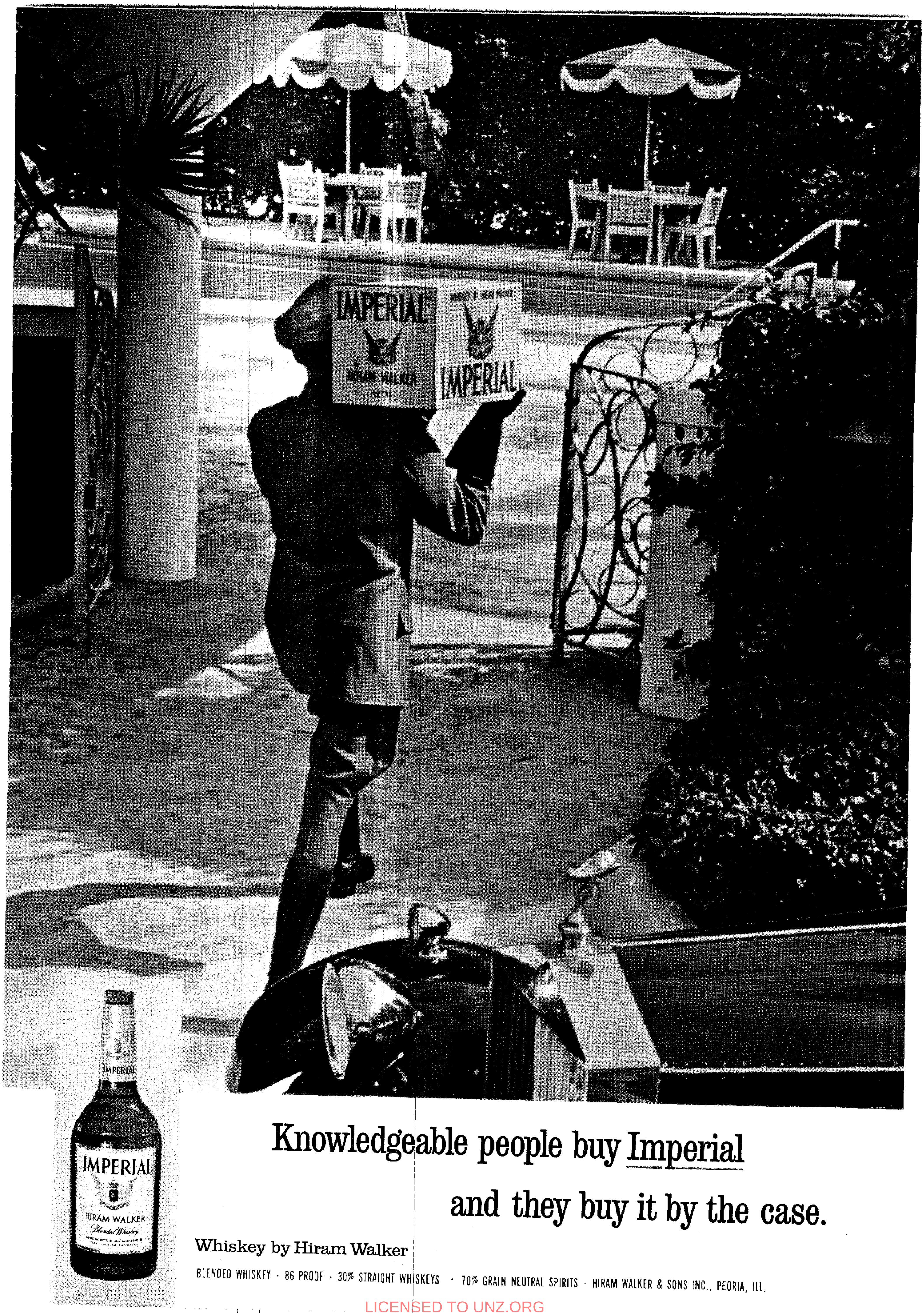
hours, and included a stretch on a lake steamer and a trip by naphtha launch. On the island, the Colonel's hospitality was characteristically demanding and prodigious. Fishing, hunting, swimming, and canoeing were obligatory at appointed hours, as were enormous meals, not to mention Scotch-and-sodas for breakfast and an almost continuous consumption of cocktails thereafter. Any hanging back at the bar made Mann uneasy; he apparently shared Joseph Pulitzer's conviction that if most of the members of his staff weren't alcoholics his publication was in trouble. The drinks were prepared by the Colonel's daughter, Emma, in response to an hourly signal—the paternal question "Say, ducks, aren't you dry?" (When any mention of these outings was made in *Town Topics*, Emma, who was the daughter of the Colonel's first wife and by then in her forties, was always referred to as the hostess; Mann's current wife, Sophie, whom he had married in 1902 and who was believed to be his third, was listed simply as "among those present.") Between rounds, Mann would charge up and down the veranda with three huge dogs he kept on the island, who rarely let a weekend go by without taking a bite out of one of the visitors. Only late in the evening, after the Colonel had fallen into bed, were the more disenchanted of his captive house guests at last free to speculate in whispers on how long they would remain on the *Town Topics* payroll if they turned down these strenuous entertainments—occasions that, as often as not, were the more piquant because their bountiful host owed them at least a week's salary.

The houseparties broke up late Sunday afternoon, and at about nine o'clock Monday morning host and guests arrived back at Grand Central, where grinning redcaps would crowd around their friend the Colonel in order to get their share of the spoils. From the time Mann stepped aboard the naphtha launch on Sunday to begin the return trip, however, his manner would have started to change, becoming increasingly silent and meditative, as if to remind his weary employees that beneath the clownish mask a powerful intelligence was at work. From Grand Central, the staff would walk slowly behind him to the *Town Topics* office, where the Colonel's altered mood would rule for the next forty hours. The first order of business was to scan the mail for communiqués from *Town Topics* field workers relating to the more unseemly weekend activities—preferably both frivolous and furtive—of social lead-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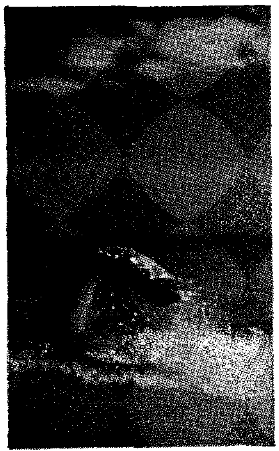

Colombia

Ecuador

Peru

Venezuela

ers in the fashionable cities and resorts along the Eastern Seaboard, weeding out any that concerned people who had bought their way into the Colonel's good graces and doctoring up the rest with the malicious touches that were the hallmark of the Saunterer. The magazine maintained staff correspondents in nearly all the fashionable communities, but many of its choicest items came from agents who were technically amateurs. Years afterward, Robert R. Rowe, who had long served as its Newport representative, recalled that the most diligent of these unpaid informants were persons who hadn't quite made the grade socially; by spying for the Colonel, they could at one stroke take revenge on those who had snubbed them and earn for themselves at least temporary respite from the scorn habitually heaped by the Saunterer on social climbers. Often, such informants delivered their reports to the office by hand on Monday afternoon, having made a quick trip into town for the purpose from, say, the North Shore or the Main Line. As for the Colonel's paid agents, the most prolific of them was a monocled young clubman who stood in slightly better with the *Social Register* than he did with his bank. He was usually received by the Colonel in person—a reception that combined a bone-crushing handshake with a grab for the envelope containing his dispatch. Freeing himself from his editor's clutches and keeping a firm grasp on the envelope, the young man would heft it significantly, whereupon the Colonel would slouch over to the cashier's desk and return with a check. Having exchanged it for the envelope, he would usher the young man out, sometimes growling, just before the door closed, "I wouldn't deposit it for a few days, my boy."

Once the Saunterer's material had crossed the Colonel's desk, much of the time remaining before the deadline was devoted to confirming its accuracy, frequently with the aid of obliging servants in the households concerned. "Above all, the Colonel insisted upon accuracy," an assistant editor once testified in court, and another wrote, after being fired, "The influence of the magazine sprang almost entirely from fear, but its prestige was due to its never-failing accuracy." Mann was well aware that a spreader of even the most racy and amusing tales is in danger of losing his audience if his reliability becomes suspect; the Saunterer held on to his readers because he had a reputation for adhering to the truth, unpalatable as it may have been to those of whom it

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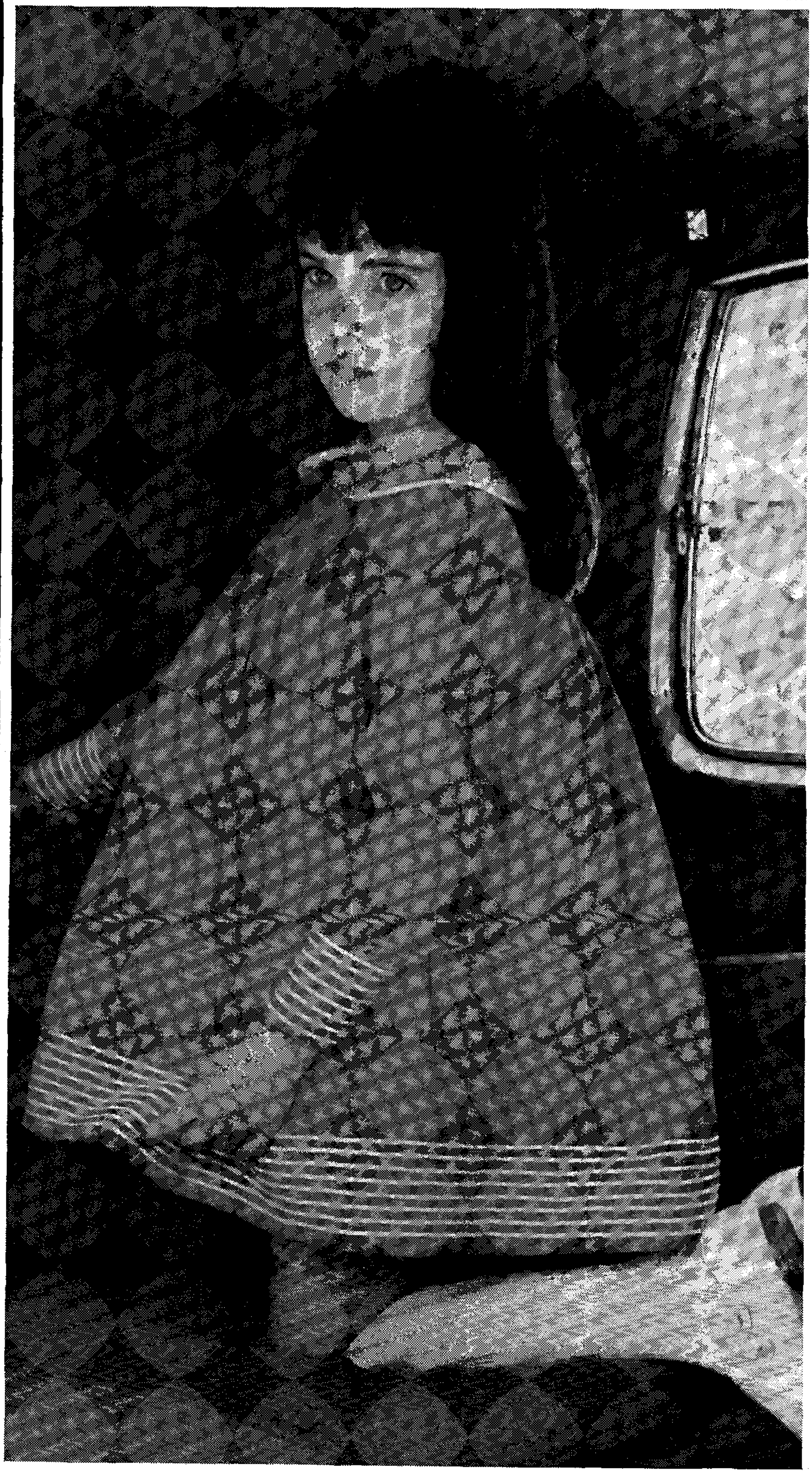

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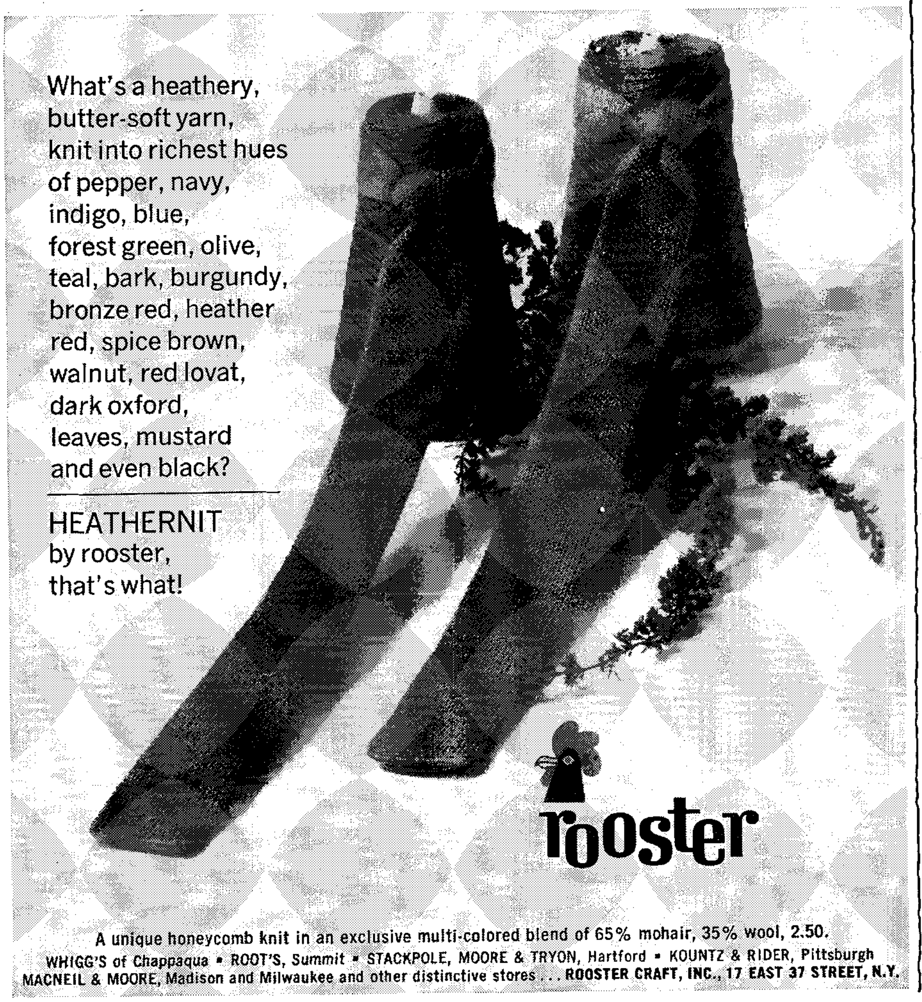

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was told. To be sure, the Colonel reserved the right to change his estimate of an individual so swiftly and unpredictably that the unspeakable profligate of one issue became a polished, genteel man-of-the-world in the next, but then such things are matters of opinion. And anyway the truth has many aspects. Mann had taken over *Town Topics* in 1891 from his younger brother Eugene, who, upon acquiring the magazine, six years earlier, had announced that its guiding motto would be "The Truth, the Whole Truth, and Nothing but the Truth." In succeeding him, the Colonel showed a tendency to be more discriminating.

"New York society . . . is inhabited by jackasses, libertines, and parvenus," the Colonel once informed his readers. "But worst of all, nobody in it can write or speak good English." The responsibility for setting these glittering illiterates an inspiring example of proper prose never weighed more heavily on Mann's shoulders than on Tuesday nights, when, reclining in an outsize swivel chair in his private office, he read the final proofs of "Saunterings" line by line, chuckling to himself from time to time but also exploding wrathfully on occasion over some grammatical blunder. "What damn fool wrote this?" he might shout through his open door. "My Lord, it doesn't even parse!" A misspelled name would also drive him into a frenzy, and he once fired an assistant who let "Rhinelander" go through without the "h."

It was not unusual for the Colonel's Tuesday-night routine to be interrupted by the arrival of an unheralded visitor who, having heard that a ruinous item about himself or a member of his family was about to be sent to the printer's, had resolved to take direct action, if necessary, to have it scrapped. As the visitor advanced through the door into the editor's sanctum, the elderly Colonel, suddenly becoming as agile as a stripling, would spring to his feet, reach out with one hand for his hickory walking stick—which an associate once described as "a weapon that might have floored a mule"—and, with the other hand, seize a pistol that he kept ready for instant use. As far as is known, no blood was shed during any such crisis; the high drama was swiftly transformed into a business negotiation, which ended with the visitor's writing out a check to the Colonel (to be entered in the office books as payment for an advertisement, perhaps, or simply as a loan), the deletion of the item from the current issue—though not from *Town Topics*' files—and the departure

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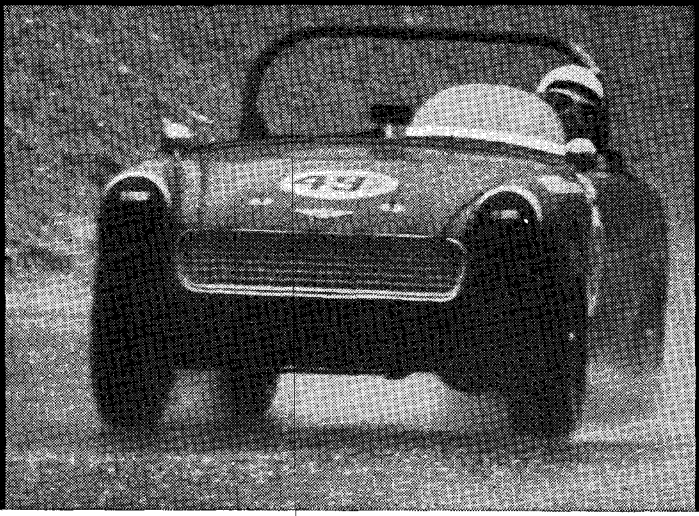

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of the visitor, sighing the long sigh of the reprieved. The Colonel would then resume his reading of the "Saunterings" proofs. It was generally close to three in the morning before he had initialled the last of them, and as he rose to leave, his little band of homebound assistants would shuffle down the stairs and out of the deserted building. This scene had already moved a veteran of the Tuesday-night sessions to lament, in a series of reminiscences he wrote later, that "the peace or misery of many individuals occupying lofty places in society was directly dependent upon what these sleepy-eyed men had been doing" and to liken them to "a gang of small-calibre conspirators who, having laid their dynamite, were departing stealthily to their holes."

Hapgood's trial, which took place before a justice of the criminal branch of the Supreme Court, opened on Monday, January 15, 1906, in a ground-floor chamber of the Criminal Courts Building, on Centre Street, a vast, shabby red brick building that was later described by the lawyer and writer Arthur Train as "one of the gloomiest structures in the world." What went on in that chamber during the next fortnight was the cynosure of throngs of spectators, who began assembling in the building's murky corridors early each morning. The number of seats available to the public dwindled as more social and literary celebrities showed up daily, bearing *laissez-passers* from Hapgood, Collier, or Jerome. In one corner of the courtroom, set off by a railing as the judge's realm, was a special section of seats unofficially reserved for groups of young society matrons, who—"dressed as if for the theatre," according to the *Times*, and shepherded by Mrs. Rob Collier, a granddaughter of Mrs. Astor—punctuated the proceedings by dropping their lorgnettes and gasping in unison at indelicate bits of testimony. Those indelicacies, coupled with the flamboyance of the leading player—which was how Mann was persistently regarded—would have brought out a crowd in any event; what turned the trial into an attraction of carnival proportions was the newspaper hoopla that accompanied it. Day after day, every paper in the city devoted the better part of its first two pages to the performance. When it became known that the foreman of the jury was a cartoonist for *Life*, the leading humorous magazine of the period, the Hearst organization signed him to an exclusive contract to sketch the principals from the jury box. The presiding

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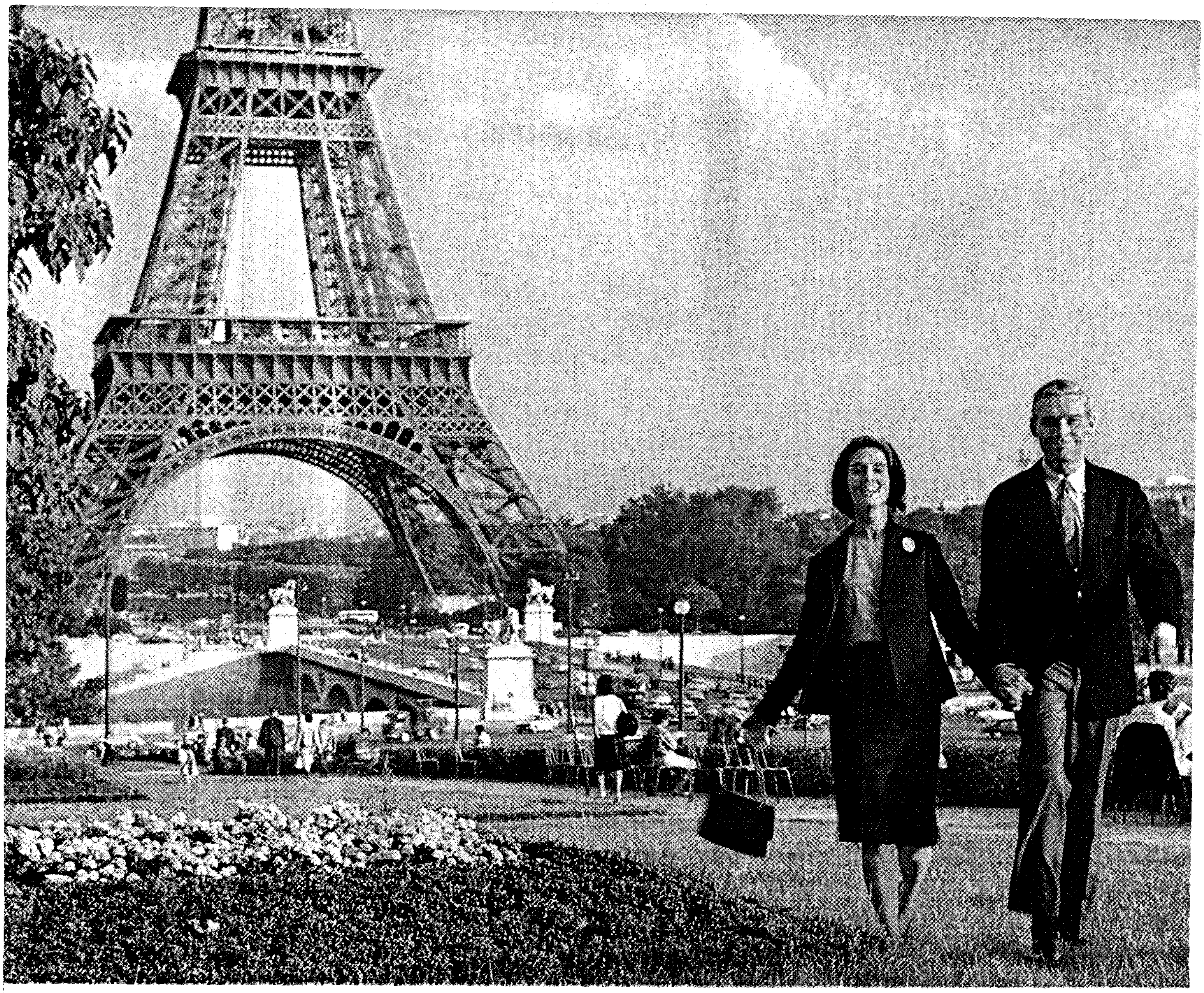

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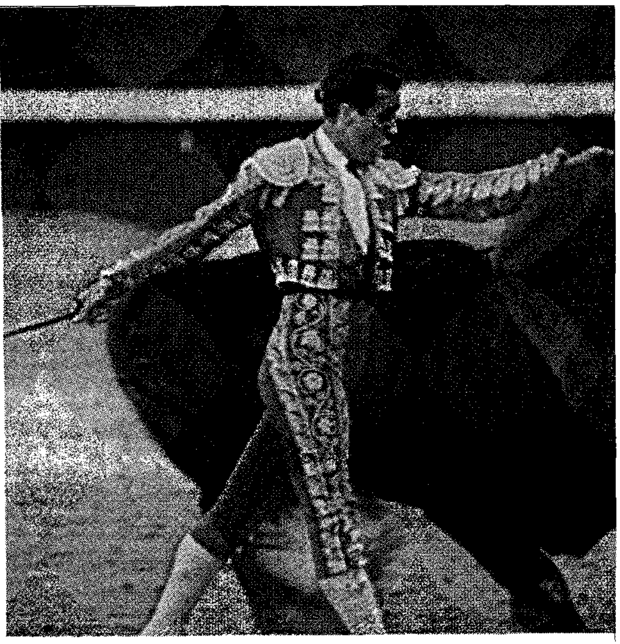

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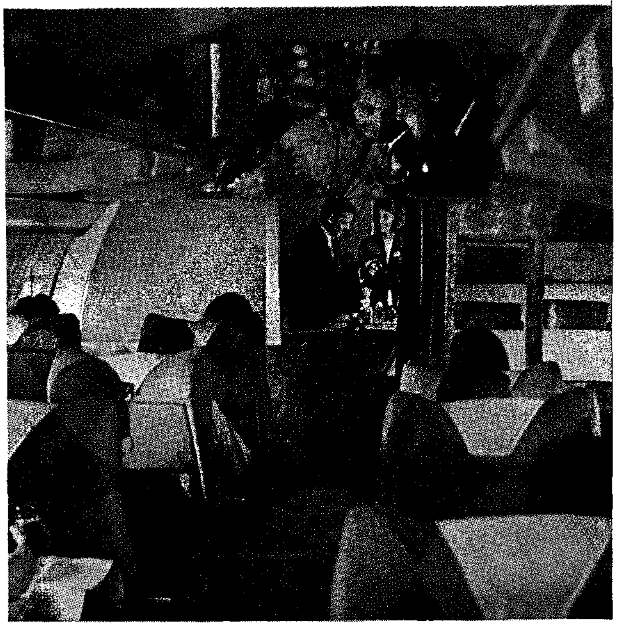

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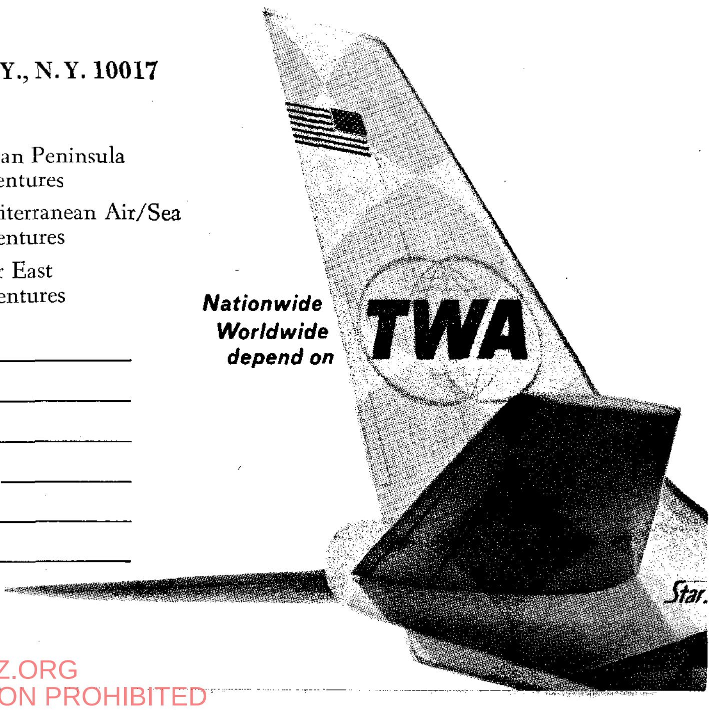
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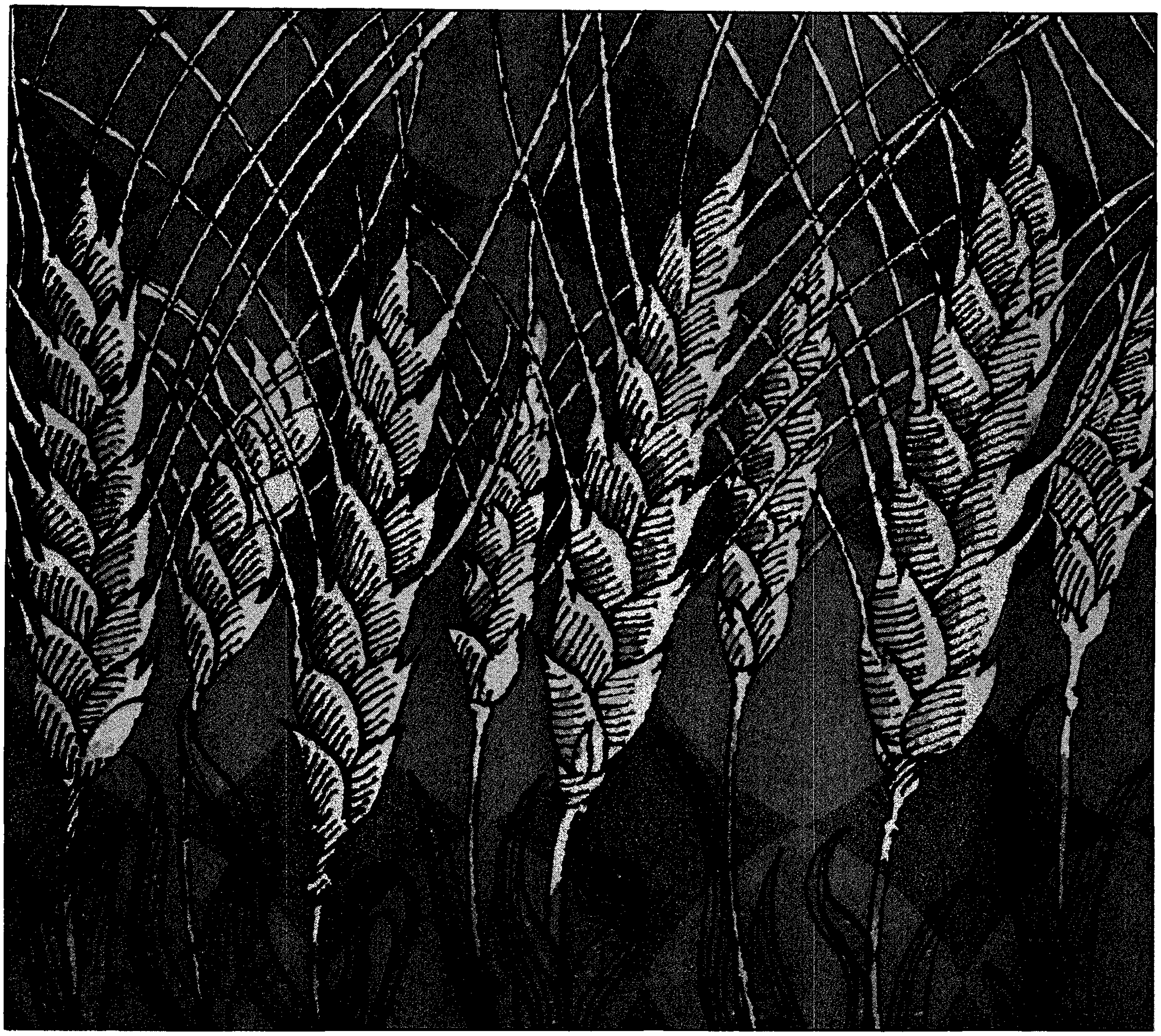

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justice, a chubby man named James Fitzgerald, who seemed dazzled by his audience, took no recorded exception to this unusual form of moonlighting, and, indeed, intruded little into the give-and-take throughout the trial; the most he did was try—whenever he thought of it, apparently—to quell some of the more unseemly outbursts of hilarity among the spectators.

Two front seats were regularly set aside for the complainant, Justice Deuel, and his star witness, Colonel Mann. Deuel, who was sixty years old and white-haired, and had heavy pouches under protruding blue eyes, made a point of dressing with considerable elegance, but his wardrobe received indifferent notices compared to the clothes worn by the Colonel, who arrived in court each morning attired in his conventional workaday costume—high silk hat, Prince Albert coat, pin-striped trousers, either a yellow or a bright-red waistcoat, and, usually, a red tie that, in the words of one reporter, "seemed to bore a hole through his King Leopold beard." The beard, a dense and untamed one of brilliant white that was worn in the split-chin fashion of two decades earlier, cascaded over the Colonel's chest to spread opulently across the prodigious expanse of his waistcoat. Mann also had a luxuriant white mustache, thick white eyebrows, and a mop of long, silky white hair that sprang back from a lustrous bald spot; in contrast to all this whiteness, his nose, a large one, was fiercely red and his general complexion a tasteful shade of port wine. When a witness was on the stand, the Colonel fixed a pair of sparkling blue-gray eyes steadily on his face, and he reacted so histrionically to each turn of the testimony—groaning, smiling, stamping his foot, tearing at his whiskers—that he might have been taken for a defendant facing the gallows rather than just a witness, and a witness for the prosecution at that.

Among those whose attention was sometimes diverted from the witness box by the Colonel's emotional throes were the lawyers for the defense—James W. Osborne, a tall, jovial, and vigorous man, and Edward M. Shepard, who was small and wiry, wore his thin hair long and his collars high, and rarely raised his voice. Colonel Mann, who regarded himself as an arbiter in politics as well as in society, had recently endorsed both men in the columns of *Town Topics* as candidates for municipal office—Shepard in 1903, when he had unsuccessfully run for mayor, and Osborne two years later, when he

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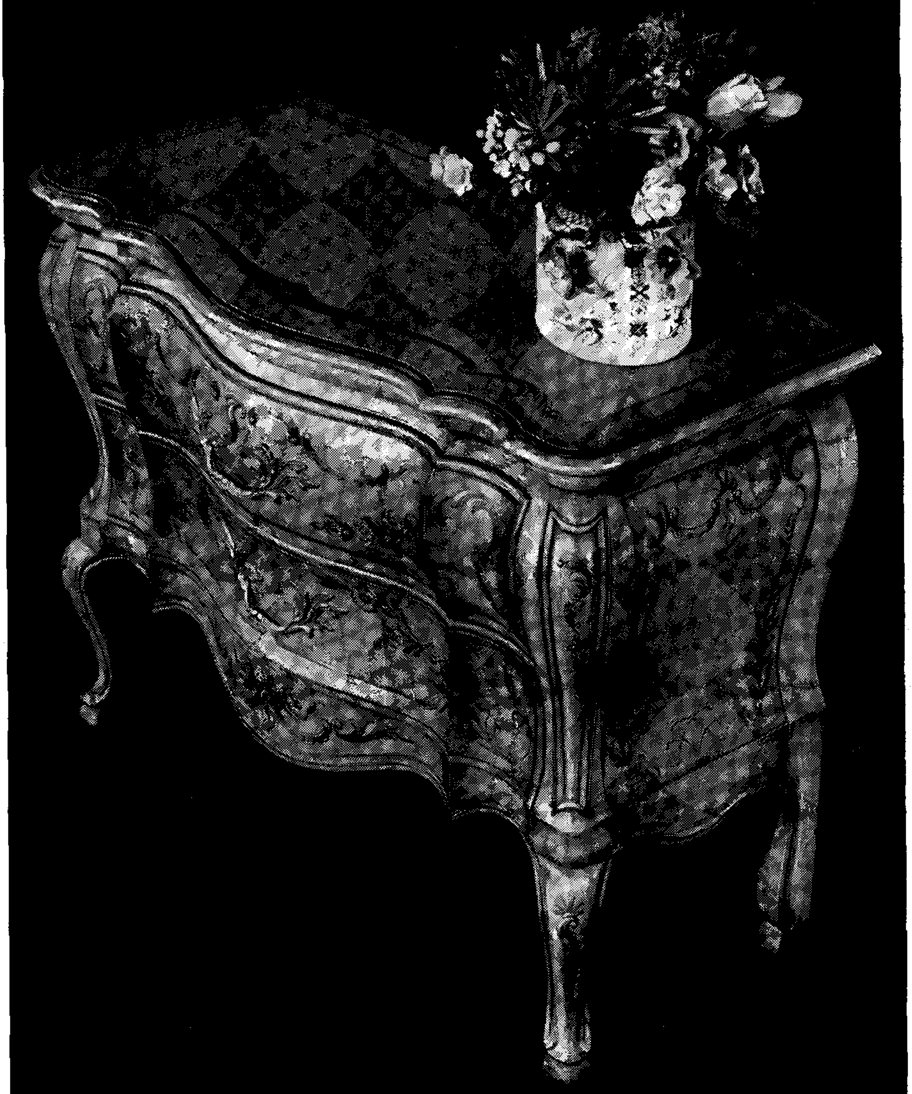

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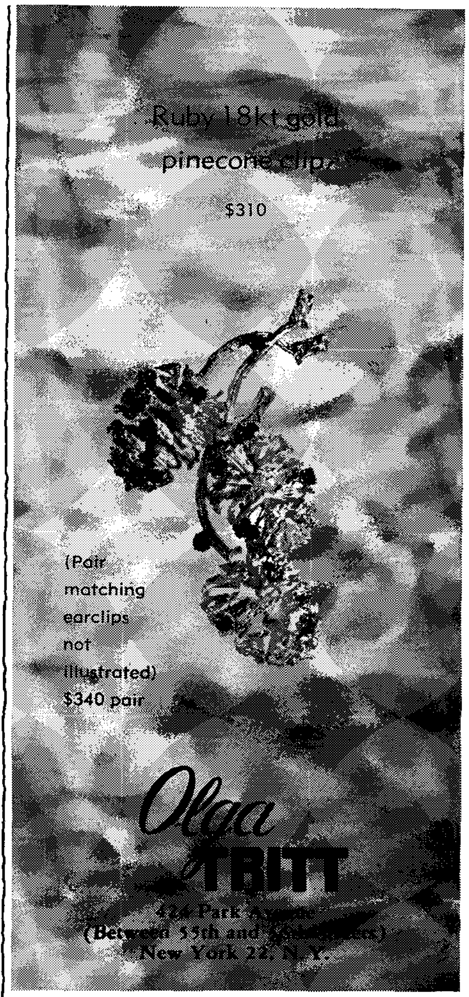
had vainly challenged the incumbent Jerome for the post of District Attorney. The other regulars at the defense table were Hapgood—lean and ascetic-looking, his face long and equine, and his eyes aloof behind pince-nez, and young Collier, who was continually diving in and out of the courtroom, hallooing at acquaintances and giving the impression of a young man having the time of his life playing the role of lay strategist for the defense. (His father, although he was footing the not inconsiderable bills of Hapgood's team of lawyers, was foxhunting on the Continent at the time.) Hovering on the fringe of this group were two rather seedy émigrés from the Colonel's staff—Moses Ellis Wooster, who had been chief solicitor of subscriptions for a vanity book Mann had published called *Fads and Fancies of Representative Americans*, and Charles Stokes Wayne, who had been fired as *Town Topics*' managing editor after the Colonel learned of his involvement in the extracurricular project scotched by Post. Three months before the trial, both Wooster and Wayne had gone on the Colliers' payroll as advisers to the defense, receiving salaries of a hundred dollars a week apiece, plus expenses.

The only principal in the case who sometimes succeeded in overshadowing the Colonel as the center of attention was District Attorney Jerome, a striking figure, six feet tall and muscular, with a swashbuckling manner and brooding, heavy-lidded eyes. At the time of the trial, Jerome was one of the three best-known men in America, in the judgment of Milton MacKaye, expressed in an article written a quarter of a century later, the two others being William Jennings Bryan and Theodore Roosevelt. Jerome then held the distinction of being the only man ever elected to an important office in New York County as a political independent, having stood off Tammany in 1901 to win the post of District Attorney, and then both Tammany and the Republicans in 1905 to retain it. A first cousin of Jennie Jerome, Winston Churchill's mother, and a birthright member of the society that many of the Colonel's victims were trying to crash, Jerome had started his public career, in 1888, as a Tammany-appointed assistant district attorney but had soon broken with his sponsors and in 1894 had helped elect a reform mayor, who appointed him a judge in the Court of Special Sessions. During the next six years, he had made himself a symbol of rampant moral indignation by interpreting his judicial duties so broadly



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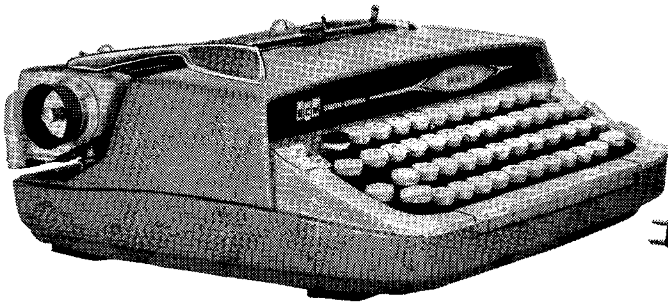

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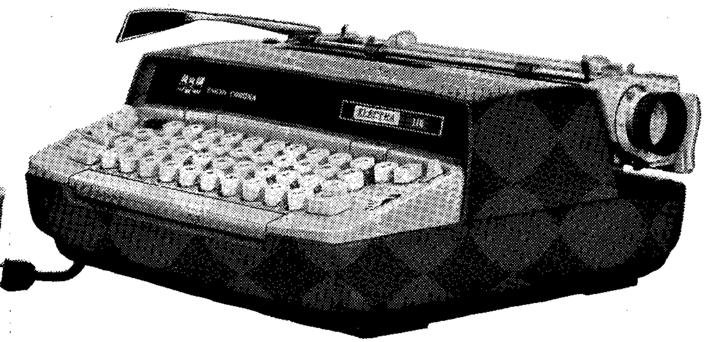

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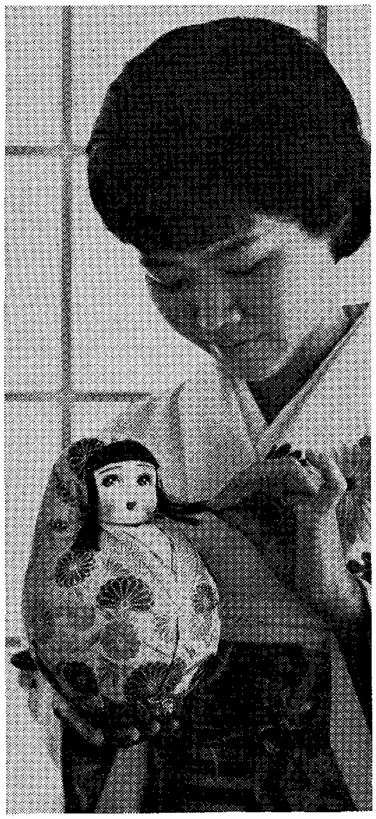

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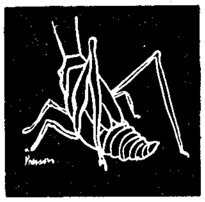
that almost every night, upon descending from the bench, he would set out with a hatchet brigade to raid some prominent gambling house and, having broken in, would then and there, in the words of a report in *Collier's*, "hold court upon a table in the captured stronghold, surrounded by the spoils of victory." Yet Jerome was no bluenose; not only did he himself openly play cards but he indulged in drink, used elaborate profanity, and, in an age when a yellow finger was a token of depravity, had acquired the nickname of Cigarette Willie—a combination of factors that for many people took the curse off the term "reformer," which was one that he, too, professed to detest.

The prosecution's opening witness was the man who had brought the charges—Justice Deuel—and he spent much of the first day reviewing his career in public service. Following an appointment as Commonwealth Attorney in Virginia in 1869, during the carpetbagging days, he was admitted to the New York bar, served as a police magistrate in New York during the nineties, and in 1903 was appointed a justice of the Children's Court. He had first met Mann about twenty years earlier, and had then done some legal work for the Colonel, who at the time was engaged here in manufacturing sleeping cars. He and Mann were excellent friends, he testified, although he was "the very image of a Republican" and the Colonel the strongest kind of Democrat. It was merely as a token of this friendship, he said, that the Colonel had given him thirty shares of *Town Topics* stock in 1896 and five years later had made him vice-president of the Town Topics Publishing Company. Jerome then turned his witness over to the defense counsel for cross-examination.

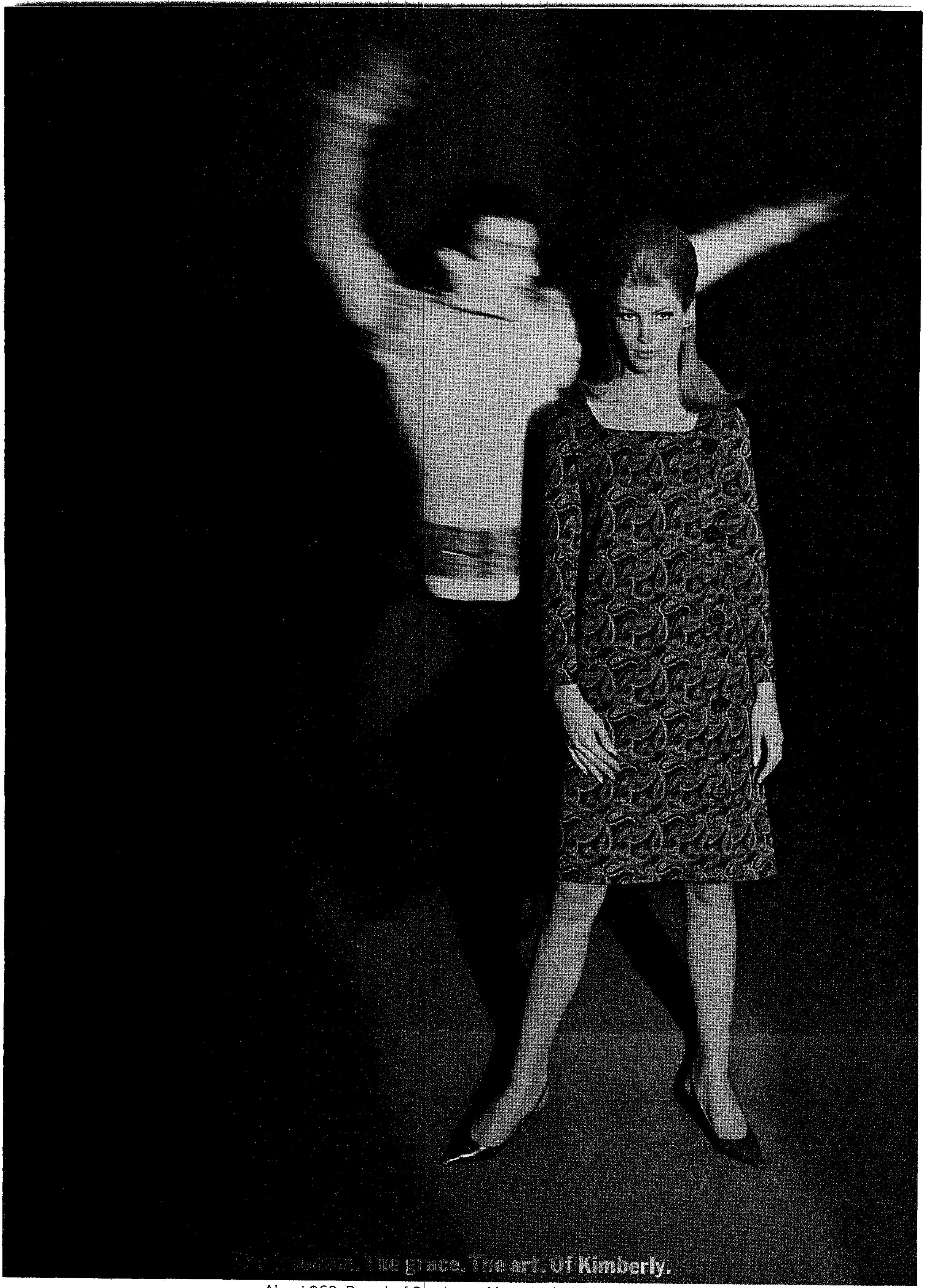


Osborne first read aloud a section of the City Charter stipulating that "no justice shall receive . . . any fees or perquisites . . . nor carry on any business or practice as an attorney," and then asked Deuel if he had any comment. Deuel conceded that it had been his custom to read proofs of *Town Topics* articles before they went to press, but he maintained that this occupation had nothing to do with applying his knowledge of libel law—that it was undertaken purely for his personal "pleasure and amusement." While it was true that he had a desk of his own at the office, he went on, this was only because he had been writing a series of reports for *Town Topics* on crime in New York and the office was "a convenient place" for research on the subject. This remark caused Osborne to laugh uproariously, but not for long. Picking up a document from the defense table, he read aloud the minutes of a *Town Topics* corporate meeting held in 1901 at which Deuel himself had moved that the magazine pay him twelve hundred dollars a year for his services. The motion had been passed, Osborne declared, and he went on to introduce a number of ledger pages showing that *Town Topics* had also paid the Justice a bonus from time to time.

Turning to the witness, Osborne asked, "Do you admit the record?"

Deuel replied, "I'll have to," and court recessed for the day.

The next morning, Osborne read into the record a number of letters written by Deuel to Wooster between 1901 and 1903, some of them on stationery of the City Magistrate's Court, which was where Deuel had been sitting at the time. In a typical one, which Wooster had received in August, 1901, while he was in Newport prospecting for *Fads and Fancies*, Deuel had urged him to greater efforts: "You are seeding the garden, and I trust with gentle cultivation . . . we will yet fill our baskets quite full of either flowers or fruit. I want to see some big money. . . . Have you run down Marshall Field? If you get them all, we'll have a spree when you get back." In another, written a few months later, Deuel had expressed the hope that the people whom Wooster approached would respond "like Davy Crockett's 'coon'—all you need to do is point your gun and every high-toned, desirable citizen at Palm Beach may tumble instantly into your basket." Putting the letters aside, Osborne asked Deuel if it was true that society leaders sometimes turned up in the *Town Topics* office on the night the magazine went to press and offered ten thousand dollars to have this or that item suppressed. Deuel replied that he thought the amount was never more than four thousand—in payment for perfectly legitimate advertising contracts, of course. Was he aware, Osborne asked, that while he was occupying the Colonel's office in the summer of 1905 a paragraph had appeared in *Town Topics* that had caused a well-known society figure to commit suicide? (The question referred to the death, some months before, of William Travers, Jr., son of the cele-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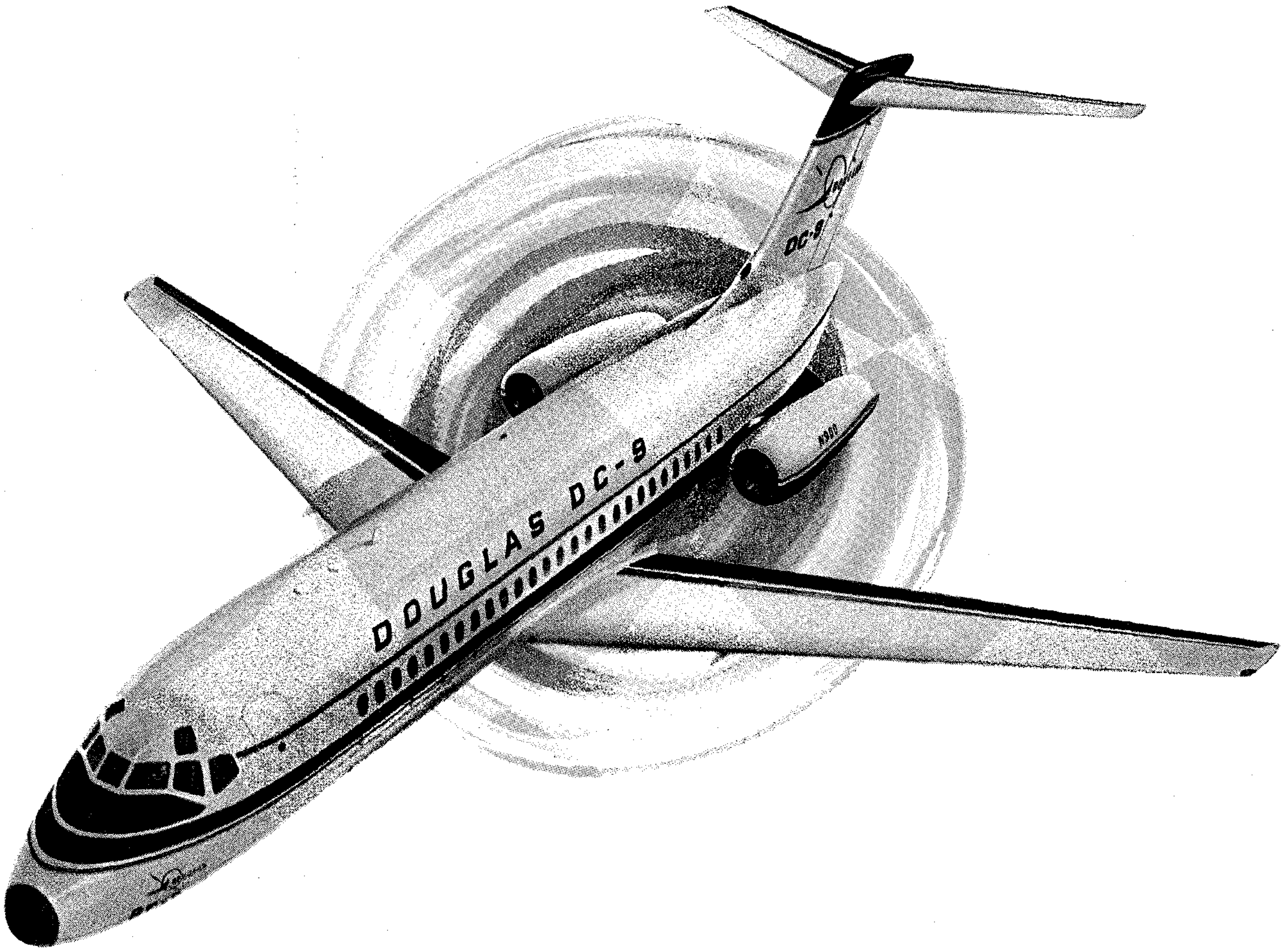

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brated wit and Delmonico's habitué for whom District Attorney Jerome had been named.) Deuel said he had read about it in the papers. Osborne then inquired about a piece of property on West Thirty-eighth Street that was owned by the Town Topics Publishing Company and had a mortgage on it given by the Equitable Life Assurance Society. Jerome interrupted him. "We have no objection to admitting that *Town Topics* borrowed a hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars from Equitable," he said.

"On unimproved property?" Osborne asked, his voice rising in astonishment.

"On unimproved property," Jerome agreed affably.

Osborne next read aloud a number of flattering references to James Hazen Hyde, the chief stockholder in the Equitable company and the son of its founder, that had appeared in *Town Topics* in the weeks following this transaction. While young Hyde was in control of the company, Osborne asked, hadn't Equitable also run a series of six-thousand-dollar ads in the magazine in several languages, including Russian? Deuel agreed that it had. Was *Town Topics* widely read in Russia?

"*Town Topics* is widely read everywhere," Deuel answered smartly, regaining a little of his accustomed spirit.

At the conclusion of his ordeal, the defense handed the jurors copies of twenty-four paragraphs that had appeared in *Town Topics* after the persons named in them had refused to subscribe to *Fads and Fancies*, and that were deemed too salacious to be read in open court. Then, shortly before three o'clock on Thursday, January 18, 1906, Colonel Mann was called to the stand.

This was the moment that the scholarly defendant and the reform-minded prosecutor had been working toward for months, but the dramatic scene opened on such a matter-of-fact note that the uninitiated observer would never have guessed it. Aside from the formality of establishing the fact that Colonel Mann had been the editor and publisher of *Town Topics* since 1891, Jerome's direct examination of his witness consisted of only two questions. The first was "Does *Town Topics* print scandal?" and the Colonel's answer was "No." The second was "Has it ever been guilty of levying blackmail . . . or publishing anything in consideration of money being paid?" The Colonel's answer was "Absolutely not!" The District Attorney then

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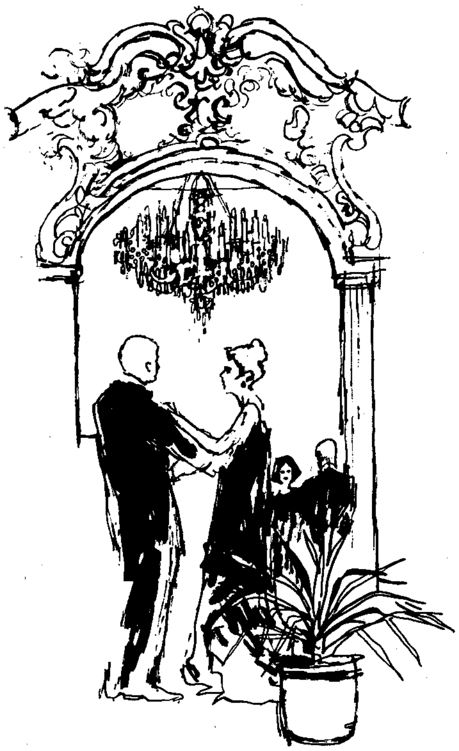

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turned his witness over to the defense for cross-examination, and since it was fairly late in the afternoon, Osborne contented himself with making a couple of minor points before court recessed for the day.

The next morning, however, it became clear to one and all that the Colonel had really got himself in a pickle, for Osborne started right off by reading into the record three paragraphs from *Town Topics* that dealt with Reginald Ward, a highflying entrepreneur from Boston who had invaded the field of international finance in the late nineties. The first, printed in 1901, linked Ward with "a scandal that savors strongly of the Oscar Wilde type." The second, printed in 1902, noted that Ward was "soon to wed a widow of title who has seen at least sixty-five winters" and continued, "Mr. Ward is more of a dandy than ever. He wears his fingernails long and each finger is loaded with rings." The third, printed in 1904, reported that upon returning to this country from a visit to England he had "received notable social attention," that "his old friends in the Union and Metropolitan Clubs, where he has always been very popular, were glad to have him with them," and that "few men have gone from the States to London and established themselves more successfully in both the social and financial worlds than Reginald Ward." Now, did Mann deny, Osborne asked, that between the appearance of the second item and the appearance of the third Ward had transferred to him ten thousand shares of stock in the Rico Syndicate, a copper-mining enterprise? Mann could not recall. Letters confirming the transfer were then read into the record, together with a note from Ward to Wooster—written, in a tremulous hand, after the stock transfer had taken place—saying that he was "looking forward with much interest to the paragraphs to which you refer," and that "I wish you would please put my name down on the regular list of *Town Topics*, so that I will get it regularly, if not too much trouble." At the bottom of this letter was the notation "O.K.—W.D.M." Mann denied that he had written the notation, and even that he had ever laid eyes on the letter.

Osborne then asked whether the Colonel had ever borrowed money from the banker and diplomat Perry Belmont. "Yes, four thousand dollars" was the reply. Without security? "Yes." Had Perry Belmont also handed over ten thousand dollars to the Colonel for a hundred shares of United States Steel stock, whose value on the

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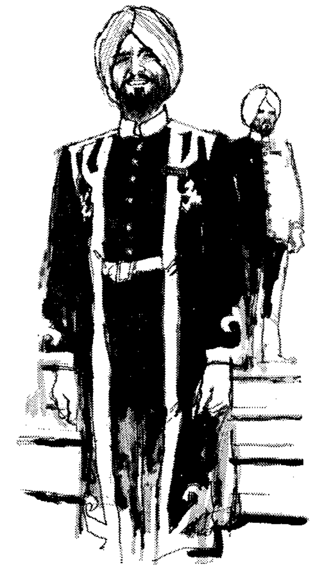

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Stock Exchange had never gone above fifty dollars a share? "Yes." Had *Town Topics* consistently accorded Perry Belmont favorable treatment thereafter? The Colonel couldn't remember. To refresh his memory, Osborne read into the record a series of paragraphs from *Town Topics*, all flattering to Belmont, and then read a letter that the Colonel had written to his managing editor, from London, the previous July, advising him that "I wish to show that the Perry Belmonts are invited to all the best affairs here."

Next, Osborne asked if Mann had ever attempted to borrow money from Perry Belmont's younger brother, O. H. P. Belmont. The Colonel couldn't recall having done so. He was temporarily excused, and O. H. P. Belmont, wearing what one observer described as "the highest collar in captivity" and carrying a glistening silk hat, took the stand, whereupon the Colonel became "agitated and nervous," the *American* reported. The younger Belmont testified that in 1899 Colonel Mann had called on him and requested five thousand dollars in return for some shares of *Town Topics* stock; that he had refused the request; that Mann had then written him a letter (which the witness produced in court) requesting an outright loan of two thousand dollars; and that, having refused this request as well—along with one that he pay fifteen hundred dollars for a writeup in *Fads and Fancies*—he had been the target of some fifty abusive items in *Town Topics*. Recalled to the stand, the Colonel thought he could now remember having tried to put the bite on O. H. P. Belmont, and admitted that he might have dictated most of the damaging items.

As the cross-examination continued into the afternoon, Mann's ordinarily rasping voice gradually lost its strength. Time and again, Osborne would lean forward with a hand cupped behind one ear and derisively ask the witness to repeat what he had just said.

"Did you ever borrow money from E. Clarence Jones, the broker?" the lawyer demanded late in the day.

The question seemed potentially no more damaging than many that had preceded it, but at this point Mann's spirit collapsed, and, turning to Justice Fitzgerald, he said weakly, "I don't want to answer."

Told that he must, he admitted having borrowed ten thousand dollars from Jones.

Had he repaid it?

"Probably not."

After Osborne's next question—a

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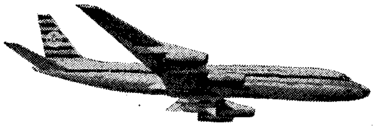

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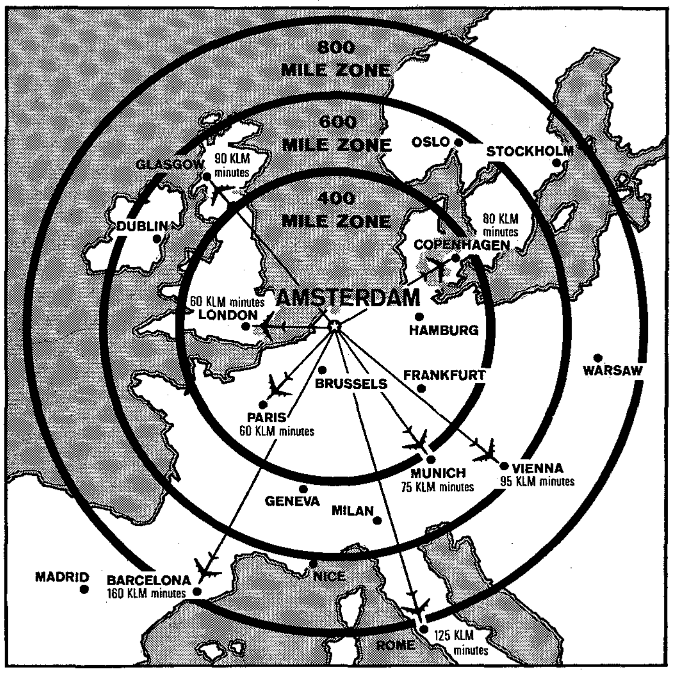
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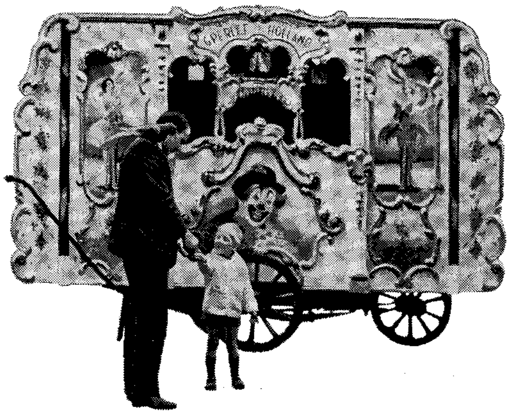

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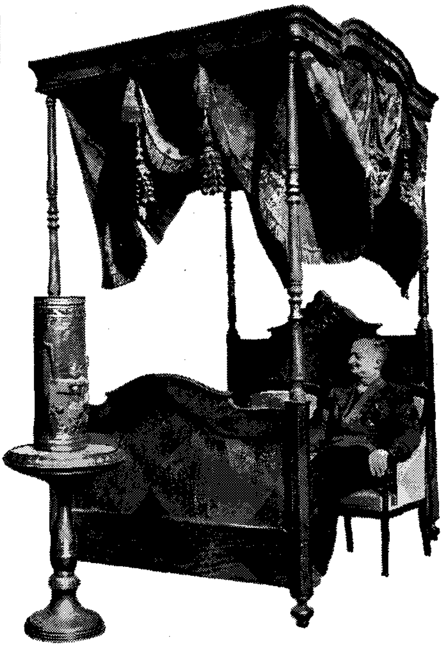

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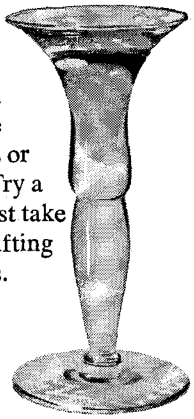

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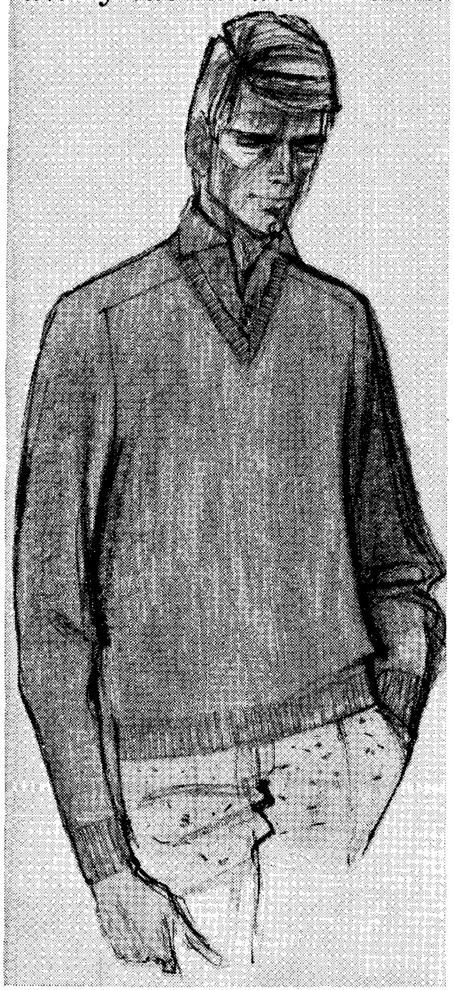

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trifling one—the Colonel whispered that he did not care to answer further, on the ground that it would degrade him, and a recess was called until after the weekend.

ON Sunday morning, the *World* reported that, in view of Mann's calamitous performance the previous day, the defense was afraid that Deuel would put an end to the proceedings by withdrawing his complaint. But apparently Deuel felt that it was already too late, and on Monday Colonel Mann, in a yellow waistcoat and looking somewhat more chipper, again took the stand. In response to renewed questioning by Osborne, he conceded that since the mid-nineties he had received, and failed to repay, personal loans of $25,000 from William K. Vanderbilt; $14,000 from Dr. W. Seward Webb, Vanderbilt's brother-in-law; $1,000 from William C. Whitney; $2,500 from J. Pierpont Morgan; $3,000 and $2,500, respectively, from George and Howard Gould, sons of Jay Gould; $5,000 from Collis P. Huntington; $76,000 from James R. Keene, the freebooting stock-market manipulator; $20,000 from John (Bet a Million) Gates; $3,000 from Roswell P. Flower, a broker and former governor of New York; $1,500 from Grant B. Schley, another broker; and $10,000 each from Charles M. Schwab and Thomas Fortune Ryan. Along with the $4,000 from Perry Belmont and the $10,000 from E. Clarence Jones, the outstanding loans came to $187,500—a total that did not include Mann's inordinate profit on the hundred shares of United States Steel stock he had unloaded on Perry Belmont, or any loans that the defense hadn't happened to ask him about, or a personal profit of approximately $100,000 that he had realized on *Fads and Fancies*, or whatever percentage of the advertising revenue from *Town Topics* he had pocketed. "How can such things be?" the *Evening Post* asked in an editorial a few days later. "There were our hardest-headed men of business, our keenest speculators, our grimmest promoters, our coolest brokers . . . all classed as ready dupes of a transparent bunco game. Why could Colonel Mann count so safely upon finding so large a proportion of gulls among the men of great wealth?"

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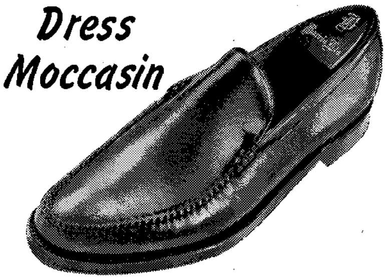

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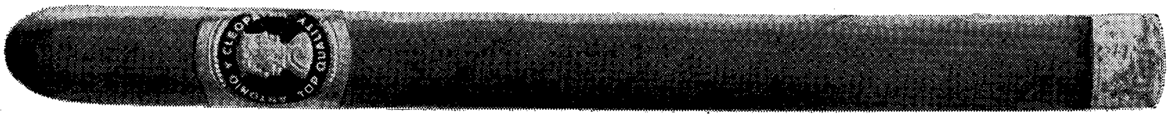

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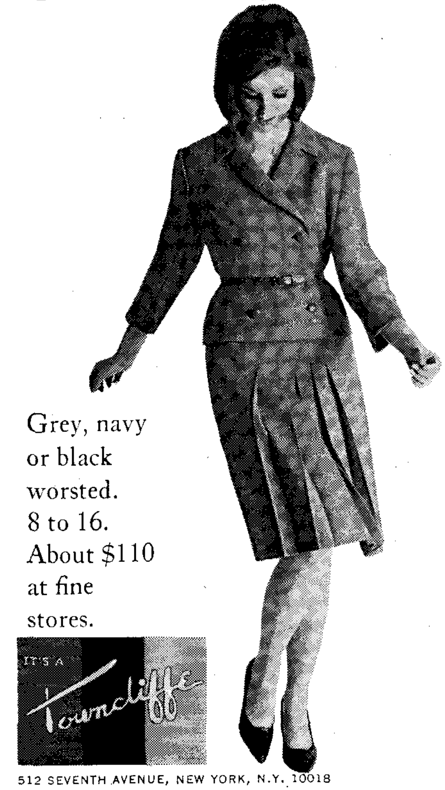

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money. Their wealth was relatively free of taxes, their means of making it had not yet been hampered by reform, and their heedless dispersal of seemingly unlimited funds was regarded as a natural right. Many of these new millionaires had set their hearts on being accepted by the Pooh-Bahs of society, who were *Town Topics'* most constant readers, so the fees they paid for a flattering endorsement by the Saunterer struck them as no more than a reasonable expense item on the social road up—like the hiring of a good chef or the purchase of good vintages. In any event, the price the Colonel exacted for their peace of mind—or for the peace of mind of their womenfolk—made only a trifling dent in the vast means at their disposal. It may even be that some of the despoiled robber barons, who had so ruthlessly wielded their power to get what they wanted in the course of their own careers, had paid their tribute to the Colonel out of rueful respect—even a wry amusement—at the notion of another kind of predatory brigand daring, in his own small way, to beat them at their own game.

As the roll call continued from the stand, it began to seem that the Colonel's roster of patsies must have included every well-known millionaire in America, but that was not quite the situation. Some people could have well afforded to pay for admission to *Fads and Fancies* or for charitable treatment in "Saunterings" but had declined to do so, among them Andrew Carnegie, Henry Clay Frick, and the Rockefellers—all of them men whose concept of the full life did not include the sufferance of the gilt-chair-and-cotillion set—and the Colonel had also been snubbed by Rhinelanders and the Hyde Park Roosevelts, the affluence of those families extending far enough back for them to be able to view an upstart gossip sheet in perspective. As for why some members of certain equally well-entrenched families lent Mann money that they never expected to see again, or else paid to get in on the *Fads and Fancies* deal, it can only be conjectured that in many cases the answers lie buried in *Town Topics* paragraphs whose distressing overtones are no longer audible.

With his eyes on the soiled frescoes decorating the ceiling of the dreary old courtroom, Mann set off an incredulous shaking of heads by testifying that the loans made to him by his apparently unquestioning benefactors were for the most part not only wholly unsecured but legally uncollectible, since all the property he supposedly owned, includ-

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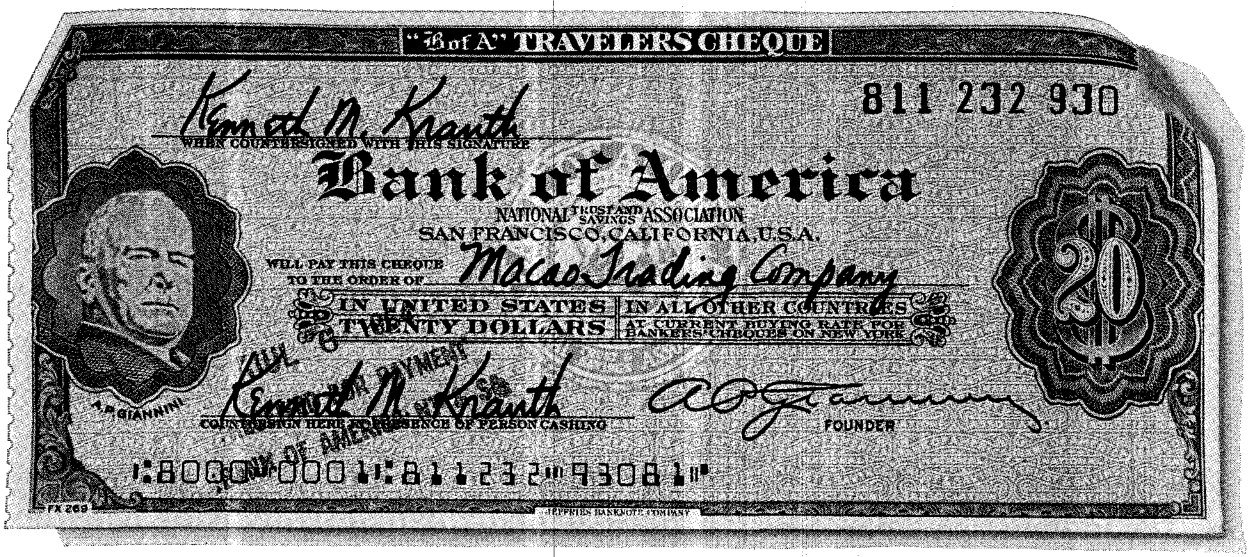

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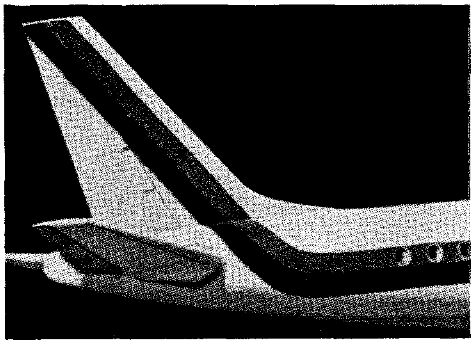

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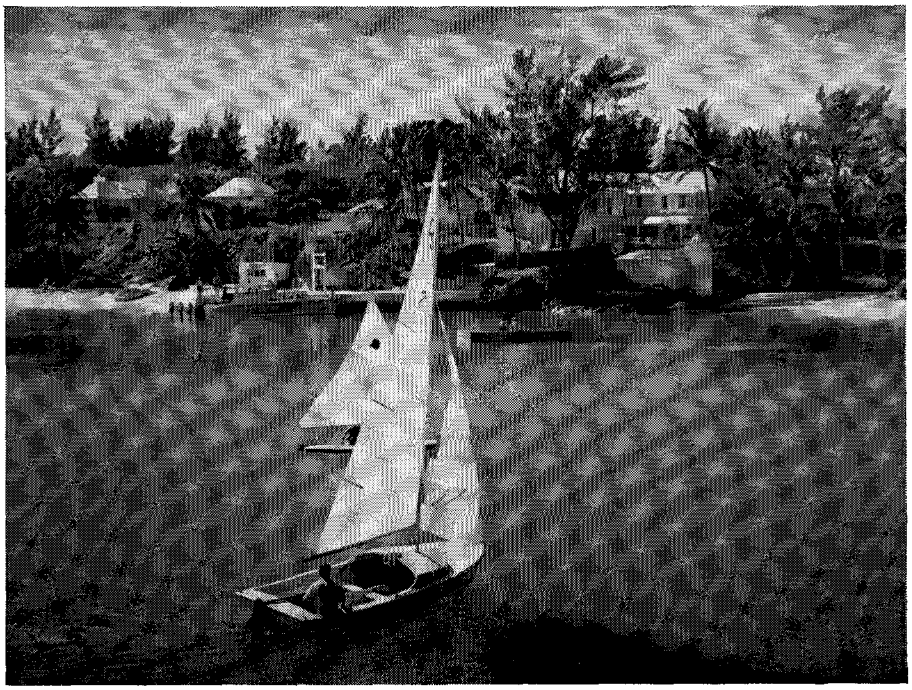
ing *Town Topics*, was in his daughter's name. "You could not collect a judgment against me in the last ten years," he said. Nevertheless, he contended that the loans had been made as ordinary business transactions. In illustration, he cited his debt of $76,000 to Keene, explaining that the loan had originally amounted to $90,000—he had since repaid $14,000 of it—and that he had secured it by giving the speculator a second mortgage for that amount on the West Thirty-eighth Street property, the property in which Equitable Life already held a first mortgage of $165,000. But the transaction, it seemed, was not typical; few of the other loans had been secured even as shakily as that. To get the ten-thousand-dollar loan from Schwab, for example, Mann had simply called him up one morning and asked him for the money, and it had been delivered to the Colonel at his *Town Topics* office that afternoon; Ryan, upon being similarly tapped for the same amount, had apologized for being very busy that day but had promised that the ten thousand would be ready the following morning, and it was. In his deals with Gates, Howard Gould, Webb, and Vanderbilt, which netted him $61,500, Mann either sold them stock in *Town Topics* or put it up as collateral, presumably with the connivance of his daughter. He valued the stock at between a thousand and fifteen hundred dollars a share, although it paid no dividends. As for Morgan and Jones, the Colonel thought he might have given them notes.

Hadn't Mann, Osborne asked, stopped referring to Jones' wife as "a former Bowery girl" after the broker had paid him his ten thousand?

"Why shouldn't I?" the Colonel replied, raising his eyebrows quizzically.

The newspapers next morning fell delightedly on the Colonel's testimony that some of New York's leading society figures were secretly part owners of a publication they publicly deplored. None of them ever appeared as stockholders of record, however, and it seems probable that if any shares in the magazine actually changed hands, as collateral or otherwise, they were soon, on second thought, returned to sender. At any rate, such was the case with William K. Vanderbilt, as Mann himself, at his own request, took the stand later that day to testify. He said that, a few months after his fruitful financial discussion with the Commodore's grandson, Vanderbilt had invited him down to his office and given him back both the stock ("I suppose he did not think



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it was worth anything," the Colonel said in a low voice) and Mann's notes for twenty-five thousand dollars. As he did so, Mann went on to say, Vanderbilt had told him that "he did not care to lend me any more money, but he said he hoped I would get on." Here, the *World* reported, "Colonel Mann shed genuine tears. . . . They were not very plentiful, it is true, but he did weep when he spoke of Mr. Vanderbilt's kindness to him." Unmoved, Jerome asked him, just before resting his case, why he thought the notoriously unapproachable J. Pierpont Morgan would lend twenty-five hundred dollars without security to a comparative stranger. The Colonel's mumbled response lacked the clarity and impeccable grammar that he prided himself on as an editor. "I went to Mr. Morgan the same as I did to the other men of prominence," he said, "and asked them because I felt they were of such standing that if they accommodated me there would be no occasion for me to criticize them." The next morning, the *American* printed a bit of verse in which the poet wrote that personally, in view of the way Jerome had "run the present trial of Hapgood up to date," he "would rather be defendant than the witness for the state."

THE first witness for the defense was Robert Irving, who had at one time assisted Wooster in soliciting subscriptions to *Fads and Fancies*. He had barely begun to testify when Jerome gratuitously reminded him that he had been promised immunity by the District Attorney's Office and therefore "all you have to do is tell the truth." Then Shepard, taking over the examination from Osborne, asked Irving to name those who had declined to subscribe, and the witness named, among others, Peter Cooper Hewitt, grandson of Peter Cooper, and Ogden Mills, the banker. Irving had also tackled Cornelius Vanderbilt but had quickly given up on him, because the financier had concealed a stenographer behind a screen to make a verbatim record of their conversation and had then sent a copy of the transcript to the Colonel with a warning that he would "take measures" if he were approached again.

The next witness was Wooster, who testified that he had definitely seen Colonel Mann initial the Ward letter. Ninety-three persons had paid the required fee for admission to *Fads and Fancies*, he continued, but a number of them—ten, apparently—had done so with the proviso that their names not appear in the volume. The witness let

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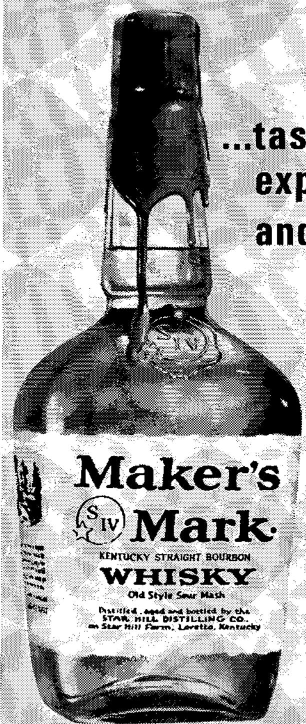
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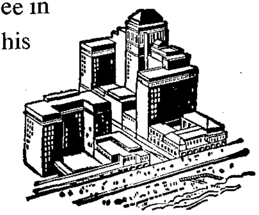

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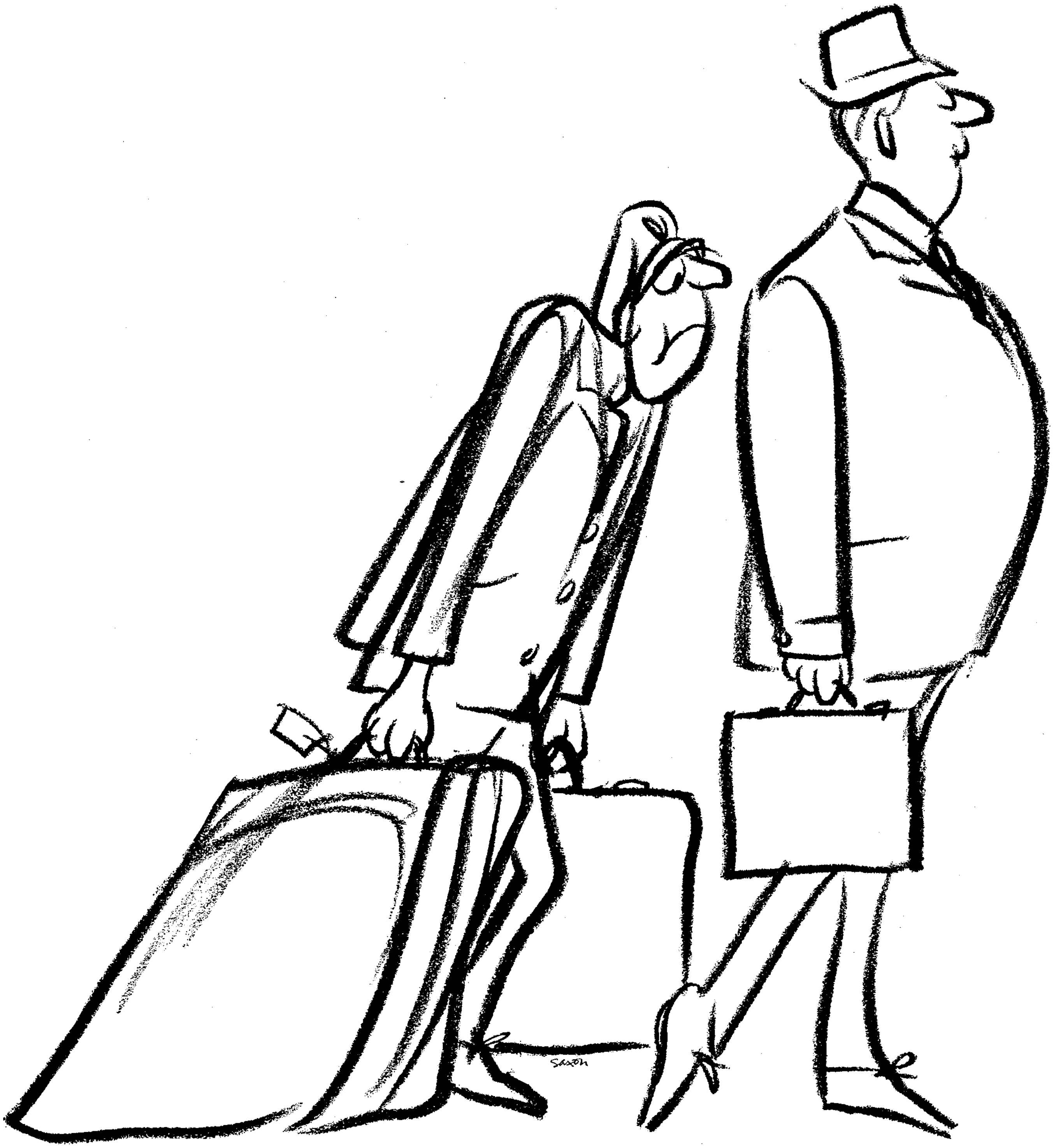

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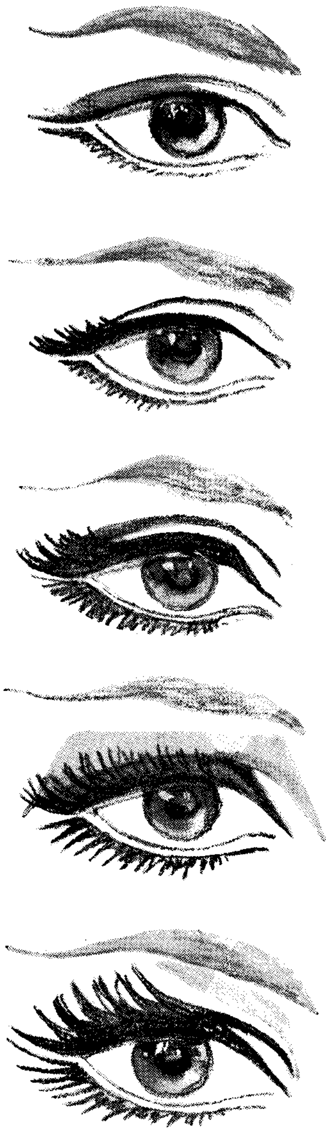

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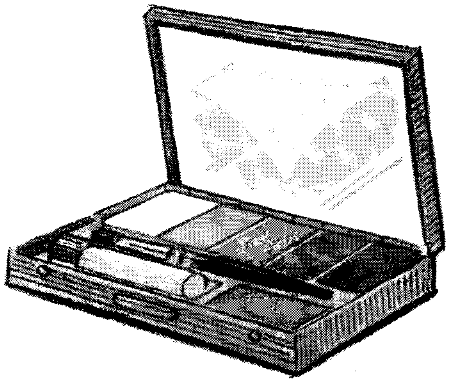


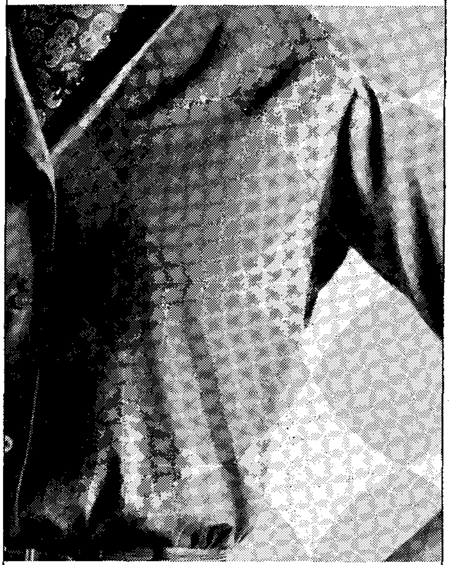
Elizabeth Arden

fall a clue to Mann's idea of a "representative American" in describing how the Colonel had given him the lowdown on John R. Hegeman, president of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company: "He said that Mr. Hegeman was a very wealthy man, an old bandit who had been robbing widows and orphans, and a very representative man who should be captured."

After Wooster retired, there was a great stir among the spectators as a tall man with a ruddy, jovial face and a walrus mustache stomped down the aisle to the front of the courtroom, removing a fur cap as he went. This was Commodore Elbridge T. Gerry, corporation lawyer and founder of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. (His rank, as Mann often afterward pointed out in *Town Topics*, was earned not in combat but during seven years at the helm of the New York Yacht Club.) It seemed that early in 1901 Wooster, bearing an introduction from Deuel, had called on Gerry to sound him out as a prospect for *Fads and Fancies*, and that the Commodore had sent him packing with language that, he now testified, had been "somewhat emphatic." Later, he had received a series of letters from Deuel begging him to reconsider, defending the Colonel as one who had been "maligned and misunderstood beyond measure," and asserting that to his knowledge Mann had on occasion been offered at least twenty thousand dollars to suppress an item in *Town Topics* but "never takes a position for mercenary motives." Loud laughter in the court.

When the merriment had subsided, the Commodore's place was taken by Wayne, the former managing editor of *Town Topics*. A sad-looking middle-aged man with a vast, drooping mustache, he listed for the defense the names of a number of persons who were immune to criticism in the magazine, adding, however, that "immunes came and went." As Deuel and Mann leaned forward in their chairs, Wayne testified that among those solidly entrenched as of the previous summer were all the subscribers to *Fads and Fancies;* Stuyvesant Fish, president of the Illinois Central; August Belmont, brother of Perry and O. H. P.; and Creighton Webb, an in-law of the Vanderbilts. Immunes paid for their exemption in cash or in kind, he said. Those who were in a position to have or get inside information about society scandal could qualify for the list by passing their information on to the Colonel. One man who did so, he went on, was Abe

Take a closer look.



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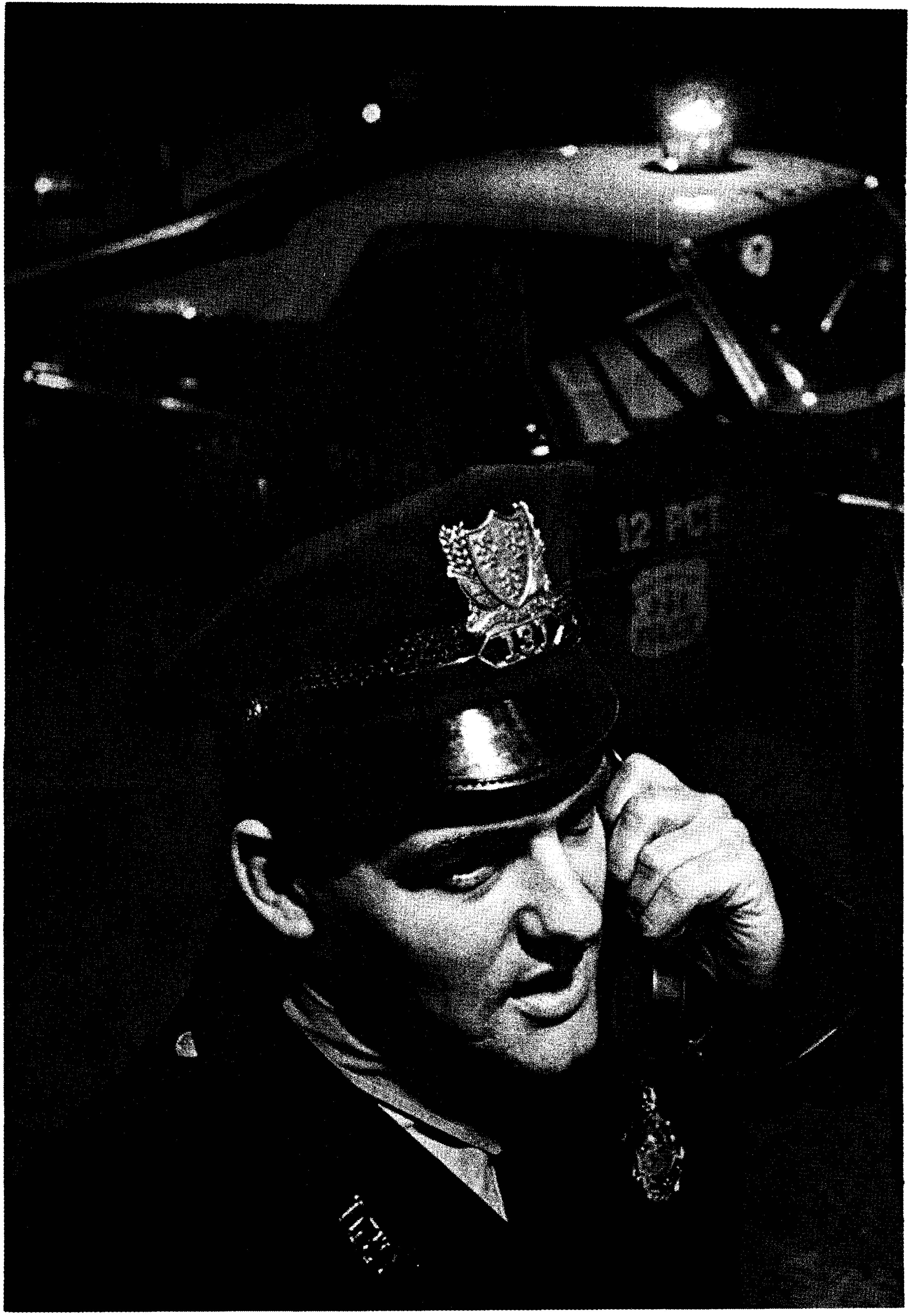
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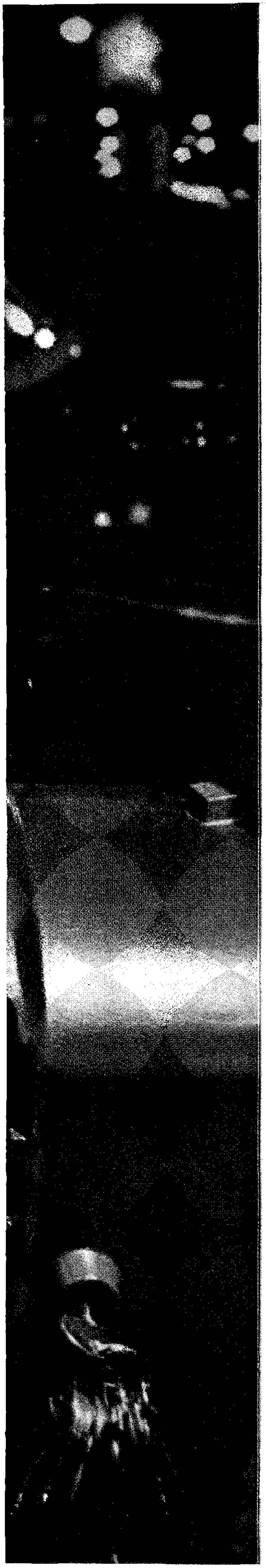

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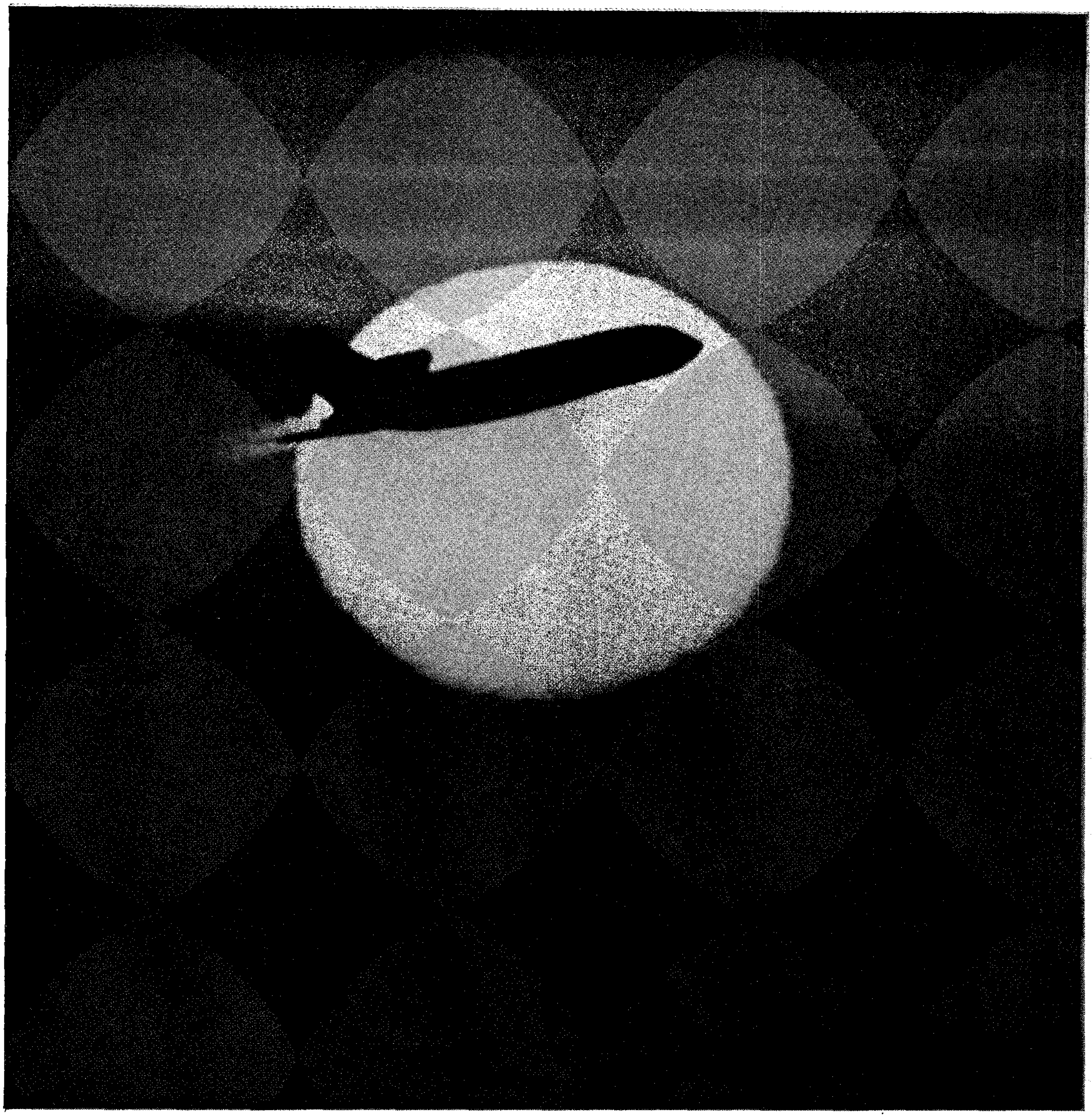

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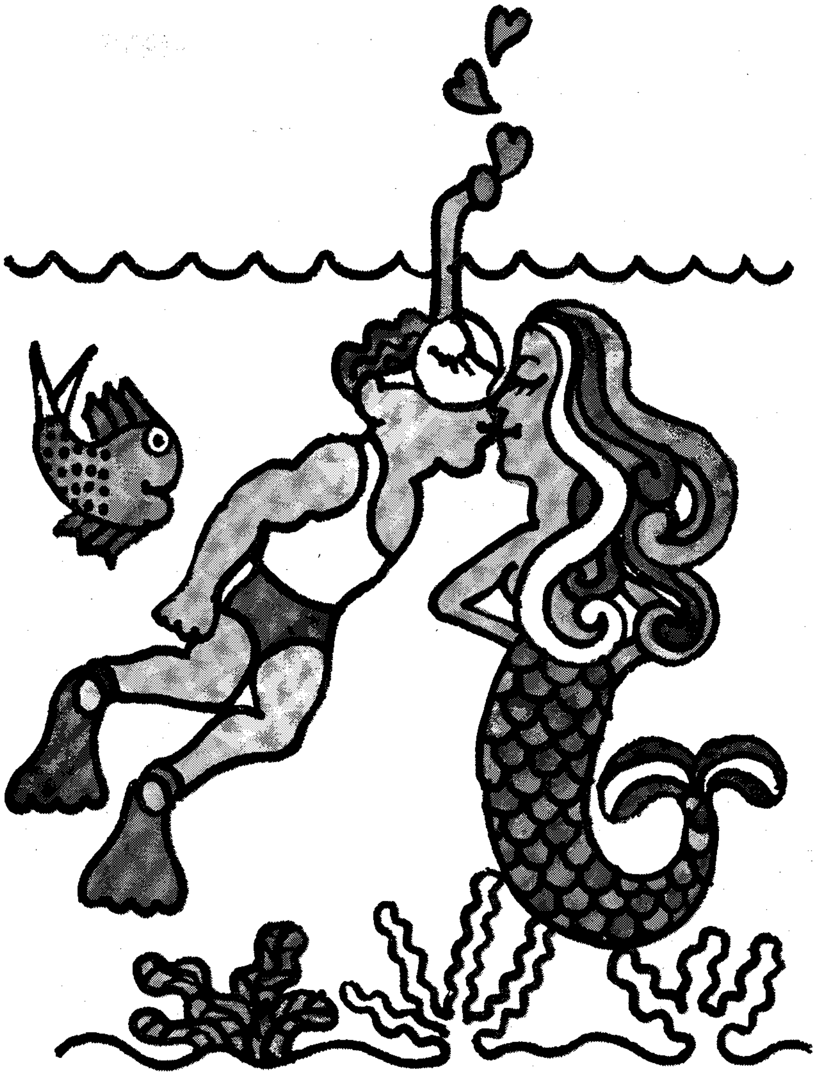
Hummel, the celebrated trial lawyer, who sometimes told on his clients. (If only Hummel, who was a good friend of Mann's, had been available, he would undoubtedly have given the Colonel better legal advice than Deuel had, but Hummel was serving a year's sentence on Welfare Island for subornation of witnesses.) Another such immune, Wayne reported, was Harry Lehr, the champagne salesman who had caracoled his way into society as Mrs. Astor's court jester. Wayne said that Lehr had received rough treatment in Mann's journal until he began paying visits to the Colonel, bringing with him "valuable information." Others whom *Town Topics* counted among its informers, the witness said, were dressmakers, governesses, a defrocked Episcopal curate, and "Mrs. Goelet's servants."

As the eighth day of the trial opened, Mann was wearing a haughty expression when he took his accustomed seat beside Deuel, but in a few minutes, according to one reporter, "his Polonius-like visage was quivering" over the testimony of a stout, frightened-looking Baltimorean. This was Bernard Baker, president of the Atlantic Transport Line. In the late nineties, Baker said, *Town Topics* had run a number of articles damaging to his family's reputation. He had visited the Colonel and asked that they be stopped, and Mann had pointed out that other steamship lines advertised in *Town Topics* but Atlantic Transport did not. "He said there ought to be reciprocity," Baker testified, adding that he had signed an advertising contract with Mann, whereupon the objectionable items had ceased.

The grievances of the shipping man from Baltimore were all but forgotten within a few minutes, for Harry Lehr, whom Wayne had identified as a *Town Topics* spy, then took the stand at his own request to protest that he had never been anything of the sort. A faultlessly dressed young man with rosy cheeks, Lehr said he had merely had "several earnest talks" with the Colonel to explain to him that *Town Topics*, by printing derogatory items about him, had made him "ashamed to go among my friends." (One of the items he may have had in mind read, "Harry Lehr's proud parade of his many sissy qualities . . . has gone beyond the limits of tolerance by decent society.") The last witness of the day was Robert R. Rowe, *Town Topics'* Newport correspondent, who was better known in that community as the local telegraph operator and who ad-



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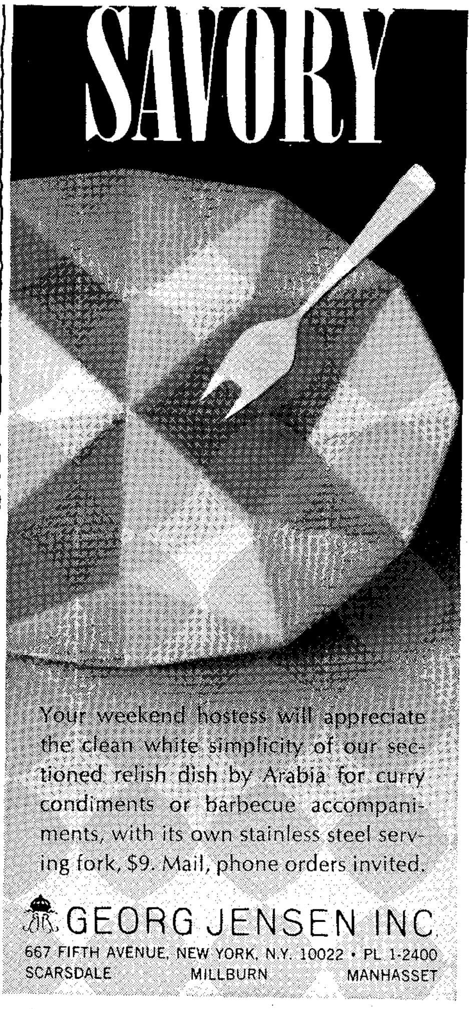
mitted having found this job an ideal source of gossipy items. A resourceful man, Rowe had once crashed the Duchess of Marlborough's ball disguised as a tambourine player and on another occasion had spent several days posing as a visiting professor of mathematics at Exeter, not only to check up on the leisuretime activities of the young gentlemen there but to learn what he could from them about the behavior of the young ladies at Miss Ely's School, nearby.

The following morning, Hapgood, the almost forgotten defendant in the case, at last had his innings—very brief ones—when he was called to the stand by Shepard. Though the courtroom was jammed, one seat was conspicuously vacant—that of the complainant, Deuel, who was not seen again during the trial. ("The chair beside the mighty form of the Colonel was empty except for his high silk hat," the *World* noted.) After the text of the *Collier's* editorial that Deuel had singled out in his charge of libel had been read, Hapgood was asked where he had got his information for it. From the District Attorney's Office, the scholarly-looking editor replied, and from talking personally with Jerome. "The consensus between the District Attorney and myself was that the important thing would be to strike at the root of the trouble and get the man who was the fountainhead," Hapgood explained. "We were entirely in accord."

"Then your judgment was based on the District Attorney's?" asked Jerome, rising for cross-examination. "Then it turns out *I* am the writer of this article?" The courtroom rocked with laughter, and Justice Fitzgerald rapped for order.

"Yes, in a measure," Hapgood replied. And on this note both sides rested.

Speaking in a low, monotonous voice, Shepard delivered a two-hour summation for the defense. Hapgood, he said, had "rendered the best, the truest, the divinest service to this city and to his nation." *Town Topics* had been shown to be not a literary publication but "a conspiracy to produce money in large sums" by making use of "sneaks in the clubs, sneaks in the kitchen, sneaks in the churches." Deuel was "a corrupt judge" and Mann "the master craftsman of blackmailers." (At this, the *American* reported, "the Colonel threw back his head with a jerk as though struck in the face, and his face turned crimson.") After dwelling at length on the tragedies that had resulted from attacks on families by "this vile pair,"



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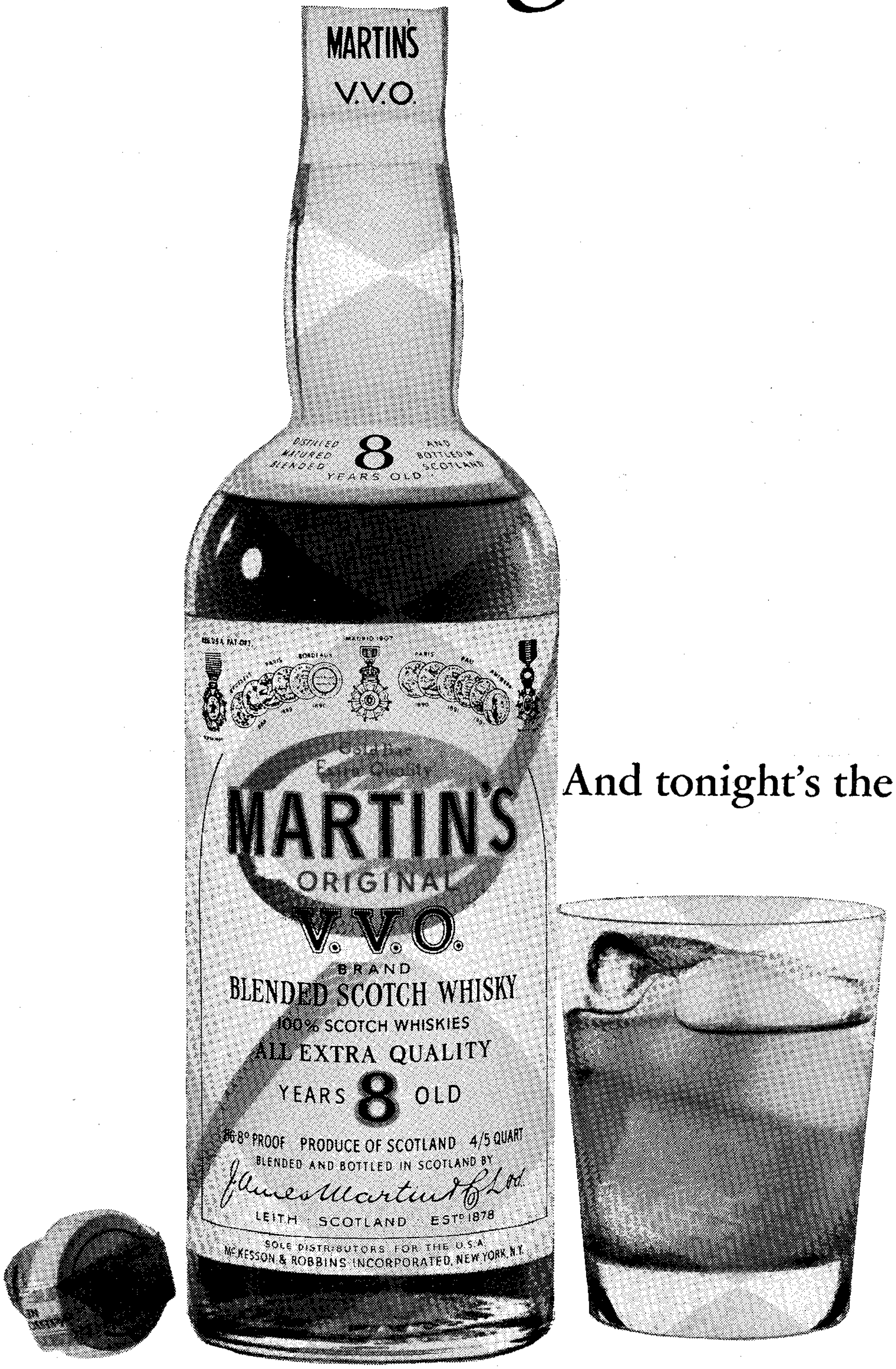
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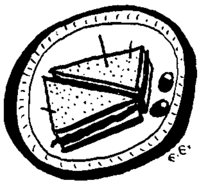
Shepard told the jury, "It is a splendid thing that there is an act which can be used to make a man, against his will, tell the truth about himself."

The following morning, Jerome delivered the closing address for the prosecution—a bombastic and peculiarly illogical exercise in forensics in which he sneered at the city's daily newspapers for their condemnation of *Town Topics*, saying that they, too, were in the habit of printing atrocious scandal and treating their advertisers with flagrant favoritism; chided the local judiciary, nearly all of whose members, he declared, were no less guilty than Deuel of violating the City Charter; and derided the reputed victims of the Colonel, who, as an editor, he contended, had simply cashed in on the knowledge that the titans of American industry were spineless men "with more money than brains and more vanity than either." He went on to ask, "Why blackmail anybody? You just shake the hat and it drops in." In the course of his hour-and-a-half philippic, the prosecutor had kind words only for Hapgood—"one of the best of my friends in the world"—and never at any point called for his conviction. The *World* described his performance as "one of the most extraordinary summings up ever made."



After Jerome had subsided, Justice Fitzgerald, blinking rapidly, reminded the jurors that editorials were frequently a community's only weapons against "odious tyranny," and explained that if they believed the alleged libel to have had a reasonable basis in fact they must find the defendant not guilty. The jurors complied in the course of only seven minutes, most of which, their foreman said later, they spent waiting for the bailiff to come and fetch them back. As the foreman, grinning broadly, pronounced the words "Not guilty, Your Honor," they were greeted by such a burst of applause that even Justice Fitzgerald felt obliged to grope for his gavel.

"Get out of here, you criminal! You've had your day in court," said Jerome, reaching over and clapping Hapgood on the back, and a moment later the prosecutor and the defendant left the courtroom arm in arm, followed by Collier, the two defense lawyers, and an assortment of hangers-on, all headed for a victory luncheon at Delmonico's. In the corridor, the triumphant caravan passed Colonel Mann, who was standing alone with an unlighted cigar between his teeth.

When some reporters presently gathered around Mann, he replied to their questions by asking one of his own: "Why should I say anything? I wasn't the prisoner." Then, pulling his silk hat down over his ears, he stalked out of the courthouse and into his chauffeur-driven Pope-Toledo. During the long ride uptown in the solitary confinement of its back seat, he must have pondered grimly on the genesis of his present predicament. He was not the first man or the last to bring obloquy upon himself in a court of law as a consequence of initiating legal action against somebody else; among other examples, Oscar Wilde and, in our own time, Alger Hiss come to mind. Twenty years later, Rowe, Mann's Newport agent, writing in the *American Mercury*, called Mann's decision to charge *Collier's* and Hapgood with criminal libel "the supreme mistake of the Colonel's life." Rowe largely attributed the debacle to the Colonel's unwillingness to pay for first-rate legal help and to his reliance on the counsel of Justice Deuel. Rowe also expressed the opinion that Mann had been "partly tricked by the District Attorney" into believing that the threat of a trial might well bring him a fat out-of-court settlement, and it seems possible that Jerome, being in a position to cite a worthy end as justification, did encourage the greedy old editor in this fantasy; certainly he did not inform the Colonel that Hapgood was a friend of long standing. As the Colonel got out of his car in front of his town house, a five-story brownstone on West Seventy-second Street, on the day of his defeat, he told waiting reporters that in view of the evident collusion between Hapgood and Jerome he didn't see how an intelligent jury could have reached any other verdict.

"Justice Deuel's continuance in office is unthinkable," the *World* declared editorially the next morning, and the sentiment was echoed in most of the other local newspapers. A member of Deuel's family announced that he was "an extremely sick man," and that "it will be days, weeks perhaps, before Justice Deuel is well enough to recognize anyone." That afternoon, however, the gregarious old jurist turned up hale and hearty in the bar of the New York Republican Club, where he announced that he had no intention of resigning, and pronounced Jerome's behavior in the trial "the most flagrant example of malfeasance in office ever seen in this city." That same day, a

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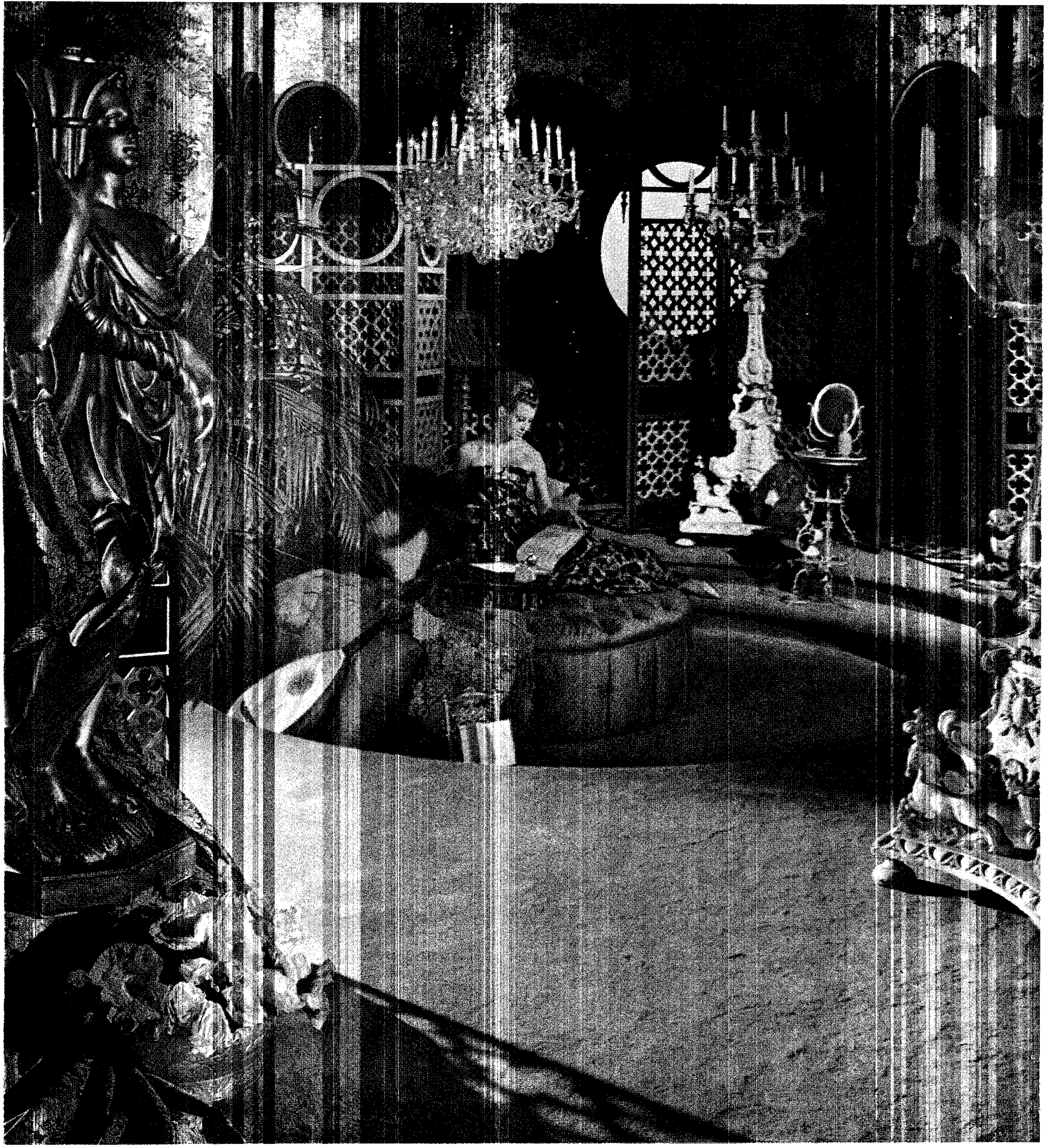

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writer for the *American* called the District Attorney "Brutus Jerome," who, "flourishing his snickersnee," had "hocuspocused, fooled, and betrayed" Justice Deuel; the *Globe* denounced Jerome's attack on the newspapers as "the work of a common scold;" and the *Daily Mail* called it "a *Town Topics* type of mudslinging." During the few years that remained of Jerome's public career, a sulky press was inclined to take a disenchanted view of its one-time hero of the Criminal Courts Building.

While Deuel and the newspapers were busy criticizing the District Attorney's conduct of the case, Wooster and young Collier appeared on Saturday morning before a justice in the Court of Special Sessions and swore out a perjury complaint against Mann, charging him with having "willfully, knowingly, corruptly, and feloniously testified falsely" when he denied writing the notation "O.K.—W.D.M." on the Ward letter. Upon hearing of this new development, the Colonel announced that he would be in his office all afternoon, awaiting arrest. His daughter and several reporters attended him, and the party whiled away the time by killing a bottle of Scotch. At five o'clock, a detective assigned to the District Attorney's Office appeared with a warrant for Mann's arrest. The Colonel introduced him all around, offered him a drink, and, when the detective regretfully refused it, invited him to ride down to the courthouse with him in the Pope-Toledo. This was an amenity that his custodian felt it permissible to accept. On arriving at their destination, Mann pleaded not guilty, bail was set at ten thousand dollars, and to secure a bail bond the Colonel put up, over his daughter's signature, the piece of real estate on West Thirty-eighth Street, already mortgaged to the Equitable company and to James R. Keene. The Colonel asked that his trial be postponed until the following Wednesday, to allow him time to get *Town Topics* to press, and then, lighting a large black cigar, he walked slowly and alone down four flights of stairs to his automobile.

If it was indeed a weakness for cheap legal advice that got the Colonel into trouble in the Hapgood trial, he belatedly cast parsimony aside now that he faced indictment, and—for a fee of seventy-five thousand dollars, it was reported—enlisted the services of Martin Littleton, whom Lloyd Paul Stryker, in his book "The Art of Advocacy," called "the greatest American jury

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lawyer of his generation." Despite his exalted reputation, Littleton got off to a bad start by losing the first round to Jerome. A preliminary hearing before a magistrate, at which the District Attorney sought to indict Mann, began on February 1, 1906—six days after Hapgood's acquittal—and dragged on through nearly the whole month, with Littleton objecting, in the words of the *Tribune*, "to every particle of evidence introduced." Littleton was especially critical of testimony offered by nine handwriting experts hired by young Collier at fifty dollars a day apiece, singling out for two days of cross-examination one Colonel Edward B. Hay, who described his knowledge of the subject as having "come by nature" and his military rank as "inherited," and who at one point lightened the tedium by interrupting his interrogator to nominate himself for police commissioner of the City of New York. Such diversions were few, though, and as public interest waned the presiding magistrate's face assumed a petulant expression that Jerome evidently read as a sign that his chances of obtaining an indictment were waning, too. On February 27th, Littleton, in a three-hour speech, moved to dismiss the charge, and the magistrate granted a two-week recess to allow the District Attorney time to prepare a reply. Instead, Jerome, in a maneuver that could only confound the layman and that appears to have confounded Littleton as well, secretly hustled his witnesses before a grand jury, which, not being called on to listen to any quibbling defense attorney, handed down an indictment on March 12th.

Nine months later, on December 17th, Mann was brought to trial in the Court of General Sessions. The presiding jurist was John W. Goff, the senior judge of the court—or "recorder," as the office was then known. He was a tiny Irishman whose voice rarely rose above a whisper, but who was described by Newman Levy, whose father defended many a criminal in Recorder Goff's court, as "the cruelest, most sadistic judge we have had in New York in this century." Stryker wrote that whenever he himself entered the jurist's courtroom, he "felt like some four-footed denizen of the jungle that suddenly stares into the cold visage of a python." Once when a defense lawyer began a lengthy summation of his case at two in the afternoon, Goff refused to let him leave the courtroom, for dinner or for any other purpose, until he had concluded it, thus keeping the hapless attorney on his feet until nine o'clock in

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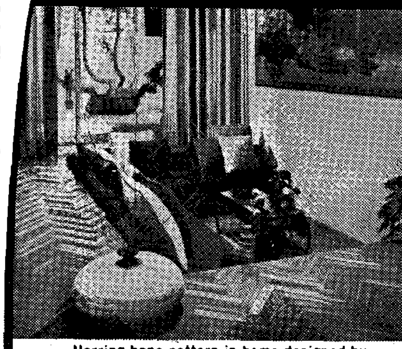

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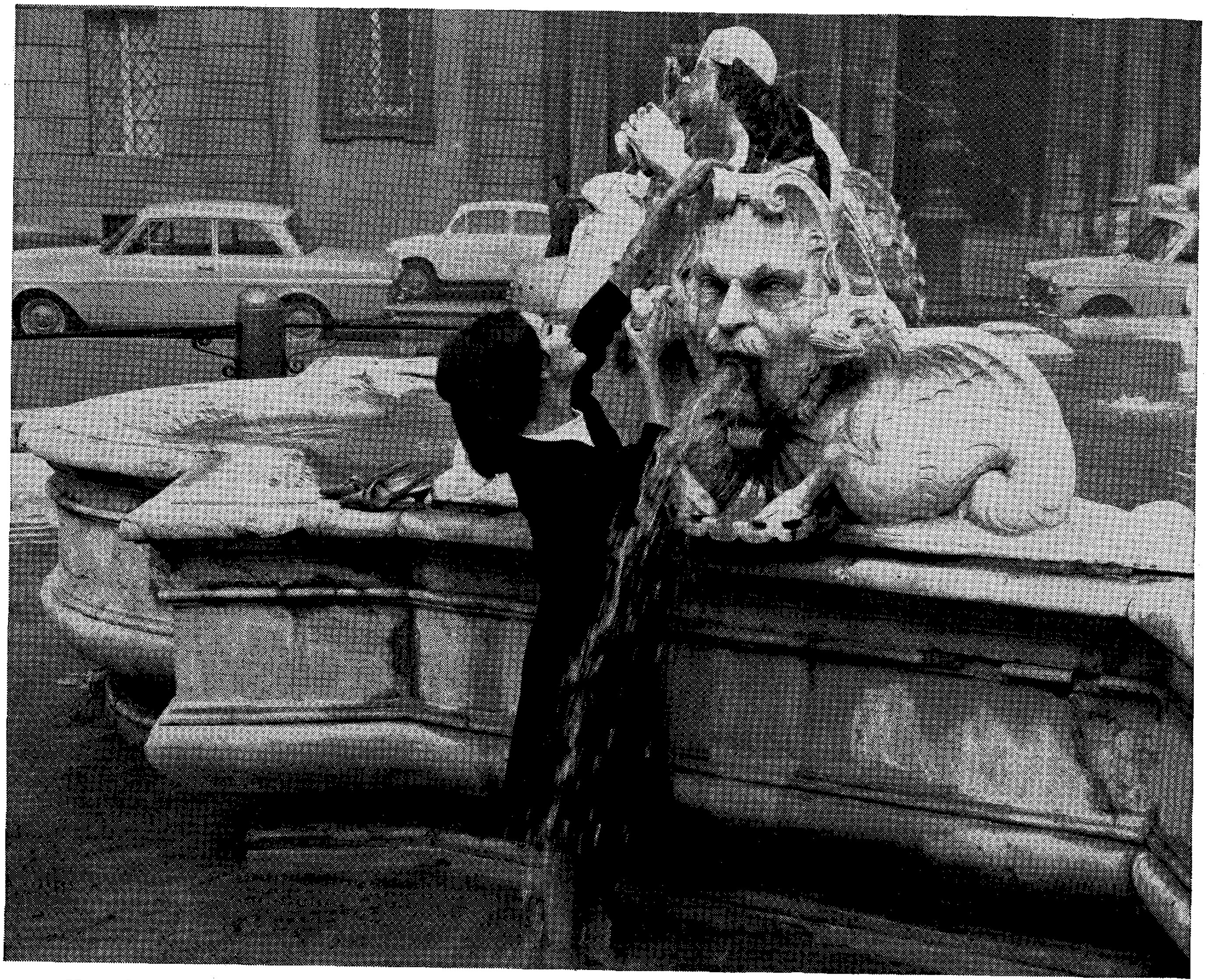

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the evening. Goff himself, being a sufferer from ulcers, subsisted on almost nothing but crackers and milk and a swig of Irish whiskey at mealtime, and he saw no reason to make allowance for people whose physical requirements might be more demanding than his. In all likelihood, Jerome deliberately steered Mann's case into Goff's court, because the Recorder might be counted on to feel personal animosity against the Colonel. Over the years, the Saunterer had repeatedly abused Goff in *Town Topics*, asserting, among other things, that his continuance in office was "a menace to the community" and that his place was "in a freak museum or a loop-the-loop circuit, not on the judicial bench."

As early as midafternoon of the first day of Mann's trial, the Recorder's well-known judicial impatience became apparent. Irked by the roundabout procedure being employed in the selection of the jury ("Have you ever been a juror in a trial where public witnesses were paid by a private prosecutor?" Littleton had been asking each candidate), Goff suddenly announced that no further excuses would be accepted, and an hour later the jury was sworn. The pace of the trial thereafter was equally brisk. Assistant District Attorney Francis P. Garvan, to whom Jerome had entrusted the case while he applied himself to the forthcoming prosecution of Harry K. Thaw for the murder of Stanford White, called Wooster to the stand to repeat his testimony that he had seen Mann write "O.K.—W.D.M." on the Ward letter. Following a Christmas recess, six of the handwriting experts (the birthright colonel was not one of them) testified in swift succession that the notation was in Mann's handwriting, and at noon on December 28th the prosecution rested. Goff took time out to eat a bowl of crackers and to fine Enrico Caruso ten dollars for annoying a woman in the monkey house at the Central Park Zoo, and then reconvened the court. During the afternoon, Littleton put on a half-dozen witnesses—all of them currently under hire to *Town Topics*—who said that the notation was not in Mann's handwriting. He then won a faint approving smile from the Recorder by announcing that the defense rested, and at five o'clock he began to sum up.

Proof of perjury, Littleton told the jury, hung only on the word of that "smooth, oily, subtle, sinister, slick fakir," Wooster; as for the Colonel, he was widely known as an exemplary citizen and a brave soldier. Although for years afterward the Colonel pressed on new acquaintances copies of Little-

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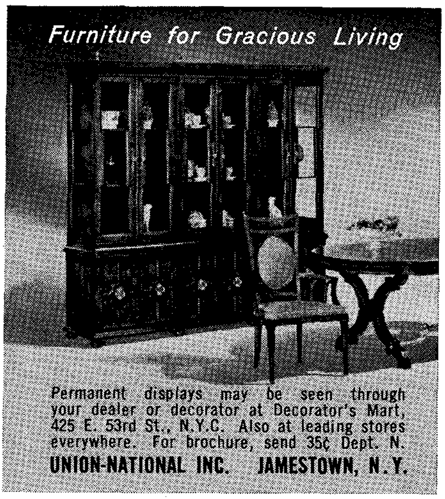

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ton's summation, bound in crushed Levant morocco, almost nothing of its substance survives today. Still, its effect was clearly powerful. "When Littleton told how good a man he was, the Colonel wept, holding his hands to his face and sobbing violently," the *World* reported, and the *Telegram* added that "some jurors wept, and . . . the Colonel's wife and daughter became so hysterical it was feared they would break down completely."

At the conclusion of this stirring address, Goff admonished the jurors that conviction was impossible on the testimony of only one witness, and they retired to deliberate. Notwithstanding the damp eyes among them, to say nothing of the implications of the Recorder's advice, they stayed out for four hours. In the end, though, they found the defendant not guilty. On hearing the verdict, Mann—who for once had dressed entirely in black, just in case—opened his eyes wide in triumph and threw his arms around Littleton. In the lead-off paragraph of the next issue of *Town Topics*, the Colonel advocated the elevation of Recorder Goff, his erstwhile candidate for a freak museum, to Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

When the verdict on this case was announced, none of the men from the *Collier's* camp were on hand in anticipation of a victory feast, apparently sensing that there would be no occasion for one. Their public position the next day was that they had already largely accomplished their purpose with Hapgood's acquittal. Indeed, back at the time of the preliminary hearing of Mann's case, the elder Collier had declared himself already reasonably satisfied with the results of the crusade against *Town Topics*, since he was convinced that bringing the Colonel's methods out in the open had brought an end to his game of literary blackmail. "We take no delight in trying to send Colonel Mann to prison, for he will be dead in five years," Peter Collier had said. Several times during Hapgood's trial, the two lawyers for the defense had cast similar doubts on Mann's actuarial chances by suggesting that his way of life was particularly unbecoming when he was soon to meet his Maker.

The Colonel, however, lived on until 1920, surviving both lawyers—and both Colliers, too. Whether his ordeal did in fact discourage him from engaging in further shady editorial practices is open to question. An accounting of his estate in 1920 showed that in the years after his acquittal he received, and nev-

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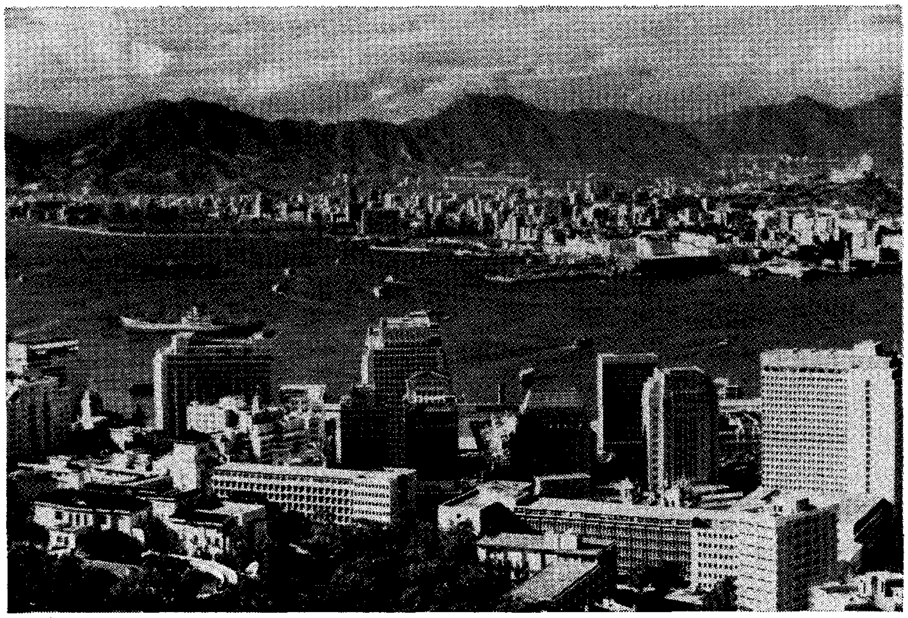

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er repaid, $5,000 from Elbert Gary, the chairman of the board of United States Steel; $13,000 apiece from Harry Payne Whitney, heir to a Standard Oil fortune, and H. E. Huntington, of the Southern Pacific (a repeater); $27,000 from F. De Courcy Sullivan, a transit executive; $15,000 from E. Clarence Jones, the broker (and another repeater); $20,000 from Frederic Watriss, a corporation lawyer; and $26,000 from Morton F. Plant, of the Atlantic Coast Line Rail Road. Only a few of these loans, if that is what they were, had been renewed in the conventional manner. And within months after Hapgood's trial *Collier's* was complaining that if the size and origin of the advertisements in *Town Topics* were any indication, the Colonel was up to his old tricks. If the two trials had had any inhibiting effect on Mann's trenchant pen, it was not immediately apparent in "Saunterings," which continued—at least for a while—to pry with unabated malice into the private lives of persons who had somehow incurred the Colonel's anger. As time passed, however, it became clear that the courage of the handful of society figures who had spoken out publicly against the Colonel at the Hapgood trial had broken the spell that had previously paralyzed his victims. In 1909, a Pittsburgh man displayed a like temerity by bringing suit against *Town Topics* for calling him a philanderer, and was awarded forty thousand dollars—a record high for a libel case in this country, his lawyer claimed. The award was later cut in half, but during *Town Topics'* next decade "probably no publication in the world had more libel suits filed against it," according to an estimate printed in the *Tribune* in 1920. Few of the suits came to trial, and successful plaintiffs often ran into a collection problem, but litigation is expensive for both sides, and the Colonel had shown little taste for paying attorneys' fees. As a result, a certain cautiousness began to invade *Town Topics'* scandal department, disappointing many of its readers, and circulation fell off. Meanwhile, certain winds of change were invading the world in which the magazine had flourished. The era in which Horatio Alger could solemnly write of riches as the reward of virtue was being overtaken by an age in which a rich man could apparently do no right. The people whose giddier exploits had kept the Colonel in funds were beginning to feel self-conscious about throwing their money around; philanthropy was coming into vogue, along with the notion

Ah!
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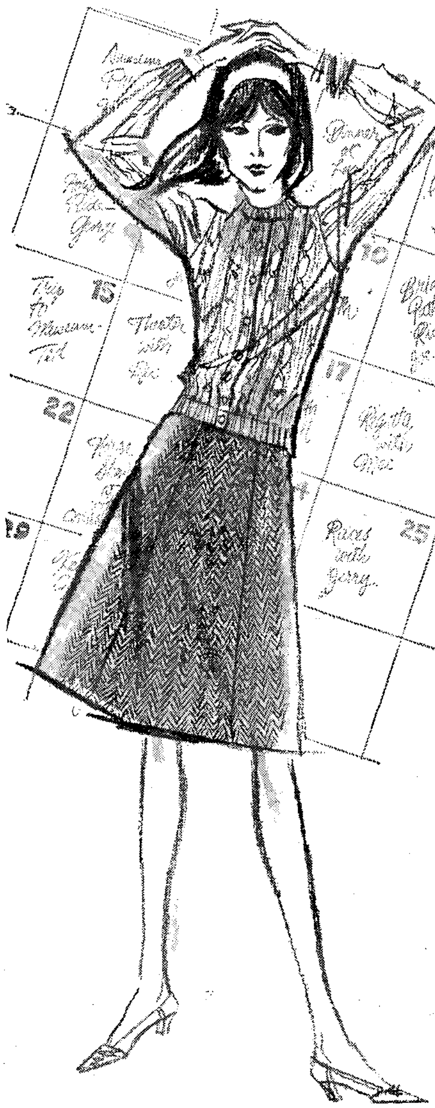

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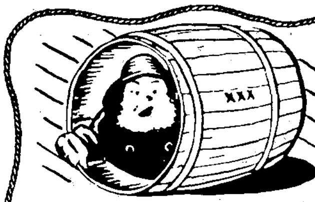

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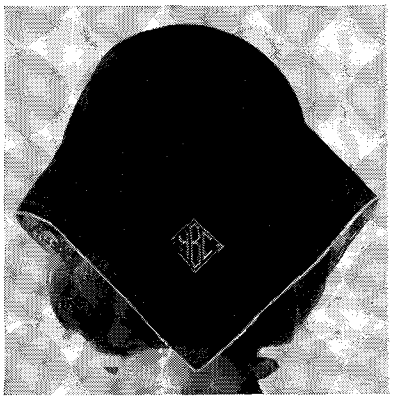

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that a man should at least put on a show of industry—a combination of factors that left less money and time for antics like breakfasting on horseback at Sherry's. In 1913, the federal income tax—a measure that the Colonel, ironically, had long advocated—went into effect, signalling the end of an already dying age, and thereafter *Town Topics* looked more and more like an anachronism.

THE notoriety of the courtroom morality play in which Colonel Mann was cast as a grotesque symbol of a vanishing way of life did the rascally publisher of *Town Topics* one injustice, in that, both then and later, it discouraged fastidious chroniclers of the period from calling attention to some more forward-looking contributions he made to the literary scene. In 1900, for example, as a quite minor sideline, he launched *The Smart Set*, a brainchild that is rarely attributed to him, though it later became famous. Originally subtitled "A Magazine of Cleverness," *The Smart Set* started out as a monthly devoted to the publication of poems and short stories by fashionable ladies and gentlemen of a literary bent. The list of contributors to the first issue duly included such *Social Register* names as Caroline Duer, Sara Van Rensselaer Cruger, Reginald De Koven, Hobart Chatfield-Taylor, and Sarah Cooper Hewitt, but the concept of the magazine soon had to be drastically revised, for it developed that, as someone once remarked, "Fifth Avenue was too busy reading *Town Topics* to do any writing." Over the next decade, dilettante writers in good social standing continued to be welcome as contributors to *The Smart Set*, but they were heavily outnumbered in its table of contents by professionals, such as Gelett Burgess, William Rose Benét, Edwin Markham, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, James Branch Cabell, Sara Teasdale, Zona Gale, John Hall Wheelock, Jack London, Damon Runyon, Theodore Dreiser, and Sinclair Lewis, most of whom were then young, obscure, and only too glad to accept the Colonel's niggardly payment of a penny a word. The magazine was put out by a skimpy staff of ill-paid hirelings, it was printed on the coarsest pulp, and, because it was known to be a sibling of *Town Topics*, it was ignored by the haughtier literary critics of the time, yet it nonetheless created what Charles Hanson Towne, its editor from 1904 to 1908, called "something of the theatrical sensation of the *Yellow Book* in London." Only five years after the appearance of

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vitabath cake

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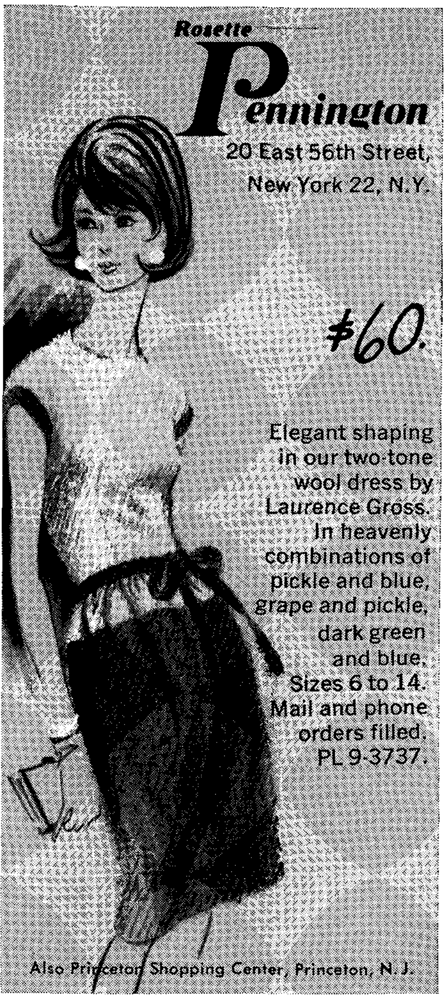
its first issue, *The Smart Set* had a circulation of a hundred and sixty-five thousand, well ahead of *Town Topics*', and Mann once boasted that during his ownership *The Smart Set* earned him a profit of over half a million dollars.

Apparently believing that *The Smart Set's* small band of starveling editors knew what they were doing, the Colonel paid little attention to its day-by-day operation, though he does seem to have been uncommonly adept at picking talented men to run it and write for it—notably H. L. Mencken, who joined the staff in 1908 as its book reviewer, and George Jean Nathan, who came in a year later as its drama critic. Around 1910, for some reason, *The Smart Set* began to lose readers, and the following year Mann sold it for a hundred thousand dollars to a publisher who subsequently claimed in court that just before the sale the resourceful Colonel had transferred a hundred and fifty thousand dollars in assets from the enterprise to a dummy corporation headed by his daughter. For whatever reason, the new proprietor was soon in financial difficulties, and in 1914 a paper company, to whom the magazine was heavily in debt, took it over, leaving Mencken and Nathan in charge editorially. Curiously, *The Smart Set's* circulation persistently declined during what are now regarded as its years of greatest influence; it had less than twenty-three thousand readers when, in 1923, it was sold to the Hearst chain, where its title, which Mencken had called "our greatest handicap," eventually came to rest over a syndicated society column originating in the *Journal-American.*

In 1905, just before the *Town Topics* scandal broke, Mann started another magazine, whose name, *Tales*, was amended a year later to *Transatlantic Tales*. A twenty-five-cent monthly, its announced purpose was "to show that authors in other languages are quite as brilliant as those writing in English." The Colonel's real objective may have been to cash in on the vast store of foreign fiction available to him for little more than a translator's wages, but the result was the importation of works that were several notches above the generally barren stuff being turned out by American writers of the day. In appropriating this material, Mann favored the Russians, and thus the old gossipmonger was a pioneer in putting Chekhov, Turgenev, and Gorky on American newsstands. However, this experiment in international belles-lettres folded in 1908, and four years thereafter, at the age of seventy-three, the Colonel started a magazine with quite a different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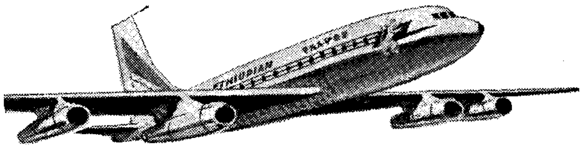
appeal, called *Snappy Stories*, which he filled with lurid fiction, usually about bad women or good women tempted by bad men. From 1917 through 1919, it claimed two hundred thousand readers, but by 1929 circulation was down to 45,160, and sometime in 1930 it disappeared from the publishing scene.

IN 1916, when Mann was seventy-seven, the State of New York evicted him from Saunterer's Rest, the island in Lake George where he had staged his innumerable bibulous house-parties. The eviction followed an eighteen-month fight in the courts, during which the state's attorneys asserted that he had come upon the island during a deer-hunting expedition in the early eighteen-nineties, had leased it from the State Forest Commission, had paid an annual rental for a few years, and then had simply stopped paying. The loss of the island altered the old man's whole gregarious pattern of living. He gave up his other longtime residence, the house on West Seventy-second Street, and moved with his wife to Morristown, New Jersey, where his daughter had been living for some time. Thereafter, he spent only a couple of days a week in the city, steering the final *Town Topics* copy to the printer and overseeing *Snappy Stories*. Often, he would spend the rest of those nights with his old friend Justice Deuel. After the 1906 libel trial, the *Tribune* had written in reference to the Justice that "only the rhinoceros-hided could remain on the bench," yet Deuel had sat tight, remaining on the bench until he reached the age of seventy-two, eleven years later. Furthermore, he went on reading *Town Topics* proofs for libel, and he represented Mann in various real-estate transactions that occupied much of the Colonel's attention as he grew older. Some of these were substantial; his holdings on West Fortieth Street, for example, were eventually sold to the *Tribune* and provide the frontage on that street of the present *Herald Tribune* building. In 1916, he leased to the Post Office Department, for use as an annex, the property on West Thirty-eighth Street that he had tried to sell it many years before as the site of New York's new main post office.

In the first few years after the blackmail scandal, Mann used the columns of *Town Topics* to ridicule or vilify those who had opposed him in the case, referring to the District Attorney as "Flapdoodle Jerome" and contending from time to time that the name Norman had no precedent in the Hap-



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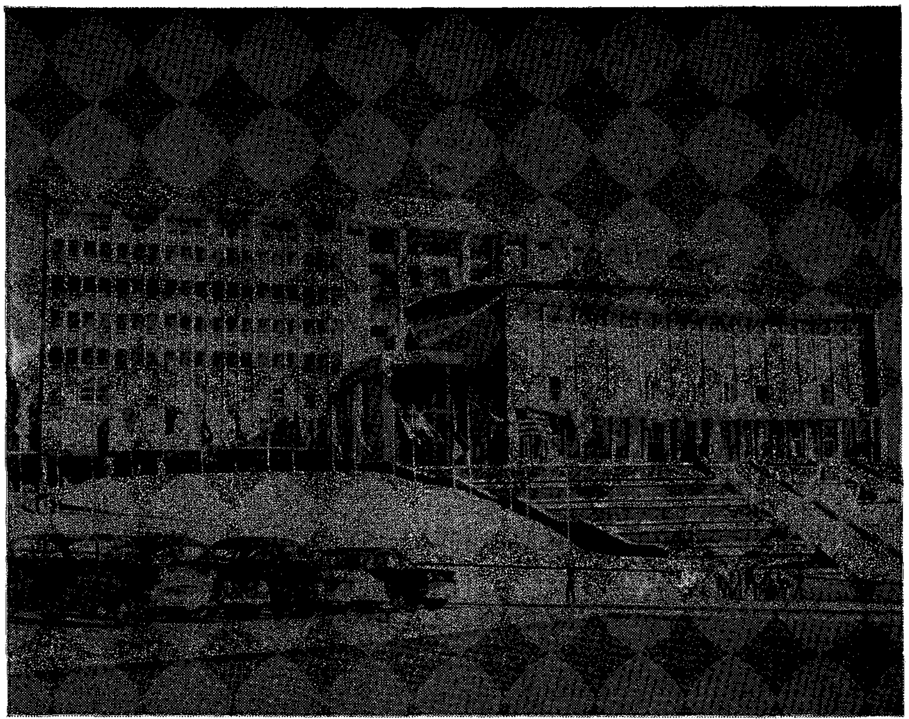

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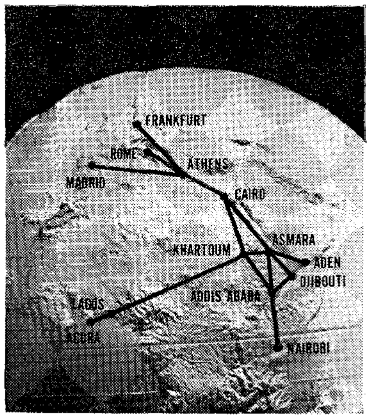

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good family but was the given name of a close male friend of Hapgood's mother. In his final years, however, the Saunterer was occupied with advising the Allied Powers on the deployment of the Expeditionary Force, supporting Al Smith for governor, and inveighing against "the unspeakable Comstock," Bolshevism, and, especially, the Eighteenth Amendment, of which he wrote, "I am resigned to everything except this accursed Prohibition, which has come to darken the otherwise pleasant eventide of a very eventful life." He also reported his presence at the fiftieth reunion of the Blue and the Gray at Gettysburg. (He had finally resolved to attend, he told his staff, although the Secretary of War had unaccountably refused his offer to serve as one of the principal speakers.) During the reunion, he noted, he presented to a Confederate delegation the flag of the First Virginia Cavalry Regiment, which the Seventh Michigan, under his command, *had wrested from it on the last day of* the fighting, and he also printed with pride a letter from a Virginian pronouncing the Seventh Michigan "the best regiment I ever met in battle."

Mann died, of complications resulting from pneumonia, on May 17, 1920, just three days after writing an editorial for *Town Topics* in which he predicted a Republican victory in the coming election, an American reversion to isolationism, and a second war with the Germans, "because of their war spirit, the naturally brutal, stubborn, and overbearing nature of the race." His funeral, at the Church of the Heavenly Rest, was attended by three colonels and a major general, and a sergeant from the Seventh Regiment sounded "Taps." The coffin was draped with an American flag, and on the flag lay the sabre he carried at Gettysburg.

Early mentions of the Colonel's estate referred to the "Mann millions," but in September, 1924, a final accounting pronounced the estate in fact insolvent, with assets of $212,031 and debts of $287,094. Nearly two-thirds of the latter sum, however, turned out to consist of claims filed by his joint heirs—his wife and daughter—and apparently represented money he had transferred to them over the years in order to sequester it from damage suits and then drawn on as he needed it. The two women bickered publicly over the will, and before the estate was settled the daughter bought out the widow's claim. The Colonel's daughter—she had preferred to be known as Mrs. Emma Mann-Vynne, although

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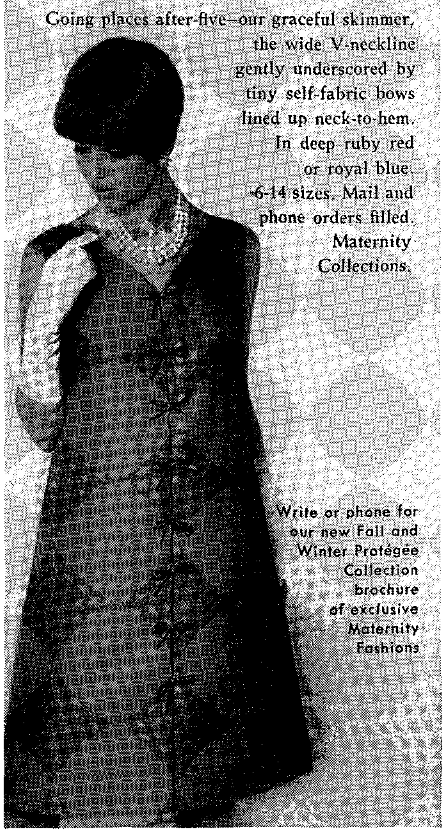

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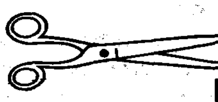

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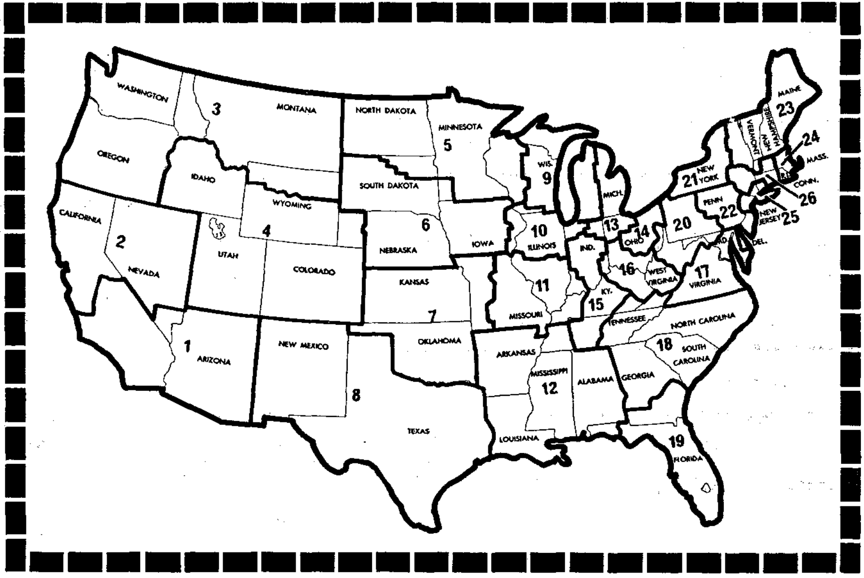
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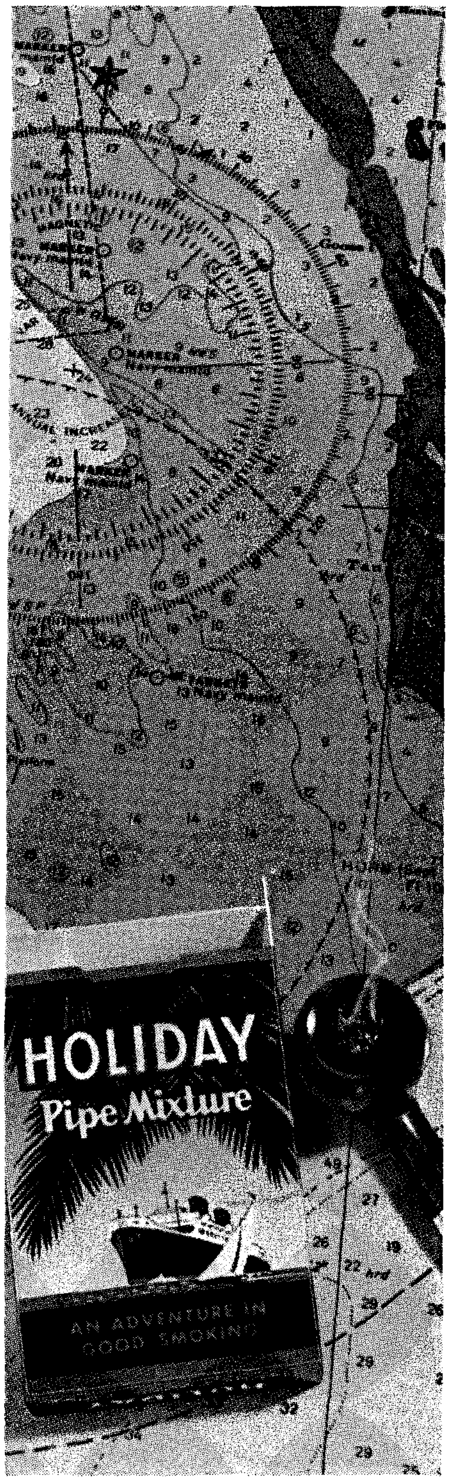

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Vynne was the earlier of her two divorced husbands—died in December, 1924, and soon afterward journalistic circles were surprised to learn that *Town Topics* had been for several weeks the property of a Summit, New Jersey, attorney named George Holbert, who had become Mrs. Mann-Vynne's adviser some time before. In her will, Holbert also received the bulk of her estate, after bequests to various charities.

Seven weeks after Mrs. Mann-Vynne's death, a suit was filed to overturn her will. It was the last of the scores of legal actions that had periodically thrust the name of William d'Alton Mann onto the front pages over a period of sixty years, beginning with his trial as an oil swindler. It also resurrected the memory of Mann's youngest brother, Eugene, who had last been in the limelight in 1891, when, as the owner and editor of *Town Topics*, he was arrested for sending obscene matter through the mails (the second such charge to be preferred against him within four years) and bowed out, turning the magazine over to the Colonel. The suit involving the will was brought by one of Eugene's sons, William d'Alton Mann II, who was born five weeks before his father's death and was christened in 1914 when, at the age of twelve, he was formally adopted in Orphans Court by the Colonel's daughter. At that time, the petitioner declared, his adoptive mother had agreed to make him her heir—an agreement that made him, in effect, the heir of the Colonel, since, to the best of the petitioner's knowledge, the Colonel had turned most of his property over to her a few days before he died. The plaintiff also stated that his adoptive mother had been unsound in mind and body when, late in November, 1924, she signed over to Holbert the trust deed to *Town Topics* and made her will, and he pointed out that only three days later she had been carried on a stretcher aboard a ship for South America and had died en route. Young Mann's claim was quickly settled by the estate for a hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars, plus seventy per cent of any amount over a million dollars realized from his adoptive mother's real-estate holdings, transferred to her by her father, which were then being offered for sale at that figure by a syndicate that had taken over their management.

Late in 1925, Holbert sold *Town Topics* for an undisclosed sum to August R. Keller, a member of the magazine's editorial staff, under whose

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management its circulation apparently continued to decline. In 1895, the *Directory of Newspapers & Periodicals*, which tried to keep track of such matters, reported that *Town Topics* had a circulation of sixty-three thousand five hundred, but thereafter, apparently because of "doubt as to the accuracy of the figures sent us," it printed no figures at all for the magazine until 1931, when it accepted twenty-three thousand as a reasonable estimate. In that same year, however, it developed that, just as in the days when the Colonel was riding high, circulation figures were inadequate to measure the value that *Town Topics* had for its owners. On the afternoon of December 9, 1931, agents of the New York State Bureau of Securities, acting on complaints that representatives of *Town Topics* were resorting to unlawful methods in trying to sell stock in the enterprise, knocked on the door of the magazine's offices, which, late in the Colonel's regime, had moved to 2 West Forty-fifth Street. A face peered at the agents through a peephole and then vanished, and after an interval in which nothing happened they broke down the door. Inside, they found Keller and his staff cowering behind their desks, and they took him and five of the others to the Attorney General's office for questioning, along with the magazine's records. Almost simultaneously, a subpoena was served on John C. Schemm, the editor of *Tatler*, a similar magazine that Schemm had founded in 1926, after a tour of duty on *Town Topics*. Investigation revealed that although both *Town Topics* and *Tatler* had long been consistent money-losers, they had each sold about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of stock in the past several years. "Money prominent persons are listed among the magazines' stockholders," the *Times* reported, perhaps unintentionally. Included in the subpoenaed *Town Topics* records was the Colonel's famous card file listing the transgressions of prospective financial supporters, which had been kept up to date and expanded over the years. "We use the same methods as a salesman who, for example, sells pig iron," a salesman of the magazine's securities explained. "We want to know everything possible about a prospective customer before . . . trying to interest him in our stock."

An unidentified businessman who was questioned in the Attorney General's office said that he had bought a considerable amount of *Town Topics* stock at a hundred and ten dollars a

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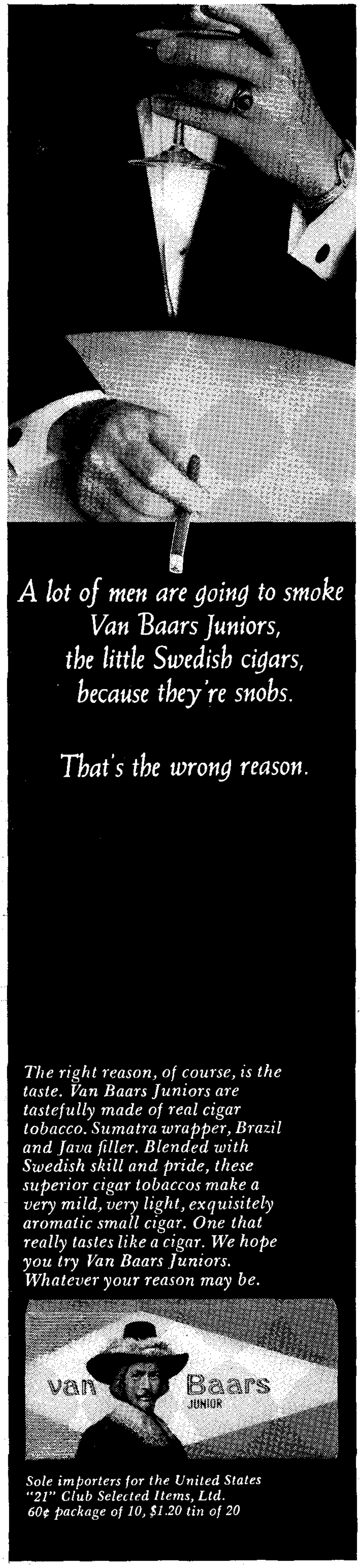

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share and had then refused to buy any more, whereupon the magazine had published an article scandalously linking him with a young society woman. There were several other witnesses with like stories, but as far as *Town Topics* was concerned the investigation fizzled out when, on January 7, 1932, before any legal action had been taken, the magazine announced that it was suspending publication with that week's issue. A few evenings later, in the presence of the press, officials loaded into a wire basket and tossed into the furnace of the State Office Building the updated card file, begun some forty years earlier, that defense lawyer Osborne in the Hapgood trial had described as "an index of lechery, lust, dishonesty, beastliness, and gruesome scandal . . . for use at a moment's notice."

In November, 1936, Schemm, who had been permanently enjoined from selling further stock in *Tatler*, turned up as editor of a new, monthly *Town Topics*, complete with a department signed "The Saunterer" and with the old masthead. (A department that featured pictures of young girls swinging tennis rackets was titled "Fads and Fancies.") The literary style of the new Saunterer bore no resemblance to the elegant prose in which the Colonel had taken such pride. "Maury Paul's name is not on Mrs. V. Beaumont Auguste's private list," the upstart wrote in an early issue. "It's all right, Maury, ours ain't either. So we won't be invited to her griddle-cake breakfasts, which leaves us still doing our stuff at the Automat." After a few issues, the monthly became a bi-monthly. In the issue dated November, 1937, it asked its readers, "How do you like the new *Town Topics*? The editors would appreciate any suggestions for further improvement." The response must have been discouraging. *Town Topics* hasn't been heard from since.

—Andy Logan

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

•

Observers in Moscow linked today's meeting with this week's announcement of Soviet willingness to reconvene the 17-nation disagreement conference in Geneva.—*Athens (Greece) News.*

No vivid writing, please.

•

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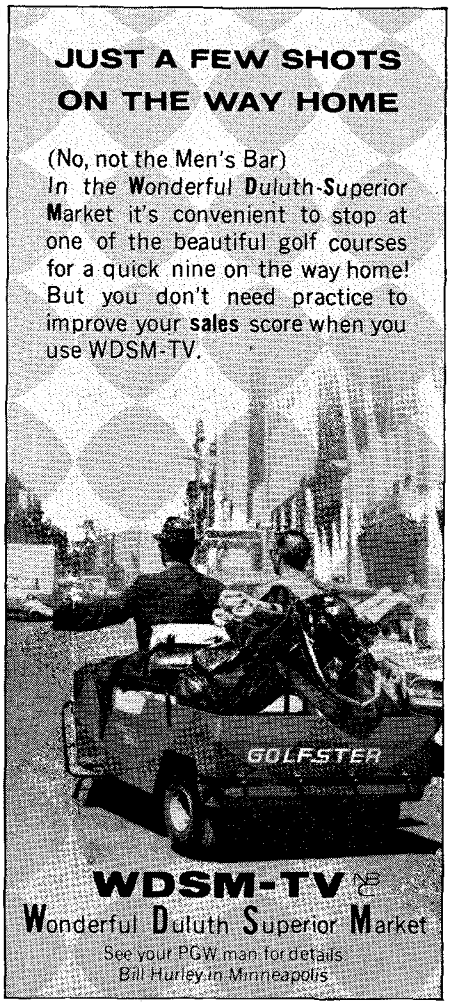

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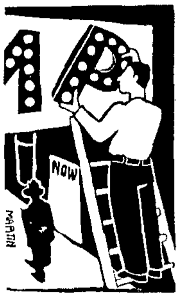

THERE'S much to be said for being prolific, in movie-making as in the other arts. For one thing, the evidence of history is that, with certain famous exceptions, the greater the artist the more productive he is; for another, merely as a discipline and without regard to one's natural bent, it's the safest possible way of being reckless—is, indeed, an unexpectedly shrewd form of self-insurance. The artist finds out who he is by experiment, but can afford to experiment only if he can afford to fail, and can afford to fail only if his reputation doesn't hang upon the completion of a single work, or two, or three; ideally, therefore, he risks producing too much in order to produce enough. Whether by reason of temperament or by calculation I don't know, but Jean-Luc Godard seems to have followed this principle of necessary overabundance throughout his brief, already formidable career. He shot his first movie, "Breathless," in 1959, and has just finished shooting his tenth, which he calls "Le Démon de Onze Heures." If it weren't for the fact that he must surely take time out to secure financial backing, choose casts, await the building of sets, and perhaps on rare occasions eat and sleep, I've no doubt he could write and direct two or three pictures a year. Like Georges Simenon, who has written so much and so successfully that his novels have become known in Europe simply as simenons, Godard may well end by fathering a hundred godards.

The movies by Godard that have reached our shores to date have ranged from uncannily good to very bad indeed, but all, good or bad, have borne the unmistakable stamp of his witty, cranky, self-conscious, and adventurous mind. His main themes have been love and marriage, which, with the rueful headshake of a Montaigne, he suspects of having little in common, but which he struggles to bring together in the same room and even into the same intolerably inviting, intolerably deceptive bed. (Rumpled white sheets are props as precious to Godard as green terraces and high tea were to Henry James.) The latest godard to

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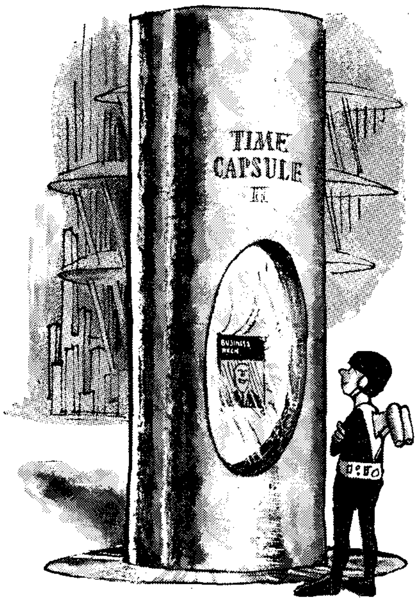
BACKSTAGE AT BUSINESS WEEK



Don't open before 6939 A.D.

In October, Westinghouse will be burying Time Capsule #2 at the 1965 New York World's Fair. And along with items like a Jayne Mansfield-type bikini, and the Beatles' recording of *A Hard Day's Night,* will be several articles from BUSINESS WEEK.

We're pleased that BUSINESS WEEK is considered representative of our contemporary society. We have only three small reservations about this honor:

1. We fully expect that BUSINESS WEEK will still be published in 6939 A.D., because we can't imagine a time when businessmen won't need our kind of business reporting.
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open here is "The Married Woman," and its very title gives off uneasy reverberations—so uneasy that the picture was banned for a time in France, where certain high personages objected to the definite article in "La Femme Mariée" as implying that the heroine, who is a young, pretty, and wholly unabashed adulteress, stood for *all* married women. Godard resolved the difficulty with characteristic finesse by changing "La" to "Une," and while in this country the "The" has been restored, few Americans are apt to take offense. For this is the best of the Godard pictures that I have seen, and I expect everyone to be too busy enjoying it to rummage about seeking grounds, moral or semantic, for criticism. Immaculately photographed and with an exquisite spareness of speech and deed, it's a nearly perfect study of what it is to be young and in love and incapable of behaving for more than a few minutes at a time in a sensible fashion, much less in a conventionally honorable one.

To tell the modest, plotless story requires but a small cast: a wife, a husband, a lover, a middle-aged friend, a child, a doctor, a maid. The wife makes love to her lover, then to her husband, and again to her lover; in the old, ordinary, nightmarish way, impossible questions are asked and honest, irrelevant answers are given. Bodies touch but minds never, and so exasperating does Godard find this that again and again he breaks off to play some mild private joke on us, his fellow-sufferers. In the past, his intrusions often proved a nuisance; here they become a welcome part of the whole. Macha Meril plays the troubled, not unduly beautiful girl; Bernard Noel plays her conscientious lover; and Philippe Leroy plays the husband, who is also, poor chap, conscientious. The director of photography was Godard's usual colleague, Raoul Coutard. No one has ever photographed a woman's body with more confident devotion.

"LIFE UPSIDE DOWN," written and directed by a young Frenchman named Alain Jessua, is an exceptionally intelligent account of a man's slow, steady, and by no means painful drift into madness. Charles Denner makes us believe that alienation can be a pleasure instead of an anguish, and Anna Gaylor, as his pretty, fashion-model wife, is just empty-headed enough so that we don't have to worry about *her.* An odd, touching, often funny movie. Mr. Jessua is a man to watch.

—BRENDAN GILL

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DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

New York City
August 12, 1965

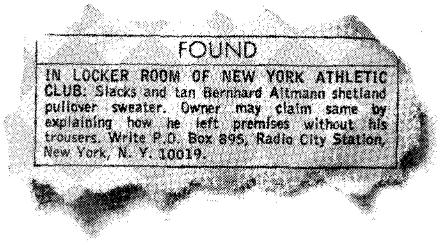
The Editors, *The New Yorker*,

Dear Sirs:

YOUR recent piece on Adlai Stevenson in the Talk of the Town reminded me of the few glimpses I had of him in action as a candidate when I was a Student for Stevenson at Wellesley in 1956. He galvanized all sorts of apolitical people in his two campaigns—especially in the academic world, which until then had not exhibited much of a taste for politics. I remember having a marvellous time that fall. I fell madly in love with politics and with Governor Stevenson, and signed up for every Democratic rally within a fifteen-mile radius of Boston.

The Wellesley Students for Stevenson were overwhelmingly outnumbered by Wellesley students for Eisenhower—a sluggish bunch, politically speaking. Their official cognomen escapes me at the moment; they may not have had one, since they were the mainstream by sheer force of numbers and had no need of a name to rally around. They showed *esprit de corps* only when they were irresistibly goaded by the S. for S., who took advantage of every public event at the college to form a snake dance—the most practical formation for a group too small to muster a full-scale parade. On these occasions, the Eisenhower people would rumble and mutter, then rise to their feet from all corners of the hall or the hockey field or the quad, or wherever we happened to be gathered together, and chant "We like Ike . . . We like Ike . . . We like Ike," gradually deafening us, maddening us, and sometimes nudging one or two of us into Lake Waban in their proselytic fervor.

One psychological advantage the Students for Stevenson had over their Republican counterparts was the proximity of Boston. Boston Republicans were for the most part Brahmin or suburban, and their political functions lacked color as well as a sense of bonhomie. Boston Democrats, on the other hand, always enjoyed themselves tremendously in a campaign. In the manner of most big-city Democrats, they seemed to have a flair for politics that the Republicans didn't have. They welcomed the help of the Stevenson clubs from colleges in the area, dissolving for the moment the traditional chill that exists between the students and the



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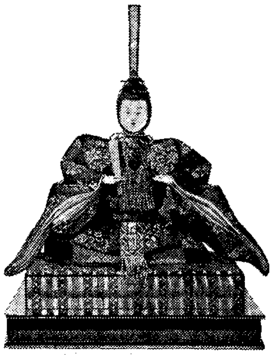

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local population. As a result, we learned a great deal about grass-roots political action: how to pacify strangers whose dinners have been interrupted by a telephone canvass, how to avoid nasty types while collecting funds on the street, how to keep confetti from cohering into a useless ball, how to keep a donkey from getting surly in a parade (you feed it unfiltered cigarettes every ten minutes or so). James Michael Curley, the former Mayor, was an education all by himself. We made a point of noting his tricks of dress and bearing, the tone of his exhortations, and the slightly papal quality of his gestures. Mayor Curley was particularly good at Making Entrances. One night, in Mechanics Hall, he took the greater part of the confetti meant for Governor Stevenson upon his own shoulders simply by entering the rally at the penultimate moment, down the spotlighted center aisle, in a scrimmage of his men, as if he were anticipating attack.

Governor Stevenson, because of the ardor of his Boston following, and no doubt because a grandson of his was born there the day before, chose to make his final appearance as a candidate on Election Eve in Boston. The ballroom of the Hotel Statler was filled with his supporters, all of us hatted, postered, very keyed up to give him one last hurrah. Mayor Curley, splendid in a derby and Chesterfield and surrounded as usual by nine or ten friends in identical garb, beamed down upon us from a bunting-draped balcony. I had managed, by showing up early at the ballroom doors, to get a seat—or, rather, standing room—in the front row. I had a cardboard Stevenson top hat and a large poster on a stick. Finally, the band struck up "Pony Boy" and Stevenson was onstage. I remember that he looked tired, as might have been expected, and yet not in a satisfied kind of way, although he was obviously pleased by the warmth of his reception. His appearance was brief, and his words were often drowned out by the cheers—perhaps a little too shrill—of his audience. One gets a very definite crowd sense at a political rally, and the feeling I sensed that night contained uncomfortable traces of desperation and outrage at a blow that had not yet fallen. There was a premonition that the rest of the country might let him down the next day and that we must make up for it now, if only vocally.

When Stevenson left the ballroom, a number of us followed him into the street, where there was another band and a big red searchlight truck. He

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climbed onto the back seat of a white convertible, with Edmund Muskie, then the Governor of Maine. There was a crush around the car, and Stevenson smiled broadly, waved, and shook as many hands as possible. As the car moved away down St. James Avenue, a good many of us accompanied it, at various unruly gaits, still waving our posters from side to side, still cheering. I went along at a fast trot, keeping up with the car but dropping my hat and coat somewhere along the way. I was thinking that perhaps we owed it to him to run all the way to the airport, and wondering if I could make it that far. It was about eleven o'clock, quite dark, and, suddenly, rather quiet. Still running, I looked over my shoulder—and there was no one there. The whole of St. James Avenue was utterly deserted, except for Stevenson, Governor Muskie, and me. A dim sense of embarrassment began to take hold of me. I glanced helplessly at Stevenson and waggled my poster. He laughed, tapped Governor Muskie on the shoulder, and pointed to me. Fearing that his car might continue at the same stately pace as long as I persisted in following it, I stopped and waved goodbye, and they waved goodbye, settling down into the back seat as the car took on speed. I stood in the middle of the street and watched them go, feeling a little sad and considerably more significant than I was. "I'm the last person to wave goodbye," I thought—and if you think of him as Candidate Stevenson, I suppose I was.

SARA LIPPINCOTT

•

ORANGE SHERBET

1 egg white
2 cups crushed ice
3 ounces concentrated frozen orange juice
Maybe some port wine, sherry or rum

Put all the ingredients into an electric blender and run the motor on high, with cover on, until the ice is thoroughly pulverized. You don't want to add port, sherry or rum, don't add port, sherry or rum.

—*Hyman Goldberg in the Post.*

You don't care for orange juice, forget the whole thing.

•

Sitting in the middle of the bed, being wheeled across London by three attentive young men, Nancy falls in love with the conveyance. Need I say what the outcome is?
kfln. shrd shrd cmfw cmfw cm

—*The News.*

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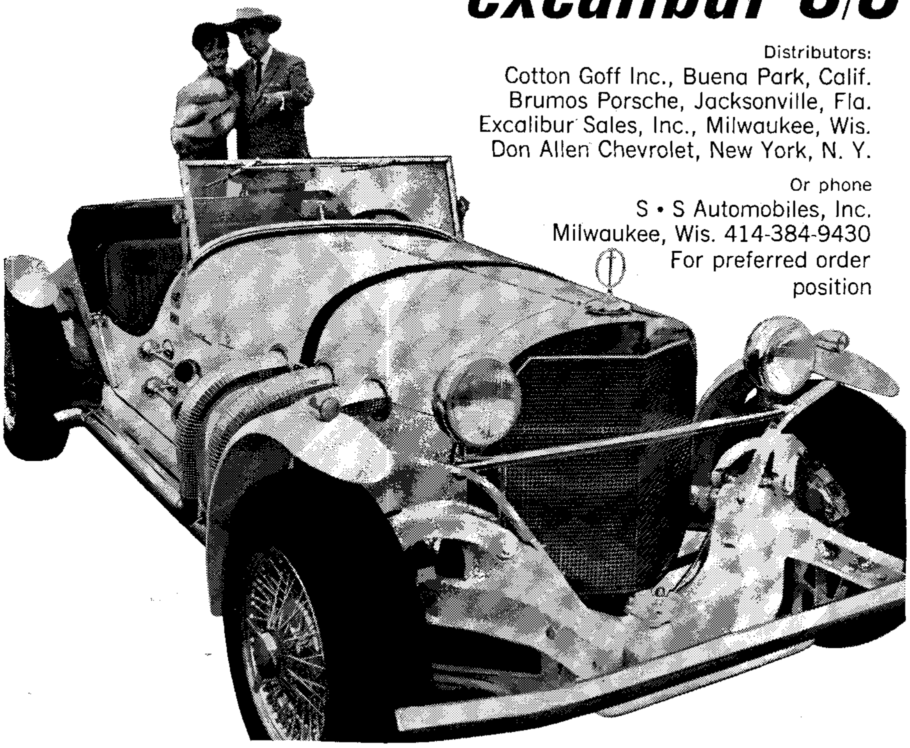

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THE SPORTING SCENE

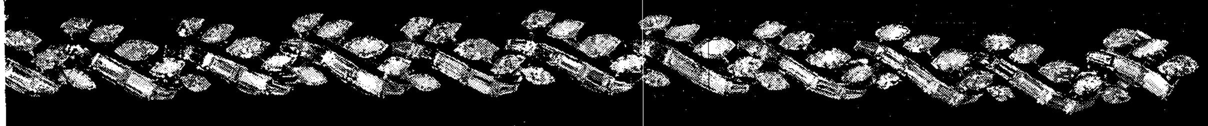
THE QUEEN STEPS DOWN

THIS past July, Mary Kathryn (Mickey) Wright, the tall, blond, and handsome Californian who has been by far the most outstanding woman golfer of our day, returned to college after an absence of eleven years. To spell out this unusual sequence in a bit more detail, Miss Wright left Stanford in 1954, at the close of her freshman year, in order to pursue a career in professional golf, and now, having won all the honors there are to be won, she has, at the antediluvian age of thirty, entered the sophomore class of Southern Methodist University, in Dallas, her adopted home town, where for the past several seasons she has been affiliated with the Oak Cliff Country Club. (She has chosen to major in psychology—a decision that is not at all surprising when one stops to reflect on it, for the women's professional golf tour provides some of the country's top preparatory schooling for that field of study.) Miss Wright hopes that she will be able to play a number of tournaments during her summer vacations, but even so her retirement will be all but complete, and it brings to an end an era that began in 1958, when she established herself as something extraordinary by winning both the United States Women's Open and the Ladies' Professional Golf Association Championship—the equivalent of the men's P.G.A. Championship. From that year on, she dominated women's golf absolutely, just as Bobby Jones dominated men's amateur golf in the nineteen-twenties. For four straight seasons (1961 through 1964), she won the most tournaments, collected the most prize money, and produced the lowest scoring average on the women's circuit. She set new L.P.G.A. records in just about all categories: the most tournament victories in one season (thirteen, in 1963), the most prize money won in one season ($31,269.50, in 1963), the lowest score for a four-round tournament (275, with rounds of 68–68–70–69, in the Spokane Open in 1962), the lowest eighteen-hole score (62, with nines of 30 and 32, in the Tall City Open, in Midland, Texas, in 1964), and the lowest average score per round for one season (72.81, in 1963). During her professional career, she won a total of sixty-five tournaments (including two this year, when an injured wrist severely hampered her play) and close to

$200,000 in prize money, both of which achievements are also records. In brief, just as it was Jones against the field, so it has been Wright against the field, and I suppose the only question that remains to be answered is whether she deserves to be ranked as the greatest woman golfer of all time. A good many sound golf observers think so. For my part, I would like to have a little more time to think it over, but I do know this much: there has never been a better woman golfer.

The probably obvious reason I am hedging on this matter is that prior to Miss Wright's arrival on the scene it was standard practice to regard Joyce Wethered, the English star of the nineteen-twenties, and the late Babe Didrikson Zaharias as being in a class by themselves among women golfers. Since each was phenomenal in her own way and incomparable in her own time, it seems to me that perhaps it is more judicious to rank Miss Wright alongside them, and not above them, in much the same manner that it has become customary to acknowledge Ben Hogan as the peer but not the superior of the two super-champions of earlier periods, Bobby Jones and Harry Vardon. Indeed, it occurs to me that before returning to Miss Wright we might do well to spend a moment or two talking about Miss Wethered and Mrs. Zaharias, for the passage of time has already rendered them into shadowy figures—Miss Wethered in particular. A slim girl just under six feet tall who learned the game on the links of Dornoch, she came into prominence at the age of eighteen, in 1920, when British golf was starting up again in earnest after the First World War. That year, her brother Roger, who was later to win the British Amateur Championship, was the captain of the Oxford golf team, and it was the unreserved enthusiasm of Roger and his teammates for her golf that led her that summer to enter her first tournament of any importance, the English Ladies' Championship. (Female golfers are always "ladies" in Britain; over here they're sometimes "ladies" and sometimes "women.") Hoping only to perform creditably, she was staggered when she won the tournament by defeating Cecil Leitch, the leading woman golfer of the day. (Miss Wethered subsequently played in four other English Ladies' Championships and swept the lot.) In 1921, emboldened by this success, she entered the British Ladies' Championship and made her way as far as the final, where she lost to Miss Leitch. Over the next four years, she won the British Ladies' three times, and then she decided that she had had her fill of tournament golf. In 1929, however, when an unusually large contingent of foreign stars, headed by Glenna Collett, three times the American champion, invaded Britain, Miss Wethered came out of retirement and scored a fourth victory in the British Ladies' by defeating Miss Collett, 3 and 1, in the thirty-six-hole final at St. Andrews, in what could well be the finest match in the history of women's golf. Then she went into retirement again, emerging only to play in the annual autumn mixed-foursome tournament at Worplesdon, which is essentially a convocation of old golfing friends, and to make a brief exhibition tour of America as a professional in 1935, two years before she became Lady Heathcoat-Amory.

Miss Wethered's reputation rests not only on her record of winning nine of the twelve championships she played in during her abbreviated career—in 1921 she was beaten in the French Ladies', her only appearance in a foreign championship—but also on her abilities as a scorer and as a technician. At a time when top women golfers were only just beginning to break 80 in competition over difficult courses, she



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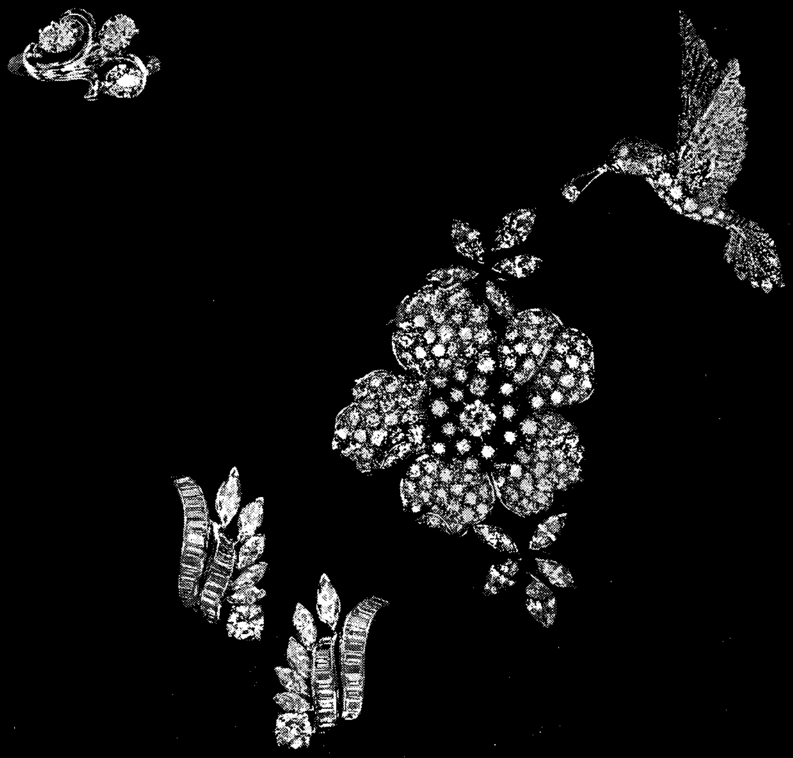

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usually went around comfortably in 73 or 75. For example, when she and Miss Collett first came up against each other, in the third round of the 1925 British Ladies', at Troon, the American girl rose to the occasion with the best golf of her life and was only one over par after fifteen holes, but by then the match was finished, 4 and 3, Miss Wethered having played the last ten holes in six under par. In their return match in the famous final at St. Andrews four years later, Miss Collett, again in marvellous form, went to the turn in the morning in 34 and stood 5 up. Thereupon Miss Wethered buckled down hard to her task and played the next eighteen holes—the last nine of the morning round and the first nine of the afternoon round—in 73, to take command of the match. The essence of her style, like Jones's, was fluidity and rhythm. There is no such thing, of course, as a natural golf swing—the movements must be mastered by practice—but Joyce Wethered made golf seem as natural and effortless as walking. Her thoughts on what made for a good golf swing were uncomplicated and well ahead of her time. She believed that the club should be taken back a shade inside the line of flight, that the first yard of the backswing set the tempo for the entire swing, that the hip pivot should be more restricted than the shoulder pivot, and that the downswing should be inaugurated by a movement of the hips to the left—all of which, as we now realize much more clearly than we did forty years ago, are fundamental to the correct swing. Most of the time, she played her wood shots with a relatively full swing, and, being a tall girl with a big arc, she hit the ball a long way, averaging about two hundred and twenty-five yards off the tee. On her iron shots, which flew in a low, drilling trajectory, like Gene Sarazen's, she took her hands back only shoulder-high and finished her swing with her hands again no higher than her shoulders; in fact, this is the picture that remains fixed in everyone's mind as most characteristic of her style. During her matches, she talked very little to her opponent and gave the impression of cool detachment, yet actually she was anything but relaxed, and the wear and tear on her nerves forced her to rest for two weeks after each tournament and leave the game strictly alone. This strain was, of course, what underlay her decision to quit competitive golf so early. "A less active role has always suited me perfectly," she explained after her final

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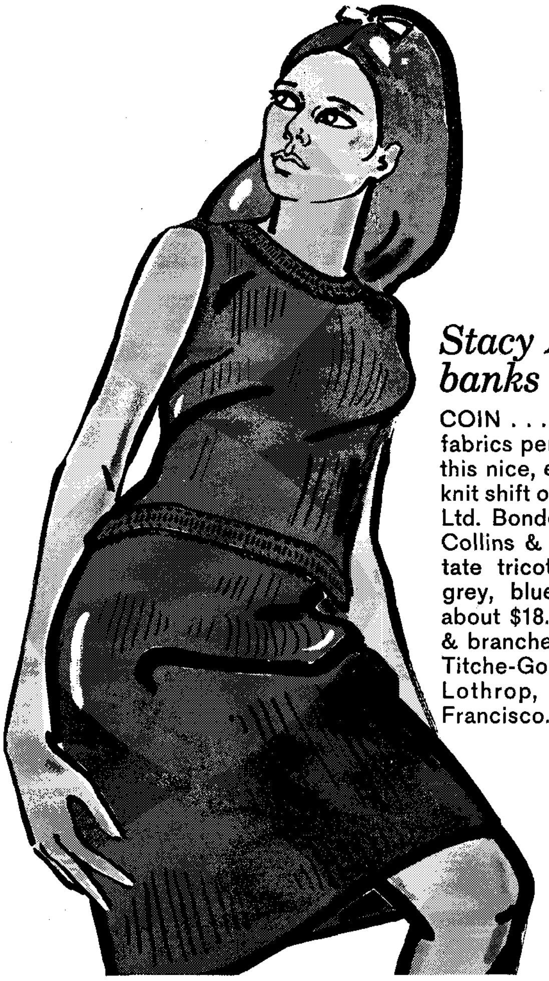
retirement. "I can [now] enter into the emotions of the game and enjoy them just as I like without having to preserve a state of elaborate calmness as a player over incidents which are in reality causing me acute excitement and probably no little apprehension and alarm."

As is probably apparent, Miss Wethered was shy and extremely modest. Not long ago, on rereading her book "Golfing Memories and Methods," I was especially struck by the elaborate circumlocution she devised to conceal the fact that in the final of the 1924 British Ladies' she had routed Mrs. Frank Cautley, 7 and 6. "I came in to lunch three up, and the day ended in a terrible deluge of rain," she wrote. "Neither of us, probably, was very sorry when the game finished on the twelfth green." I mention this aspect of Miss Wethered's nature because it presents such a pronounced contrast to the temperament and demeanor of Babe Didrikson Zaharias. Having grown up in public, as it were, after attracting universal attention as the nineteen-year-old track-and-field sensation of the 1932 Olympic Games, Mrs. Zaharias was a happy extrovert who loved the spotlight. At the end of a round of golf, she would linger at the clubhouse chatting with one and all, and if she felt that things were too sombre, she would grab her harmonica and launch into an impromptu concert. She was, to be sure, a beautifully coördinated athlete, but the attribute that made her so formidable a competitor was her fantastic confidence. Her golfing friend Peggy Kirk Bell once told me a story that nicely illustrates this. Shortly after Mrs. Bell had turned professional, she was invited by Mrs. Zaharias to be her partner in a rather important four-ball event. On the morning of their first match, Mrs. Bell had a bad attack of jitters; all she could think about was that she might play very poorly and drag her illustrious partner down to defeat with her. "Forget it," Mrs. Zaharias told her. "I can beat any two players in this tournament by myself. If I need any help, I'll let you know."

Mrs. Zaharias had what amounted to two separate careers in golf. The first began in 1936, when she barnstormed around the country with Sarazen and other well-established men professionals, playing one-day stands in which she demonstrated that she could regularly drive the ball two hundred and fifty yards and could occasionally hit it where she was aiming. After a while, she got down to the tedious busi-



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ness of really learning how to play golf—a game in which natural athletes have an advantage, but only after they have toiled enough to master a technique that is quite different from anything required in other games. In 1944, she applied for and received reinstatement as an amateur, and her second career began at the close of the Second World War. She won the Women's Amateur Championship in 1946, and the following spring, at Gullane, in Scotland, became the first American ever to win the British Ladies' Championship. Then she turned professional again. Between 1948 and 1955, her last year as a player (she died in 1956), Mrs. Zaharias won thirty-one professional tournaments, including three U.S. Women's Opens—the last one in 1954, at the Salem Country Club, in Massachusetts. That Open may have constituted this amazing and gallant woman's greatest performance in golf. A year earlier, she had undergone an operation for cancer, but she nevertheless came through with four altogether superb rounds (72–71–73–75) to finish twelve strokes ahead of her nearest competitor. Throughout her career, one of her most valuable assets, naturally, was the distance she could clout the ball. To cite just one example, on the fifteenth hole at Gullane, which is five hundred and forty yards long, she reached the green one afternoon, assisted by a slight following breeze, with a drive and a 4-iron. She was only a moderately large woman—she stood five feet seven and weighed a hundred and forty pounds—but she had exceptional strength and timing. While her swing was not an aesthetic treat, like Miss Wethered's, it was grooved and efficient. The best thing about it was that however hard she hit the ball, she could not hook it—just about the most desirable failing a golfer could have. (The explanation was that she took the club back on the outside as she rocked into her swing, and then brought it directly up; as her hands moved down and through the ball from that position, she never allowed her right hand to cross over her left.) There was a good deal more to her golf than mere power, though. What she strove for on all her shots was feel and control, and, as a result, her short game—particularly her wedge play and her chipping—was definitely superior to that of her competition. "Not many people noticed it, but off the golf course Babe was very dainty with her hands," Mrs. Bell, who was very close to her over the years, remarked not long ago. "She would pick up a cigarette as if she were

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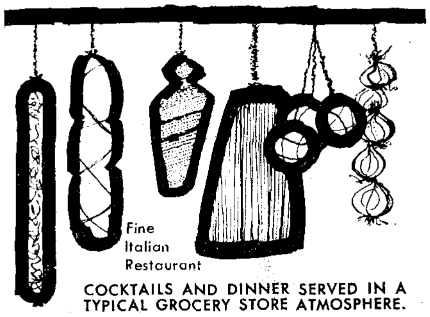

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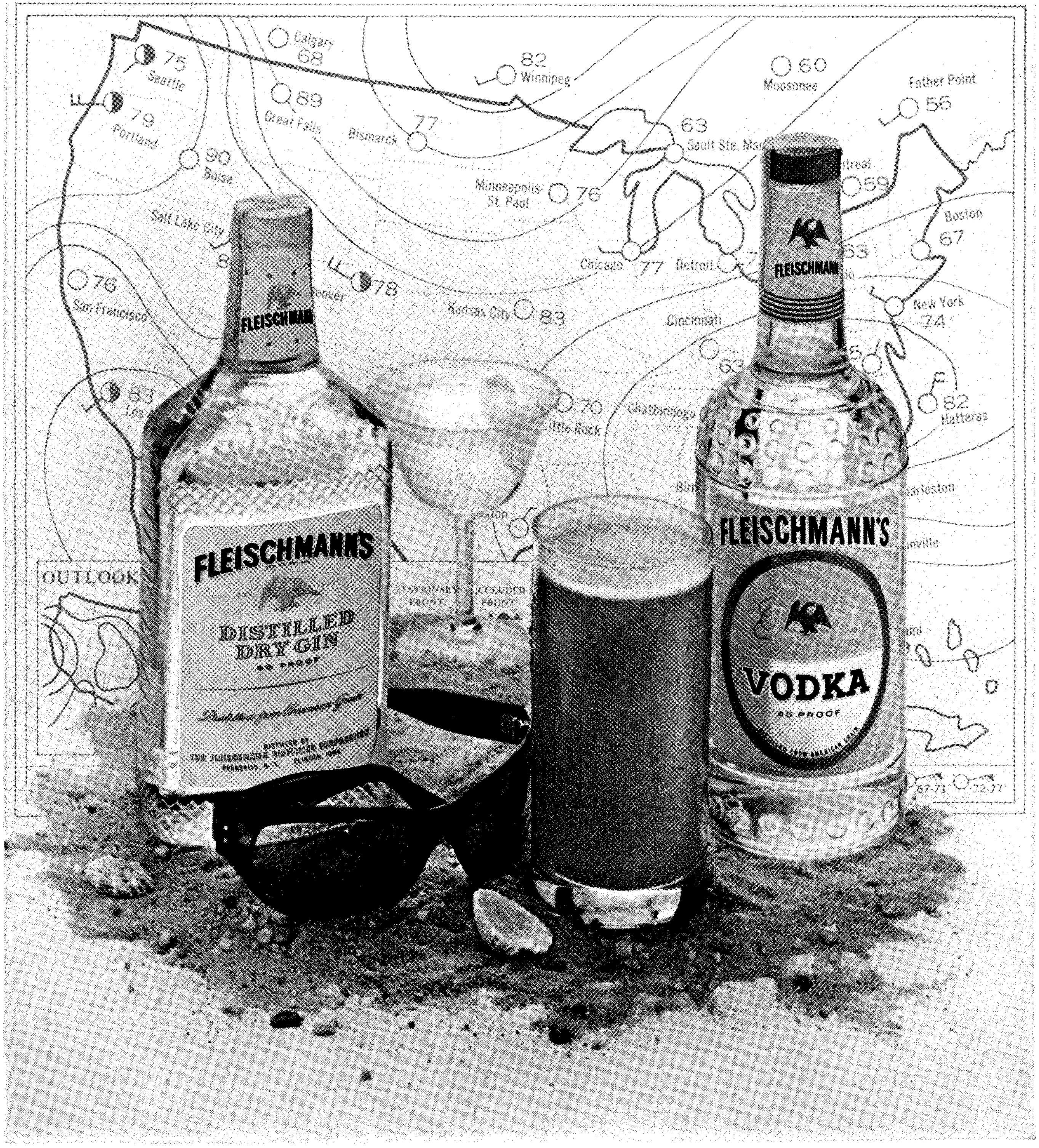
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By a happy coincidence, in the 1954 U.S. Women's Open, which was Mrs. Zaharias's last championship, she was paired in the double round on the last day with Mickey Wright, a tall (five-foot-nine), slender, exceedingly nice-looking nineteen-year-old amateur who had won the Girls' Junior Championship two years before and was making her début in the Open. Miss Wright was very impressive that day. She kept up with her partner off the tee, broke 80 on both rounds, tied for fourth place, and beat all the other amateurs. This was heady stuff for a young girl, and it had a considerable influence on her decision to leave college and turn professional. At that time, Miss Wright had been playing golf for seven years. The daughter of a well-to-do San Diego lawyer, she had taken her first lessons, at twelve, from John Bellante, the professional at the La Jolla Country Club, who also taught Gene Littler the ABCs of golf. However, the instructor who really developed her swing was Harry Pressler, the pro at the San Gabriel Country Club, outside Los Angeles. Every Saturday for two years—the years she was fourteen and fifteen—Miss Wright drove a hundred and twenty-five miles up to San Gabriel with her mother and took an hour's lesson with Pressler. Basically, he set out to teach her how to hit the ball with the same kind of vigorous hand action that the best men players use; most women tend to sweep the ball away with a swing that is nearly all arms, and are therefore rather short hitters. To this end, he emphasized three points for his young pupil to work on: at the beginning of the downswing her weight should start moving across her right foot to her left foot; on the downswing, also, her right elbow should be tucked in close in front of the right hip; and, third, as her hands moved toward the ball, her wrists should remain cocked as long as possible. Miss Wright adhered faithfully to these three fundamentals throughout her career. At certain periods, when her swing went sour, she sought out various professionals whom she respected—chiefly Harvey Penick, Les Bolstad, Stan Kertes, Paul Runyan, and Earl Stewart, Jr.—and asked them to check on how well she was executing the moves she wanted to make, but at no time was she ever

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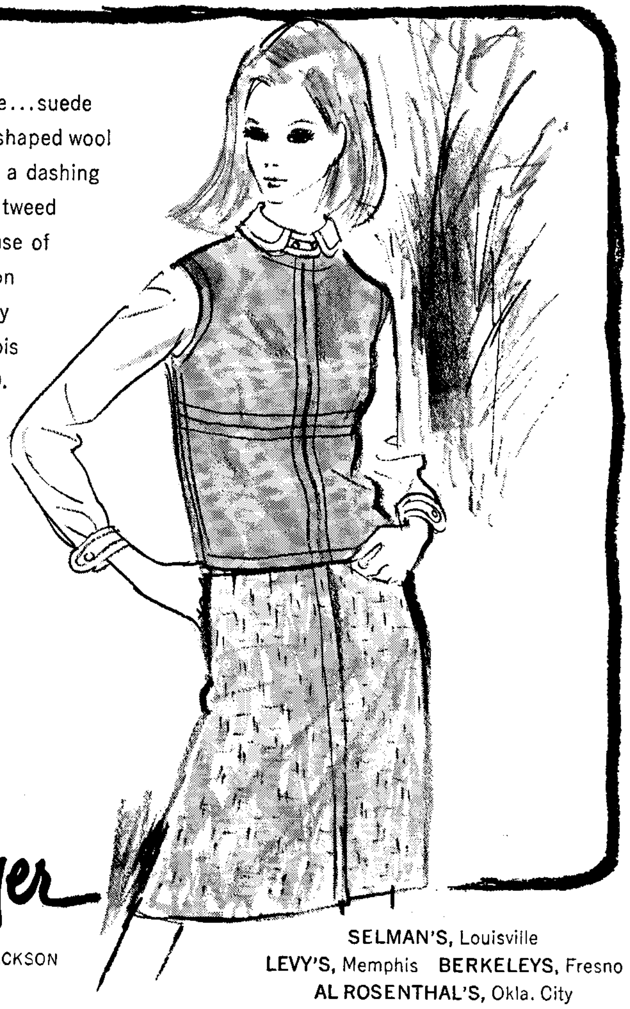

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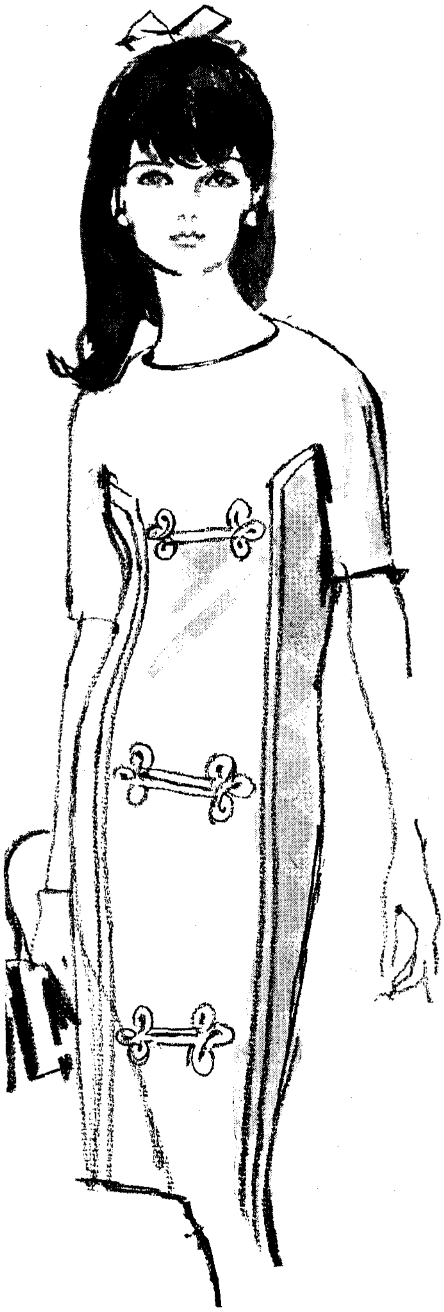

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seriously tempted to alter the guiding mechanics of the swing she grew up with.

When Miss Wright joined the women's professional tour in 1955, the goal she set for herself, like any red-blooded American girl, was to become the best woman golfer who ever lived. During her first seasons on the tour, she was quite grim and fretful, beneath an innate politeness, because she was not at all sure she could come anywhere close to her ambition. For one thing, she was reminded daily of how far the veterans of the tour surpassed her in skill. Mrs. Zaharias was gone by then, but the other members of what had come to be known as the Big Four—Patty Berg, Louise Suggs, and Betty Jameson—were still very much in evidence. (By the way, I would without any hesitation name Miss Berg as the most accomplished woman shotmaker—and, for that matter, one of the very best shotmakers, male or female—that I have ever had the pleasure of watching.) For another thing, Miss Wright was having her troubles with her own game. While she hit her full shots farther than any other player on the tour, she was generally erratic, because in trying to achieve the maximum delay in uncocking her wrists she developed a habit of dropping her hands too sharply at the start of the downswing and hitting the ball with a flailing action. On top of this, her short game was very weak. "Mickey had no touch at all on her chip shots, and she was absolutely the worst putter I have ever seen in professional golf," Betsy Rawls, her closest friend on the tour, recalled this summer. "Her mental attitude was all wrong. She was preoccupied with playing flawlessly from tee to green. If she didn't hit fifteen of the eighteen greens in the regulation stroke, she was disgusted with herself. She had complete contempt for scrambling. It took Mickey at least two years to learn to respect the short game, and realize that even the top players have to be able to get down in two from off the green. Then her chipping and putting started to improve, and, of course, her scoring did, too."

In 1956, her second year on the tour, Miss Wright won her first professional tournament—the Jacksonville Open. She won three tournaments in 1957, five in 1958 (including the U.S. Women's Open), four in 1959 (including the Women's Open), and six in 1960. In 1961, she really arrived. She won ten tournaments that season, but it was the quality of her play—especially in the Women's Open, which

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she won for the third time—that revealed her as a golfer eminently worthy of comparison with Joyce Wethered and Babe Zaharias. That year's Open was held on the Lower Course of the Baltusrol Golf Club, in Springfield, New Jersey—a difficult, heavily bunkered layout over arduous terrain that measured 6,372 yards for the championship and played a good deal longer. Miss Wright began with a 72, even par, but an 80 on her second round, mainly because of poor putting, left her four strokes behind the leaders at the halfway mark. On the third day, when the last thirty-six holes were played, she moved out in front of the field with a spectacular 69 in the morning and then added a very solid 72 to finish six strokes ahead of the runner-up, Miss Rawls. En route to her 69, she had no fewer than six birdies, but, in a way, her closing 72 was every bit as brilliant, for she was on every green except two in the regulation stroke; the difference was that she needed only twenty-eight putts in the morning and took two putts on every green in the afternoon. These figures, eloquent as they are, do not begin to suggest the near perfection of Miss Wright's play on the double round. Throughout a long day of pressure, swinging as fluently as if she were on a practice tee, she boomed one long drive after another down the middle of the narrow fairways. For all her length, she had to use a lot of club to get home on her approaches—3-irons, 4-irons, 5-irons, and 6-irons, for the most part—but on hole after hole, hitting very pure shots, she put the ball within twenty feet of the pin. Had she been holing putts in the afternoon, she could have been around in 66, easily. It can be stated categorically, I believe, that no other woman has ever played a long, exacting course quite as magnificently as Miss Wright did that last day at Baltusrol. In fact, I can think of only one comparable exhibition of beautifully sustained golf over thirty-six holes in a national championship—Ben Hogan's last two rounds at Oakland Hills in the 1951 Open.

After her remarkable performance at Baltusrol, Miss Wright went on to become an even more proficient golfer. The next three years, she led the L.P.G.A. tour in every department; indeed, her domination was so complete that a tournament became news only when she lost it. Everything considered, her competitive ardor held up well. Whenever she was in contention in a tournament, she was able to summon the shots she needed to carry the day. In the 1964 Women's

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Open, she had to par the last hole, a tough 395-yard par 4, to gain a tie with Ruth Jessen, and she did it, after pushing her 2-iron approach into a greenside bunker, by exploding six feet from the pin and then rapping the putt into the center of the cup; she won the playoff with a 70, an almost errorless round. During those years, Miss Wright could have made a small fortune if she had wanted to, because golf clubs around the country were clamoring for Mickey Wright personal appearances and would gladly have paid her upward of five hundred dollars for an afternoon's work, but she turned down nearly all these offers. In temperament and general sensibility, she is very much closer to Joyce Wethered than to Babe Zaharias, and the thought of complicating an already punishing schedule just to make money appalled her. A highly self-critical and emotional girl, she masked her feelings so well on the golf course that she presented a picture of unruffled calm, but playing the role of the queen had no attraction for her, and off the course she went her way quietly, as she always had. Her idea of a gala evening was to have dinner with a few friends, preferably of an intellectual bent, who were entertaining talkers. Between rounds and tournaments, she spent a good deal of her spare time listening to music—she always carried a portable record-player on the tour—and, in addition, she read exhaustively, studied French and the guitar, and occasionally went fishing. As far as her golf went, she was not a particularly avid practicer, but, like many of the women professionals, she was fascinated by the theory of the swing, and she loved to articulate her thoughts on it in long, rounded sentences.

Then, during the 1964 season, professional golf quite suddenly began to lose its appeal for Miss Wright. Though she continued to maintain her high standard of play, the constant pressure of knowing that she was expected to win every tournament she entered finally wore her down so badly that she developed ulcers. By 1964, moreover, she had been leading the nomadic life of the tour for ten full years, and she found that she was enjoying the off-season months in Dallas, where she shares an apartment with two girls who are social workers, more than the long, arid stretches on the tournament circuit. There was one other reason for her change of attitude—a most important one. She had done everything she had set out to do in golf, and her enthusiasm was waning. (One day last au-

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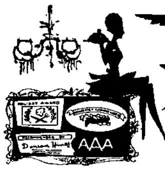

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tumn, she mentioned this to Leonard Wirtz, the tournament director of the L.P.G.A., and he astutely called her attention to the fact that there was one record she didn't hold—the lowest score for eighteen holes. It was in her very next tournament that she shot that incredible 62.) For all these reasons, she had her mind pretty well made up a year ago that she would carry on for one more season and then retire. She would naturally have liked to go out in a blaze of glory, but last winter she was unlucky enough to suffer an injury to her left wrist, which she had sprained the previous autumn, and she had to favor it conspicuously even in the two tournaments she managed to win. In June, a fortnight before the Women's Open, which was the tournament she had been waiting for all year, the injury—a form of tendonitis—became so painful that she couldn't hit a ball without wincing. She rested her wrist until it was time to go to the Atlantic City Country Club, where the Open was being held, but after her first practice round her hand was in such bad shape that she had no alternative but to withdraw from the championship. It was a very hard way to step down.

AFTER Bobby Jones retired, at twenty-eight, in 1930, following his Grand Slam, he played no tournament golf until he appeared in the first Masters Championship, in 1934. Everyone was wondering, of course, whether he would then be able to take up where he had left off and lead the field, but the best he could do was tie for thirteenth, and in his subsequent appearances in the Masters he was never a threat. He had been out of the crucible of competition too long, and, as he readily acknowledged, had lost the knack of concentrating on his shots under the strain of tournament conditions. In Mickey Wright's case, it is difficult to predict what effect her present plan to play serious golf only during her summer vacations will have on her game. One might logically suppose that she would have some trouble regaining her old concentration, but ten months away from the lists is not three years, and I don't think that either her rivals or her devoted following would be exactly bowled over if she won a couple of tournaments next summer. As a matter of fact, I am really less concerned about her golf than about her ability to get back into the swing of college. After all, William James and Erik Erikson can be mighty tough, too, when you've been away from them for a while. —HERBERT WARREN WIND

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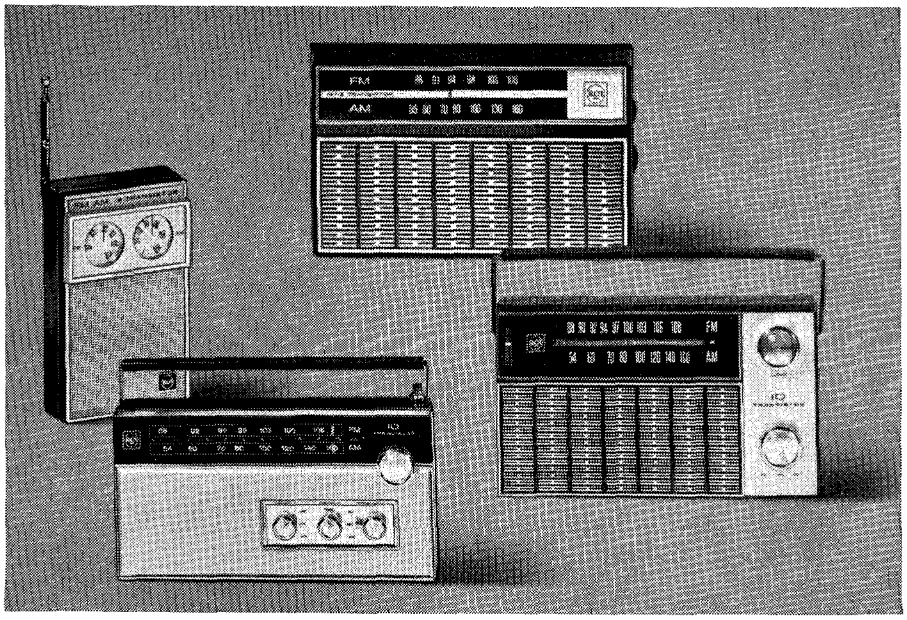
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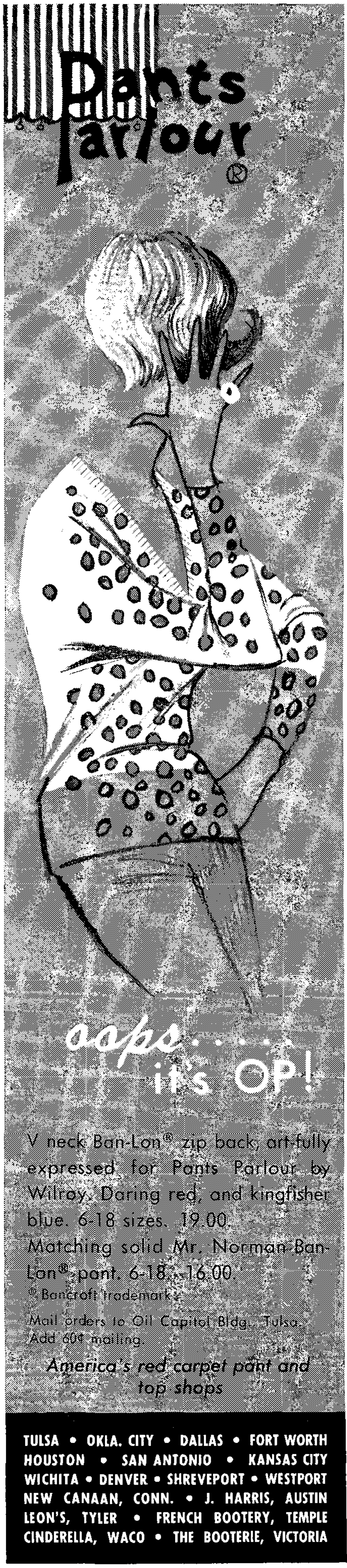

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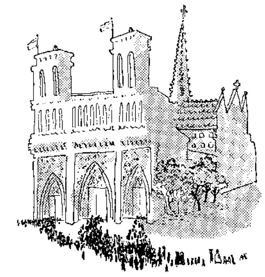
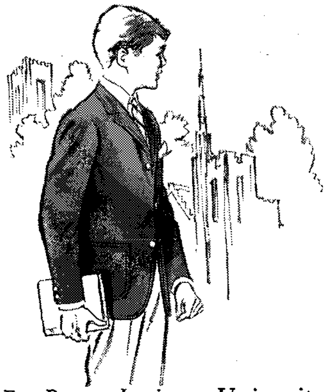
LETTER FROM PARIS

AUGUST 10

IN response to Washington's appeal to American travellers to spend their touring money at home this summer, so as to cut part of our annual dollar drain abroad, an estimated million and a half of our compatriots—a record number—nevertheless elected to come abroad. On the other hand, and for the first time, more than a quarter of a million Europeans chose to go to the United States for their holiday. This includes thousands of tourists from France—a rare and recent event in French history. During the French Revolution, some aristocrats crossed to London to keep their heads on their shoulders, and in this last war certain French who had reason to know they would be on the Nazi proscription lists gratefully sought haven in New York. In times past, only to save their lives did the French leave their own land, and of late only to save money—the second vital Gallic consideration. During the prosperities, inflations, and high prices of the Fourth and Fifth Republics, the French discovered that it was cheaper to vacation in Spain than to stay at home on their own beaches; next, they went to Portugal, Elba, the Greek islands, and Corsica, following the sun and the latest international discoveries in low prices until their age-old inherited *noli-me-tangere* nationalism was shredded and they stepped forth, suitcase in hand, as modern tourists and travellers. William Taylor, the only American travel agent here who specializes in French clients, says that in 1961 he booked three hundred French tourists to go see America; this year he expects the figure to be five thousand. Born into an international-minded family, and nephew of the late Francis Taylor, director of New York's Metropolitan Museum, Taylor grew up in Paris, is natively bilingual, and knows the French mentality as well as he knows the modern French novel. He says that his French travellers, on returning, report that they found American food edible but tasteless (as they expected), our renowned gargantuan beefsteaks handsome to look at but without flavor to chew, our soda-fountain sweet milk drinks insipid, and our strawberry shortcake no equal to a French strawberry tart; in general, in all ways they found that America emphasized quantity rather than quality, and excess rather than discrimination. Their severest criticism, though, according to Taylor, was of the total lack of organization to take care of French visitors, whom America had advertised for, and hugely, in French newspapers. In most of the official tourist centers they visited, the French travellers were given as sightseeing help nothing but an occasional map, handed out by an employee who spoke nothing but American. To the French who went to New York by ship, our piers seemed shockingly barbaric—no place to sit down except on their luggage, no plumbing, no café amenities, and their welcoming friends, if any, kept at a distance like prisoners behind barricades.



What the returning French did like was our motels, our fabulously functioning plumbing, like a new law of life, our well-equipped transcontinental buses for surface travel, so that they could stare out windows and really see those United States, and our eight-lane highways for speed, in cases where they bought a second-hand jalopy and drove off across the New World on their own. They loved the tidy New England villages, our modern architecture, the exciting sense of space, and the easy friendliness of the people. Since the war, America, more than any other country, has influenced Paris particularly; snack bars, hamburgers, *franglais*, novels in translation, blue jeans on both sexes, *yé-yé* sports clothes, like the clothes of American teen-agers, and American mores learned from American movies were all familiar in advance, especially to the tourists from Paris. Yet, faced with the originals—with our crowds, our stretching geography—the French tourists, to their surprise, found the real United States a foreign country. What they profoundly appreciated, and few missed seeing, were our national parks, our earthly natural marvels like the Grand Canyon, the spectacular and uninhabitable vastness of our landscapes, such as the European continent did not inherit in its creation. Over the last few years, the cowboy West has been more popular, more of an ocular excitement, than ever in the Paris movie houses, where Western films, with their cinematographic hills and horizons and the sartorial stimulus of the cowboy dressed fit to kill, furnished the original propaganda that eventually led the French to go to the



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United States to see how much was true.

The average French tourists try to cram the whole United States into two weeks, at five hundred dollars a week, excluding food but including transatlantic and local transportation on a planned trip; if the tourists move as a group, a French-speaking guide is thrown in. For youngish French businessmen, the trip to the States is considered in and very important, they being the generation most intelligently dissatisfied with *les vieilles peaux*, the so-called old skins, who invariably rule gerontocratic France. This year, many of this under-forty age group included in their trip a swing into the Southern states to observe the black-and-white situation for themselves; a group of sixteen French tourists—both men and women—actually took part in the Selma march. Forty-eight young men in the French retail-clothing business—the project started with a pair of them, who drummed up the others so as to obtain special professional treatment from their American opposite numbers—recently flew to Manhattan, Washington, a Carolina textile town, Buffalo, Chicago, and then back to New York to try to find out why Americans make more money selling men's clothes than they did in France. One informative sight they saw was Seventh Avenue cutting machines slicing out a hundred or more pant legs at a time. Next year, they are going to go again, to see more, including the Grand Canyon, and to learn more about how to make more money. A thirty-year-old French pomologist and his wife, from near Bordeaux, this summer took an educational tour, visiting American apple-growers to find out if they grow anything finer than the French *calville*. They don't, the pomologist told Taylor.

NEVER has the French weather been talked about so much by the French as it has been this summer, and never has it been so constantly cursed by farmers and fishermen, and by vacationers from the provinces come to Paris for an August treat. Newspaper headlines unite in calling it "*l'été pourri*"—the rotten summer. With New York suffering from heat and a water shortage, Paris has been inundated by rainstorms and is cold besides. Last Saturday in Paris, it rained without letup from ten in the morning until eleven at night, when it hailed. Almost two and a half inches of water fell, the thermometer dropped to fifty-seven, and the Seine rose nearly six

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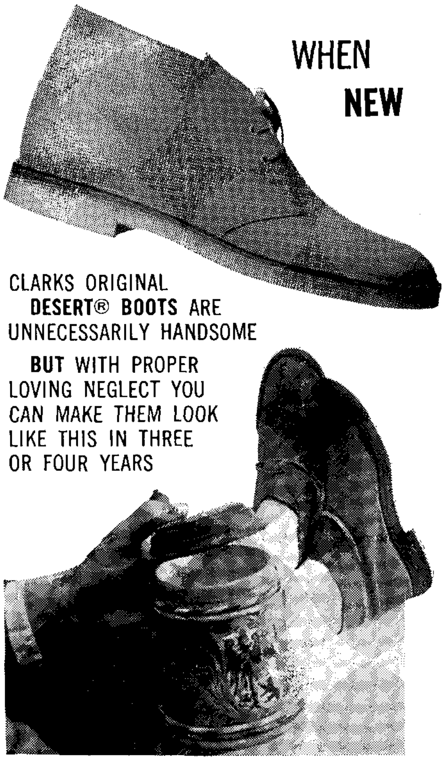
feet above its normal height—unheard of in midsummer.

It has been so cold in Brittany that the chilly Atlantic waters have driven most of the sardines south. At the little port of Quiberon, the most important sardine center in all France, the fishermen last month caught in their pale-blue nets only a few more than five hundred tons of this delectable fish—a third of normal. This year, sardines seem to be abandoning France, not even stopping offshore down at Royan, where grilled fresh sardines are customarily a welcome daily dish in the vacation-colony *pensions*. According to figures just released by the French canning industry, the sardine catch from the whole French Atlantic littoral is at present less than four thousand tons, as against fourteen thousand tons in a good piscatorial summer. The Quiberon sardine canners, many of them women, who are on piecework wages, have been earning only a few hundred francs a month, and the fishermen—often their husbands—in the three months that the sardines have supposedly been running have averaged only a thousand francs. The situation is so bad that the mayor of Quiberon has asked the government for immediate emergency aid.

There is also bad trouble, but for the opposite reason, in the peach regions of the Rhône-Alpes area, France's main peach orchards. This crisis is provoked by there being too many peaches, both white and yellow—twenty per cent more than last year, and exceptionally large, too. The glut can be blamed on the cursed weather—on a chilly June, which delayed the ripening of the early crop, and on a belatedly hot July, in which both early and late fruit ripened at the same time, in competition. The white-peach crop of two thousand tons in the Rhône Valley alone could not find buyers. (In Paris, the chilled Parisians did not fancy eating peaches, so bought nearly none.) Competition from Italian peach growers practically cut off exports of French fruit to Federal Germany. The Ministry of Finance in Paris has just received the president of the Comité Économique Fruits et Légumes de la Région Rhône-Alpes, who requested government help, just like the sardine mayor. Normally, the French government provides financial aid to farmers' committees when the committees represent at least twenty-five per cent of the area's producers. Since only twenty per cent were represented on the Rhône-Alpes committee, its request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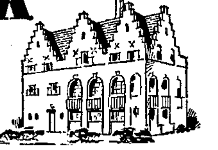

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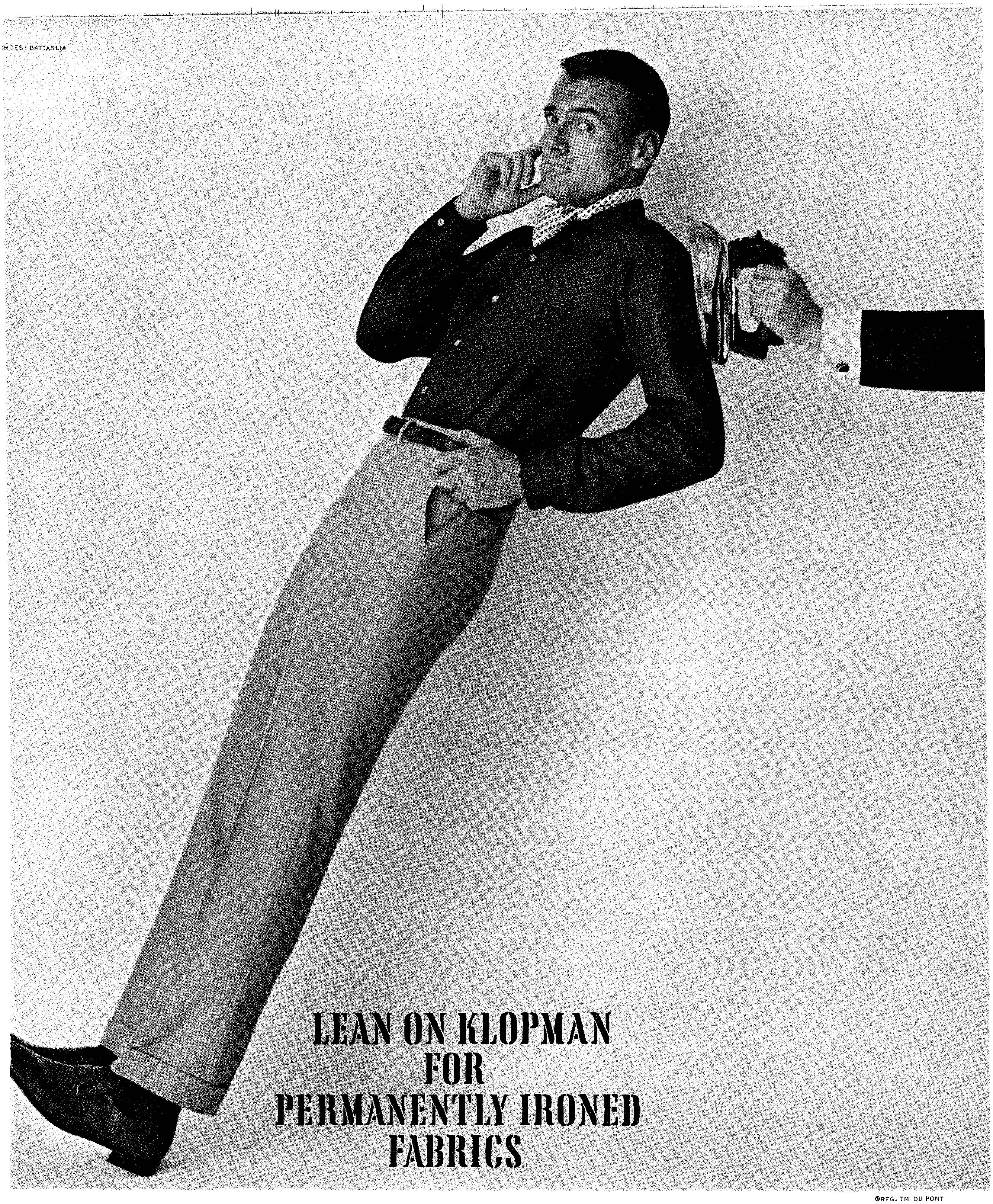

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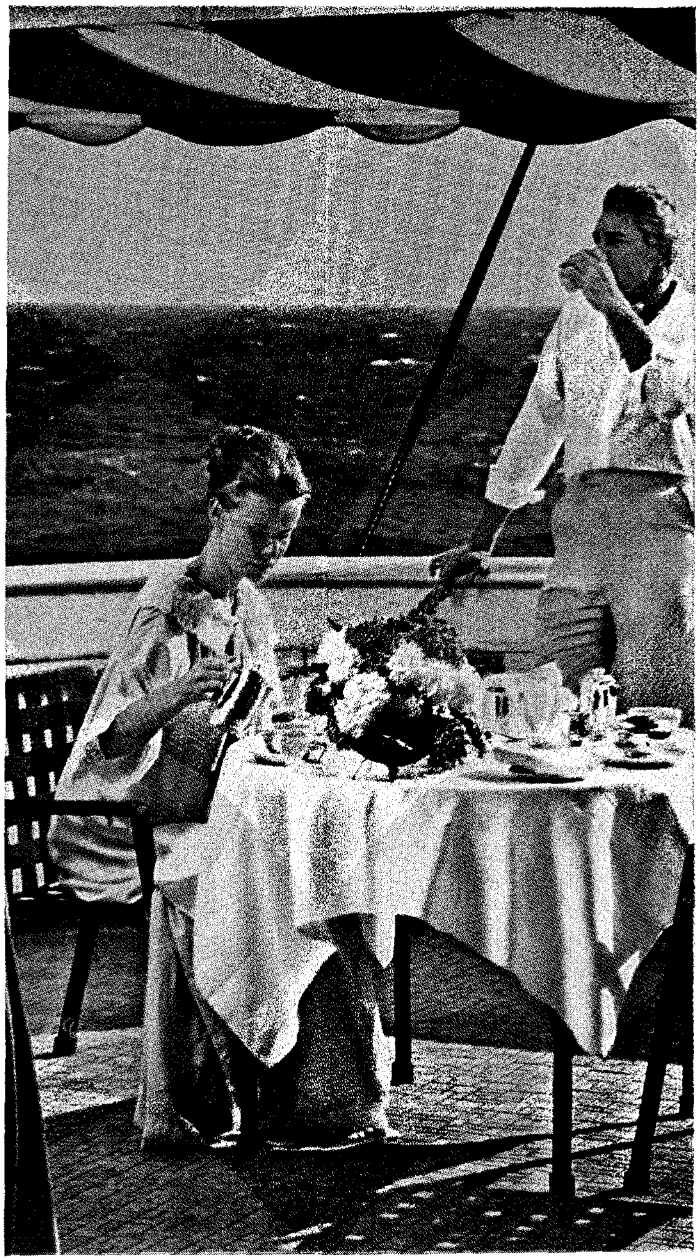

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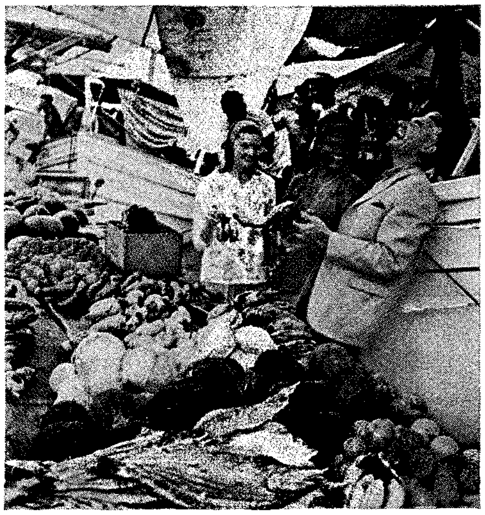

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was refused. Its president promptly went back home to his peach farm and resigned.

To publicize their really wretched situation and the gastronomic perfection of their fruits, the growers in the Département du Drôme last week organized giveaways on the roads to passing motorists, so their lovely fruit would not rot untasted. They chose Route National No. 7, between Valence and Montélimar, and on it gave away eighteen tons of their best. They put five or six fine peaches in a little basket, which was offered by local pretty girls to the astonished motoring vacationists at traffic intersections when the lights turned red and the cars stopped. Over the village streets, banners had been hung up saying "Rhône Valley—Cradle of Peaches" or "Unsold Fine Peaches—Help Yourself." Some peaches were wrapped in a bit of paper carrying a protest to the Minister of Finance or were accompanied by a tract giving facts and figures on the peach crisis. "For the kilo of peaches that the city housewife pays two francs for, the farmer-producer is being paid thirty centimes. That doesn't even pay us for the gathering, the packing. We are being ruined! This is a catastrophe!" is what the tract made clear, ending politely with "Pleasant Journey!"

AS the French phrase goes, "There isn't a cat in Paris," meaning it is empty—is emptied utterly by the holiday. The August holiday here is like a mild sleeping sickness; the city seems drowsy, somnolent, recumbent. It is no time to be hungry for fine food, because the restaurants are mostly closed; no time to have a toothache, because your dentist is on his Normandy farm; no time to be ill, because your doctor has gone to Norway; no time to twist your sacroiliac, because your osteopath is climbing mountains in Switzerland. A vacation is a time for resting. The capital of France itself seems to be resting, sprawling indolently beside the Seine. —GENÊT

•

CLEAR DAYS ON THE MILITARY SCENE

[*From the Dictionary of United States Military Terms for Joint Usage*]

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accidental war—*Not to be used.* See accidental attack.

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THE RACE TRACK

What a Filly!

I DON'T suppose there's much doubt that just about the best of the three-year-old fillies is What A Treat, who beat seventeen runners of her own age—nine of them stakes-race winners—in the Alabama at Saratoga Springs last Saturday. The Alabama has always had a distaff glamour that even the Coaching Club American Oaks can't match; first run in 1872, it was named as a compliment to William Cottrell, of Mobile, who did much to popularize the meeting in its early years by bringing his big stable to the Spa, and except for the Ladies Handicap, which was inaugurated in 1868, it is the oldest event for the sex in this country. I watched last weekend's running on television, and it was enthralling. To give it an extra fillip, Adams, on Terentia, who finished third, lodged an objection against both What A Treat and Discipline, who was second, charging that they bore over and intimidated his mount as she was making her run through the stretch. (I can't remember when a boy last claimed a foul against *two* horses, but if you're as good as third you can't be blamed for trying to have two numbers taken down.) After reviewing the case, the stewards ruled that Discipline was at fault and ordered the judges to move Terentia into second place and drop Discipline back to third.

Because there were so many starters, two stall gates were used, and despite the size of the field there was a minimum of crowding until right at the end. As I saw it, Discipline, who was in the forefront all the way, simply ran out of gas. (The last two furlongs of the mile and a quarter were run in nearly twenty-seven seconds, which is slow indeed.) Incidentally, I was surprised to see Discipline's stablemate Queen Empress, the star of last season, who'd had a hard time winning at seven furlongs two days before, in the Alabama. She went well for half a mile, then faded and finished next to last. As for What A Treat, she got away slowly, found an opening near the rail, made good use of it, and got up to win by a head. It was her fifth victory in ten tries this year; she was also a bang-up second in the Coaching Club American Oaks and in the Mother Goose. George D. Widener, who owns her,

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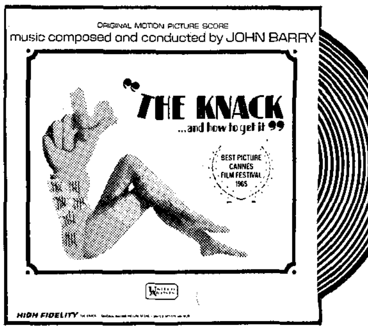
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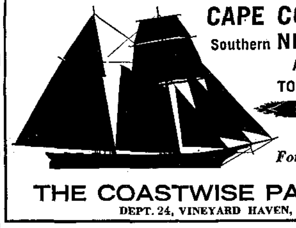

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had won the Alabama once before—back in 1943, with Stefanita. It was a happy weekend for Mr. Widener, who is the honorary chairman of the Jockey Club; the day before the Alabama his Cornish Prince won the Jim Dandy Stakes, named for that 100–1 shot who beat Gallant Fox and Whichone in the Travers Stakes thirty-five years ago.

This weekend, we have the Travers, which goes back to 1864 and is the oldest stakes race in the country. I daresay Hail to All, winner of the Belmont, will be the favorite.

In addition to the jumping races—there were four over hurdles last week—the Spa offered aficionados a special attraction. Jay Trump, winner of the Liverpool Grand National, was on view one afternoon. Shown by Crompton Smith, who rode him at Liverpool in that greatest of all steeplechases, he was cheered almost as enthusiastically as if he were Kelso himself.

ALTHOUGH the grand total at the Saratoga yearling sales didn't equal Keeneland's last month—$4,159,100, compared to $5,068,300—bidding was still high, wide, and handsome. One night last week, sixty head were sold for $1,357,300, which isn't bad going. Top price of the lot, and a new high for Saratoga, was $125,000, for a bay filly by Tom Fool out of Levee. She was knocked down to Bull Hancock, acting as an agent for Raymond Guest, who is in Ireland. John Hay Whitney was the contending bidder, and he went to $110,000. (A video tape of her auction was shown along with the Alabama on TV's "Race of the Week.") Earlier in the evening, Paul Mellon gave $110,000 for a bay filly by Swaps out of Tige O'Myheart. The young one is a half sister to Idun. Remember her?

FOR THE RECORD: On the opening day at Atlantic City last week, a three-year-old named Portsmouth set a new American mark for a mile on the grass. Carrying 114 pounds, he won by six lengths in 1:34⅕. It must be the weather. —AUDAX MINOR

•

WASHINGTON—Sen. Strom Thurmond is recommending a 1967 commemorative stamp in honor of the International Women's Bowling Congress.

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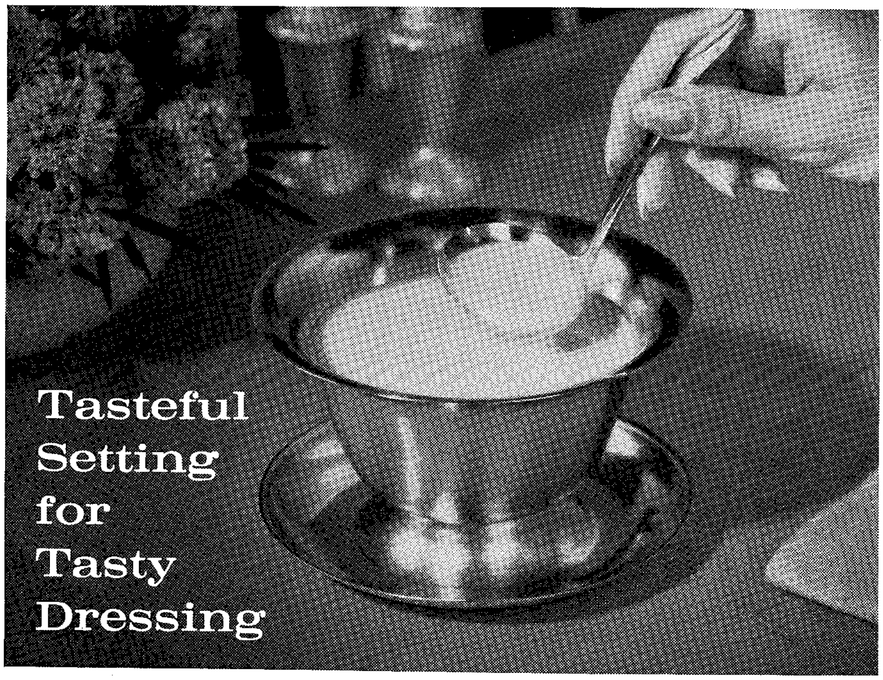

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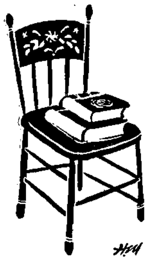
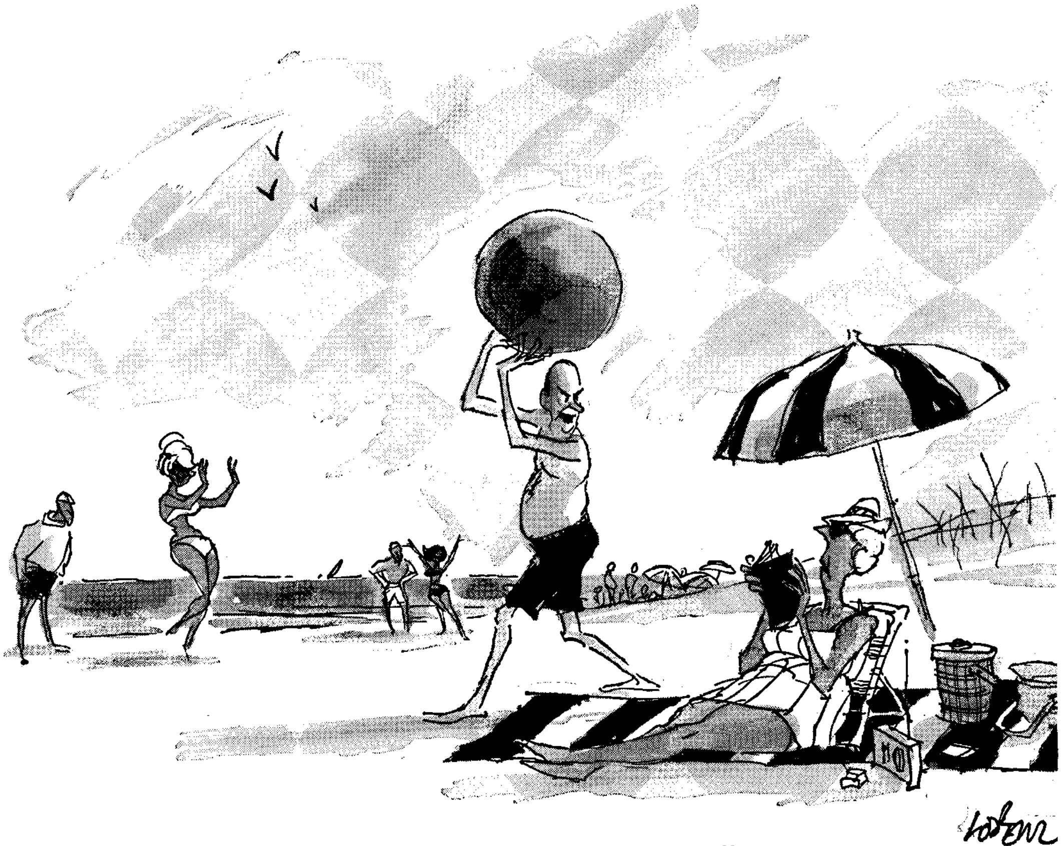


IN "People or Personnel: Decentralizing and the Mixed System" (Random House), Paul Goodman gives expression to a mood, a cluster of feelings, that is shared by many Americans who share little, if anything, else—certainly neither opinions nor ideologies. The feelings are discomfort, resentment, and apprehensiveness. They are caused, Goodman argues, by the immensity of the organizations that conduct most of the nation's political, economic, and cultural business, and by the centralization of these big organizations—which, he suspects, is unnecessary. He finds that overcentralization emphasizes, if it does not create, the citizen's impotence. Goodman is not canting from the Left about Big Business or from the Right about Big Government. He is insisting that whether an American is a bureaucrat and administrator (public or private) or is interfered with or looked after by bureaucrats and administrators, he is apt to feel a "loss of self-determination."

Goodman writes in his own voice—the affectionate, now mildly goofy, now bracingly sensible voice of a lifelong Utopian—but he is aware that other Americans (members of the John Birch Society, public-school teachers, families on relief) complain of their loss of liberty or initiative in *their* own voices. This breadth of sympathy adds persuasiveness to his argument; one does not feel that he is concerned only with the happiness of a nation of Paul Goodmans. He criticizes a style of organization because he thinks it is damaging many kinds of people. A centralized organization, he says, has all its authority at the top, which is also the center. (His geography is odd but not really confusing.) Men at the top make decisions on the basis of information that has been processed by underlings and then give their orders to other underlings, who are allowed little initiative. This system, he points out, aims at the standard performance of standard procedures, and along the way it standardizes the staff, too: people become personnel, stultified by routine. Another trouble, he says, is that centralization requires echelons of nonproductive paper-shufflers—overseers, intermediaries, and checkers-up—and it is inefficient: the difficulty of getting simple things done simply, such as fixing a door in a public building or getting out of a supermarket without waiting in line for hours. One of centralization's worst characteristics is inertia, which makes innovation difficult. And the system has proliferated to the point at which it obtains "in Mr. Goldwater's department store, in the Federal government and in the State governments, in General Motors and in the UAW, in the New York public schools and in many universities, in most hospitals, in neighborhood renewal, in network broadcasting and the Associated Press, and in the deals that chain-grocers make with farmers."

The sort of decentralization Goodman admires is not a standardized organization, for it is planned to fit the specific task it performs; an all-purpose model cannot work. He offers some examples, among them the medieval municipal corporations and the ad-hoc organization that a few years ago drew up the West Village Neighborhood Plan as an alternative to New York City's urban-renewal scheme. Goodman is at pains to make clear that decentralization, as he views it, can perform functions that are, as the phrase goes, extremely sophisticated, and his most enlightening example comes from the history of science. Until quite recently, scientists worked on their own, rather than as staff members. They kept in touch with one another directly and through the voluntary societies and academies that existed (and still do) in nearly every nation. New scientific theories spread quickly through the international, decentralized community of scientists, and evoked comment, criticism, and further investigation. Scientific work coördinated itself, so to speak, without any of the administrators thought necessary nowadays. Goodman also adduces an authority who estimates that since 1900 half of the important new machines (well, jet engines) and materials (well, cellophane) the public uses have been developed either by inventors working by themselves or by very small companies. Goodman thinks that we are probably making too much use of large organizations in the sciences. In a decentralized organiza-



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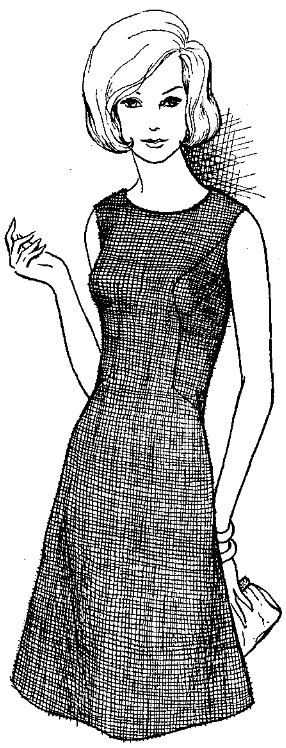

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tion, according to him, everybody has some view of the whole operation, everybody has an interest in what is being done (not just in the welfare of his own department or specialty), and, as often as not, the deciders carry out their own decisions. As a project proceeds, it is discussed. There is talk about what is happening and who is working at what. This does away with the need for expensive checking up of the kind that goes on in bureaucracies, in which it can cost a fortune to find out whether paper clips are being wasted, and by whom. Decentralized organizations, Goodman believes, are strikingly cheaper than centralized ones.

Nonetheless, Goodman does not insist that all centralized bigness is bad. His point is that we do not know where it is useful and appropriate and where it is wasteful or destructive. That, he suggests, is a topic social scientists should begin investigating immediately. He supposes—without being positive—that cleaning up a polluted river would call for a centralized organization. He would not, on the other hand, be at all surprised to discover that education would be best served if every school district in the country was allowed to run its own schools. He is not after just educational variety, although he does see virtues in diversity; he also wants to give the people on the school board and the parents of the schoolchildren liberty and responsibility.

Goodman is more persuasive in generalities than in particulars. He has not, as he would certainly admit, had wide practical experience in business and government, and many of his outsider's instances of overcentralization gone wrong are tiresomely familiar, such as his arraignment of the automobile industry. And often his liking for free-and-easy amateurishness sounds like slapdash: his suggestions for decentralizing the performing arts, a field in which his preferences—coöperative discussions, spontaneity, informality—can lead to disastrous performances. This particular decentralized Utopia could be a balletomane's hell. Some readers will find several more of Goodman's ideas uncongenial. Take his proposals (such as more WBAI) for upgrading radio and television. I would have expected him to realize that broadcasting—because of its one-way, I-talk-you-listen form—is inherently a little contemptuous of its audience, most noticeably so when, as Goodman wishes it to do, it attempts to uplift and educate. All the same, his unpretentiousness—his willingness to confess he has not all (indeed, scarcely any)

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of the answers—is winning. His style can be patchy, but most of the time it has a cheerful go, a nearly conversational swiftness.

When anybody writes social criticism, it is fair to ask: How serious or harmful is the evil the author is attacking? And, rather harder to answer: How good can we reasonably expect a society to be? As for the first, Goodman does not maintain that centralization in the United States is as bad as centralization can be. When he belabors the New York City public-school system, he takes the trouble to compliment its good temper and good intentions; our bureaucracies are not malevolent. Nor are we as badly off as the Soviet Union, which Goodman cites as an awful example not only of overcentralization but of the difficulties of recovering from it; we continually hear of one more effort to unstick the works that Russian overcentralization has gummed up. And though Americans are troubled by overcentralization, or by its symptoms, we are not, I think, dejected or resigned; I do not believe that we have lost much of our characteristic hopefulness and scrappiness. Goodman, who is himself a hopeful, scrappy American, would doubtless disagree, for he is perturbed about widespread alienation and *anomie*. (I wonder whether, in the nineteen-sixties, *anomie* is not the modish affliction to attribute to other people, as in the nineteen-forties it was *hubris*, and in the nineteen-twenties an inferiority complex.) Nevertheless, even if life in the United States is not intolerably regimented, Goodman's kind of protest and Goodman's kind of corrective are in the air. Academic historians are taking a new look, as Goodman has done, at the achievements of the Populist movement and are discovering the never-before-suspected viability of the Articles of Confederation. These days, no plea for federal regulation of anything sounds radical. Goodman reports that whenever he mentions decentralization in a lecture to college students they want to hear about nothing else; they would rather discuss decentralization, he says with some surprise, than "nuclear pacifism or even the sexual revolution." So the attractiveness of decentralization is not an odd, whimsical taste of Mr. Goodman's.

Even so, one is still allowed to wonder whether Mr. Goodman's attractive situation is achievable—that second question. No society has ever fulfilled all its members. If we see all around us the blight of bigness, we must

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also admit that, in relation to all the other circumstances in which human beings do exist and have existed, being a private in the United States Army—at the bottom of a big military bureaucracy—is not a bad one by any means. It even compares favorably with being an apprentice in one of the author's medieval cities. Goodman is probably asking for a society that is better than we can prudently hope for: a society in which people who wish to act find that their actions count for something, a society that allows people to be doers rather than be done to, and producers as well as consumers—and of valuable things, too. These seem to me to be at once impossible and absolutely necessary demands. —NAOMI BLIVEN

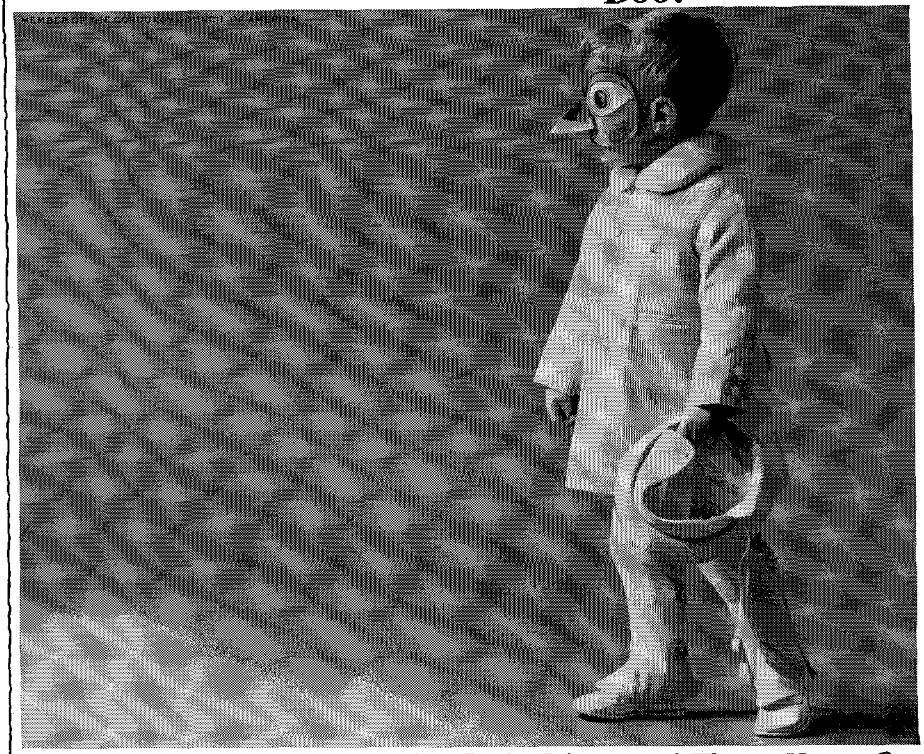
BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE SEAT OF POWER, by James D. Horan (Crown). A fascinating tale about the brutal side of politics in New York. Duke Malloy, a reporter for an afternoon newspaper, gets his chance to trace municipal corruption to its highest and most deadly sources when Action Jackson, a gangster with a grudge, comes to him with a story that is guaranteed to light a trail of revelation almost all the way to the White House. Mr. Horan's characters are all well and boldly drawn. His gang warlords and their cruel underlings are believable (at least at a distance), his heroes remain human beings, and the girls in the story are all beautiful and true to their types, but his real triumph lies in his ability to convey the underworld menace, which touches every scene in the book so closely that there are moments when even the thought of a creaking floor makes the reader want to jump up and lock every door in the house and check all the window catches.

THE ROAD AND THE STAR, by Berkely Mather (Scribners). An old-fashioned picaresque adventure story, and a fine one. The time is the mid-seventeenth century, the hero and narrator is a young Yorkshire lord on the run from Cromwell's men, and the scene is England, Holland, South Africa, India, Constantinople, and England again. The action is all but incredible—enslavement, piracy, typhoons, perfidious women, massacres, shipwreck, coincidental meetings, timely acts of God, regal living one moment and ragged poverty the next—but Mr. Mather has so mastered the genre that our sense of out-

Boo!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GENERAL

REPORT TO GRECO, by Nikos Kazantzakis, translated from the Greek by P. A. Bien (Simon & Schuster). The memoirs of the late novelist, who was born in Crete, travelled all over Europe and the Levant, made spiritual explorations through Christianity, Buddhism, Communism, and Greek nationalism, and took delight in feeling keenly, sometimes even in thinking hard. Kazantzakis' avidity for experience and his passionate responses to what he found produce some splendid passages. Yet the effect on the reader is often too much—it is a *noisy* book.

HIMMLER, by Roger Manvell and Heinrich Fraenkel (Putnam). The man who killed more people for less cause than anyone else in history ought, one imagines, to be an imposing figure, perhaps like Marlowe's Tamburlaine. But Himmler, who, as the head of Hitler's S.S., was the apex of the concentration-camp command, was a sausage-shaped, nearsighted bureaucrat and a penny-pinching, uninspired adulterer. His hobby was genealogy, with an emphasis on race, and he suffered from psychosomatic cramps. If there was more to Himmler's personality, a psychiatric study might have revealed it, but he was never subjected to one; he took poison when the Allies captured him. The authors do not attempt fanciful conjectures but set out the ascertainable biographical facts. Perhaps the shortness of Himmler's life is its most striking feature; a Nazi in his twenties, a murderer in his thirties, he was dead at forty-five.

NOTE: "The Suspended Drawing Room," a collection of articles—some about people and some about places—by S. N. Behrman, has been published by Stein & Day. Many of them first appeared in this magazine.

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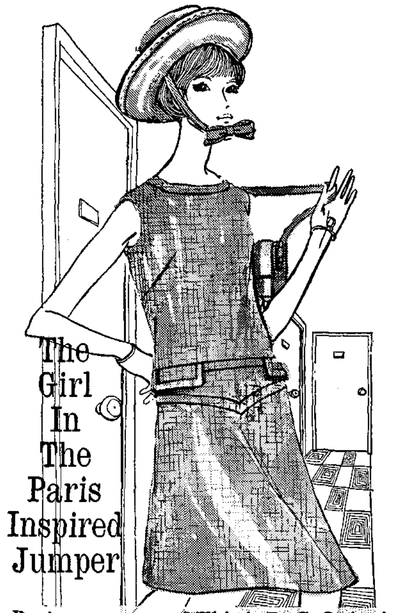
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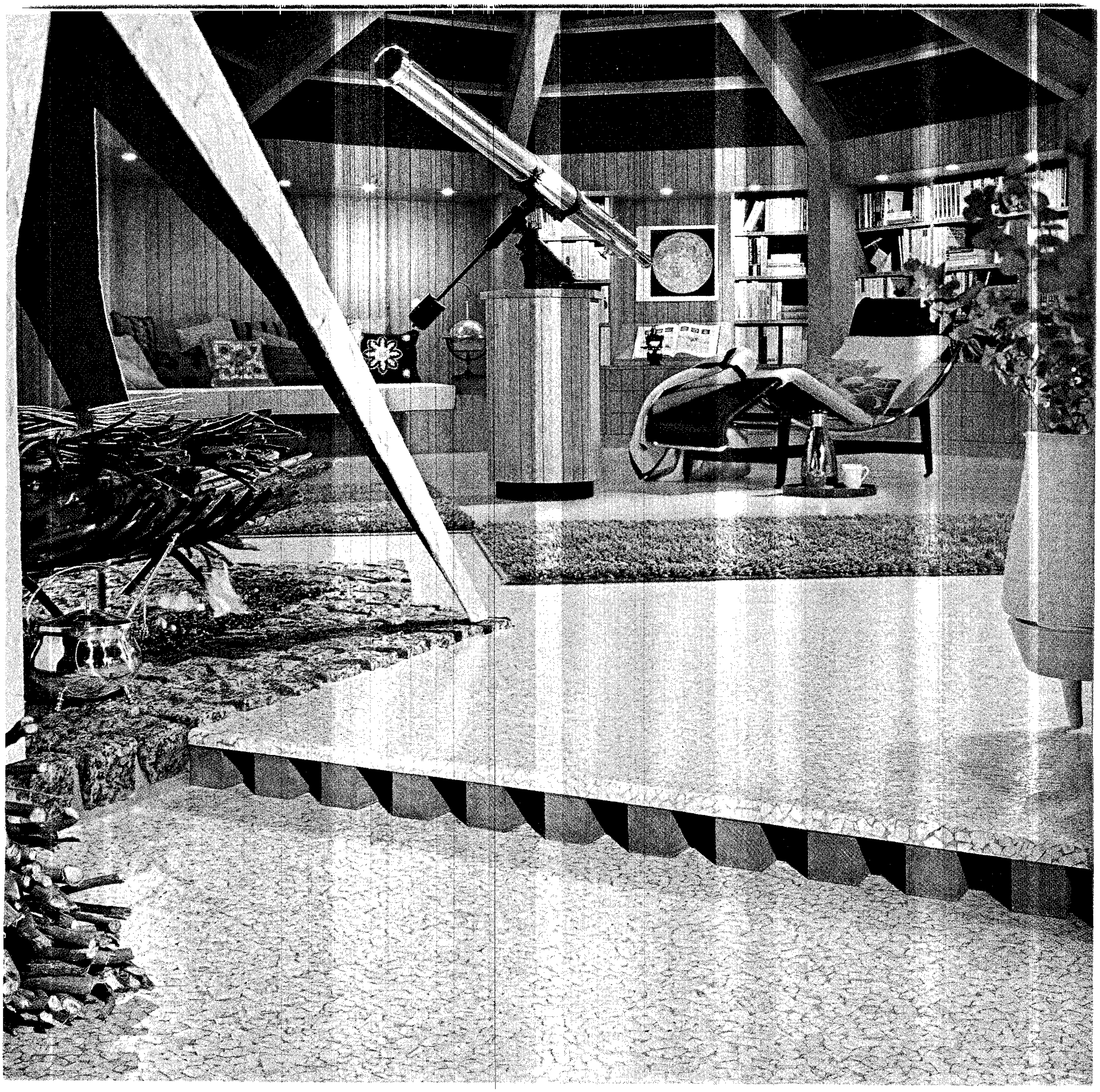

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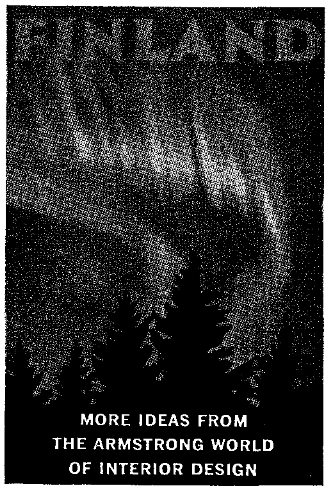

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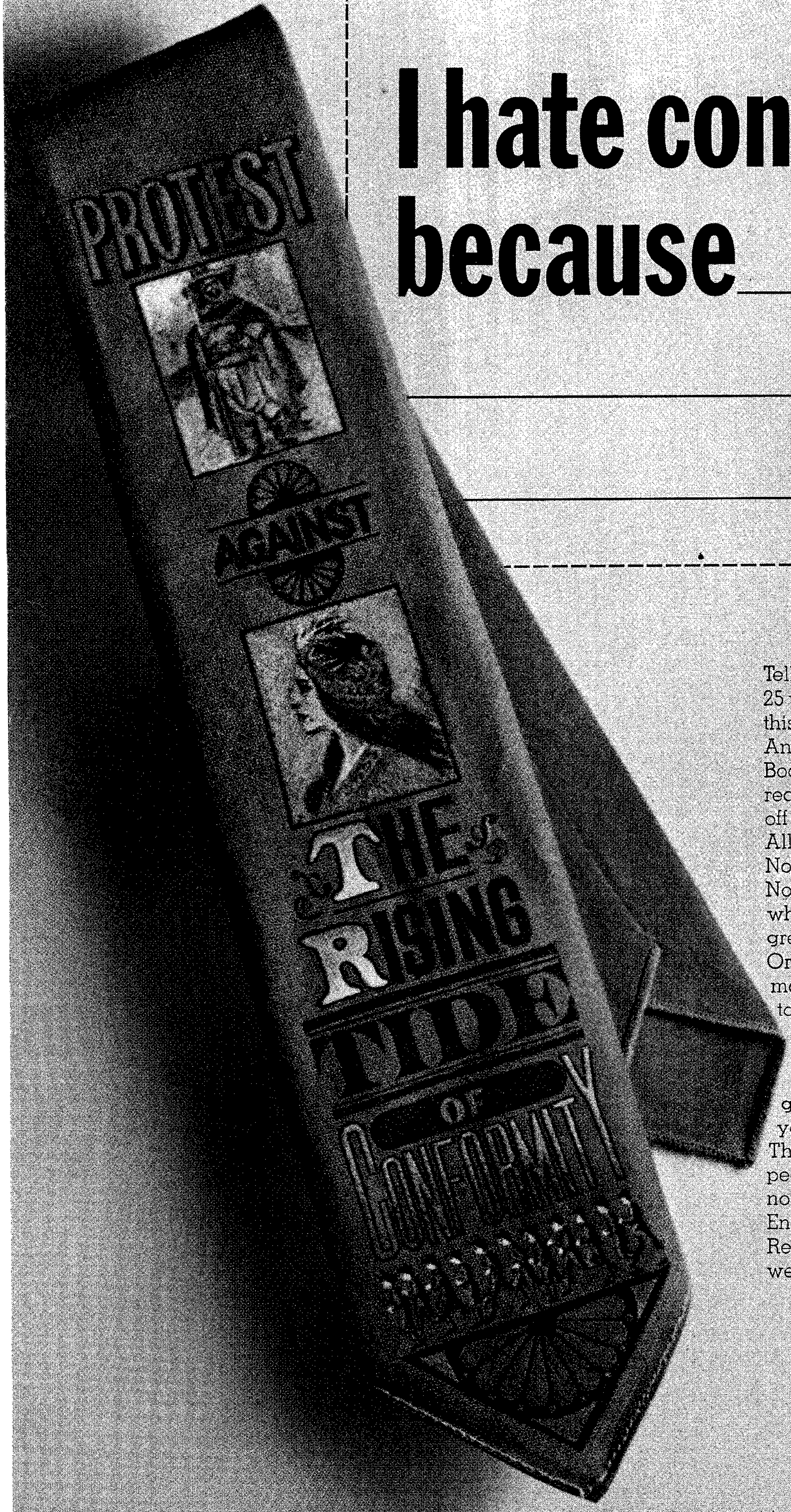

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